Collier's

SEPTEMBER 20, 1947

TEN CENTS

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GREECE NEEDS A MIRACLE
by PAUL A. PORTER

Beginning SWEET WATER—
a brawny western romance
by DICK PEARCE

THE ABUNDANT HENRY WALLACE
by DICKSON

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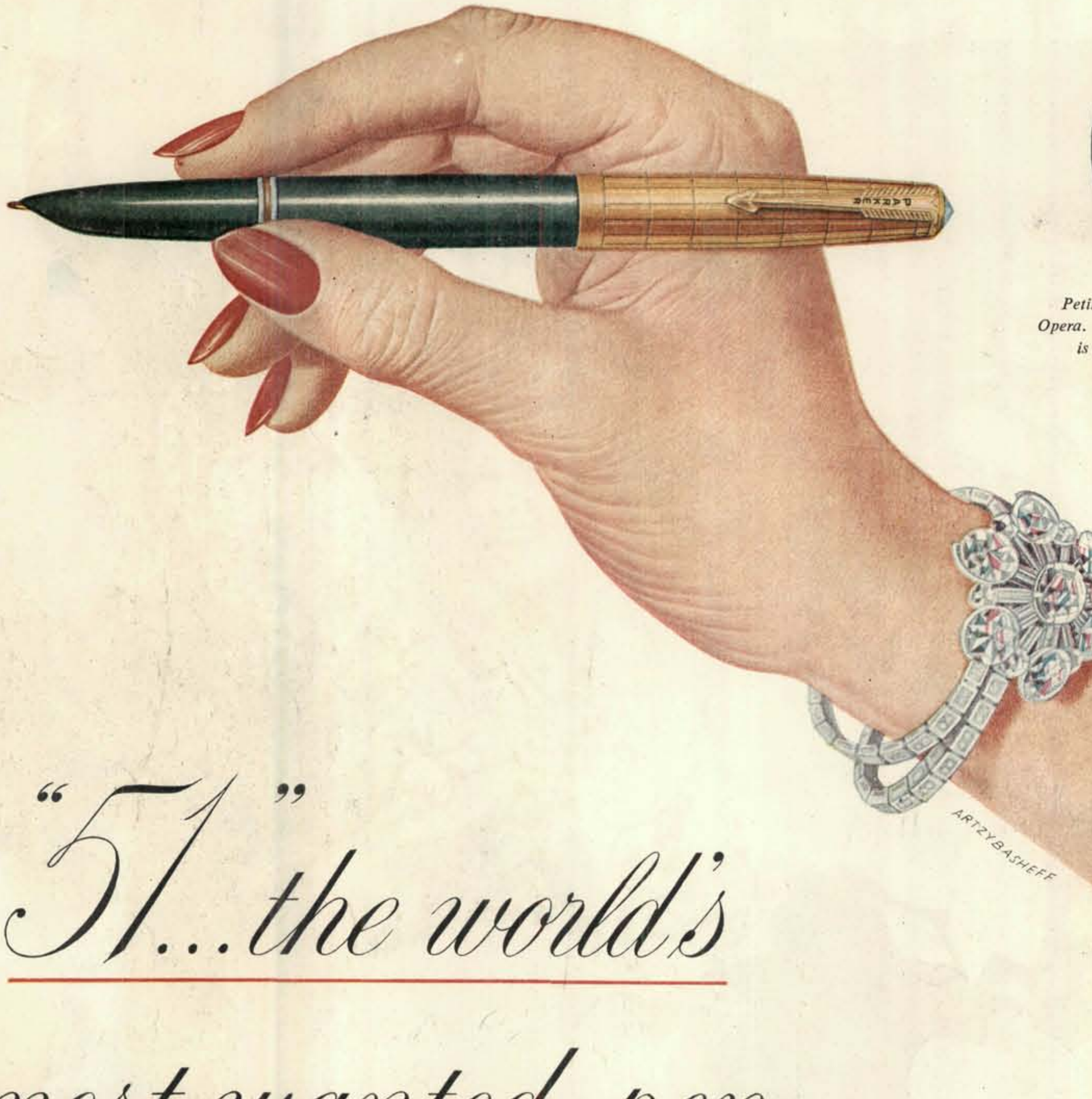
Sept. 20, 1947

In the hand of Lily Pons—

Petite star of the Metropolitan Opera. Her coloratura soprano voice is recognized as one of the greatest of all time.



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Parker "51"

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Does the "Bottle Bacillus" get in your hair?

YOU SAID IT!

Better start with Listerine Antiseptic-Quick!

Don't let INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF get a head start

THOSE ugly little germs on the scalp, those flakes and scales on hair and coat collar may mean you're in for infectious dandruff . . . *and that you need antiseptic treatment at once.*

If you have the slightest symptom, get started right now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage. This is the method that has helped so many because it treats an infection as it should be treated . . . with germ-killing action.

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Simply douse Listerine Antiseptic on scalp and hair, and follow with vigorous fingertip massage. Make it a part of your regular hair care. And if the symptoms persist, repeat the treatment twice daily.

You'll be delighted to see how quickly ugly flakes and scales begin to disappear . . . how readily itching is alleviated. Your scalp feels so clean, so cool, so healthy. And your hair looks the way it should.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Missouri*

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection.

***P.S.* Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene**

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September 20, 1947

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HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
LARABIE CUNNINGHAM *Fiction*

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

FIRST-BORN

DEAR EDITOR: Another child of white European parents born in North America about the same time as Snorri Thorfinnson (The Week's Mail, Aug. 9th) was an ancestress of George the Sixth, King of Great Britain, Canada, Australia and other places. This was Aud, called the Old, a girl born in one of the short-lived Norse colonies on the American mainland soon after 1000 A.D.

Aud was taken from America to Iceland and thence to Norway, where she married. Among her descendants was Anne of Denmark and Norway, who married James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England. From their daughter, Elizabeth, descended the present king of England.

I had these facts direct from that fine historical scholar, the late Sir Charles Oman. This long-range triangular linking of America, Britain and Norway is little known even in Norway.

THOMAS DUNBABIN, New York, N. Y.

POWDER KEG

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Since reading W. B. Courtney's The Balkan Follies (Aug. 9th) my blood temperature is now 212° F. If it was his intention to create anger, I do not know. Maybe it is to open our eyes.

Why does the U.S. allow such conditions? Why do not our fliers also have tommy guns, and "live" ammunition? What is there to lose? It seems from the "Follies" we have no respect from the Soviets. Why give them any? Why not once more "liberate" the Balkans—this time from the U.S.S.R.?

MRS. DOROTHY MCDONALD,
The Plains, Ohio

UNBROTHERLY LOVE

GENTLEMEN: In Japan's at Batto Again (Aug. 2d) the author makes a simile thus—"deader than the Athletics' chances after the first two games." In recent years this would have been quite to the point but we Philadelphians are kind of proud of our "A's" this year. They will not cop the pennant but they'll be a lot closer than some other clubs. I enjoyed the story as a whole. Just allergic to slurs on "A" baseball.

KENNETH ROTH, Telford, Pa.

PSYCK OF PSYCHIATRISTS

GENTLEMEN: Someone will have to stick his neck out (Spare the Child, by Howard Whitman, Aug. 2d) just to let it be known that there are many self-respecting people who are more than fed up and disgusted with this psychiatric nonsense. Some 30 years in public schools has taught me a few things.

(Continued on page 66)

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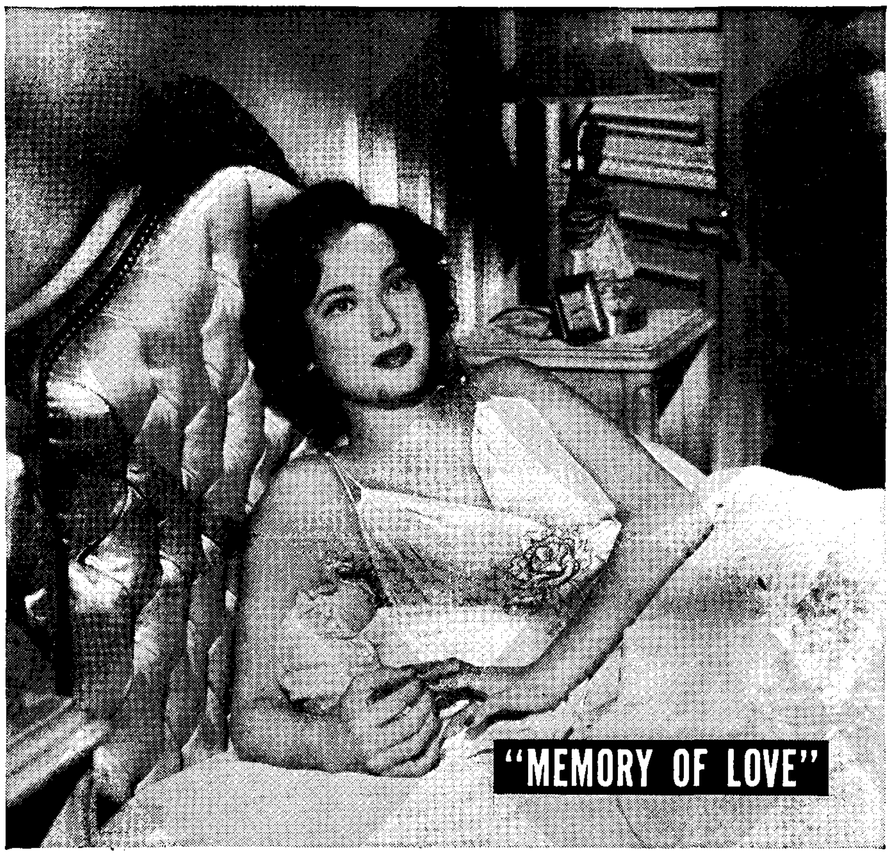
RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH

"SO WELL REMEMBERED"

BESIEGED by autograph hunters during filming in England of James Hilton's *So Well Remembered*, JOHN MILLS, popular British star, smiles, signs. Co-starred in 'Anglo-American film: MARTHA SCOTT, PATRICIA ROC, TREVOR HOWARD and RICHARD CARLSON.

IRRESISTIBLY DRAWN, yet aware of gulf between them, highborn beauty LARAINE DAY struggles half-heartedly in arms of JOHN WAYNE, rough, tough engineer in her father's employ. Scene from RKO's *Tycoon*, tempestuous epic drama, filmed in Technicolor, set in spectacular Andes.



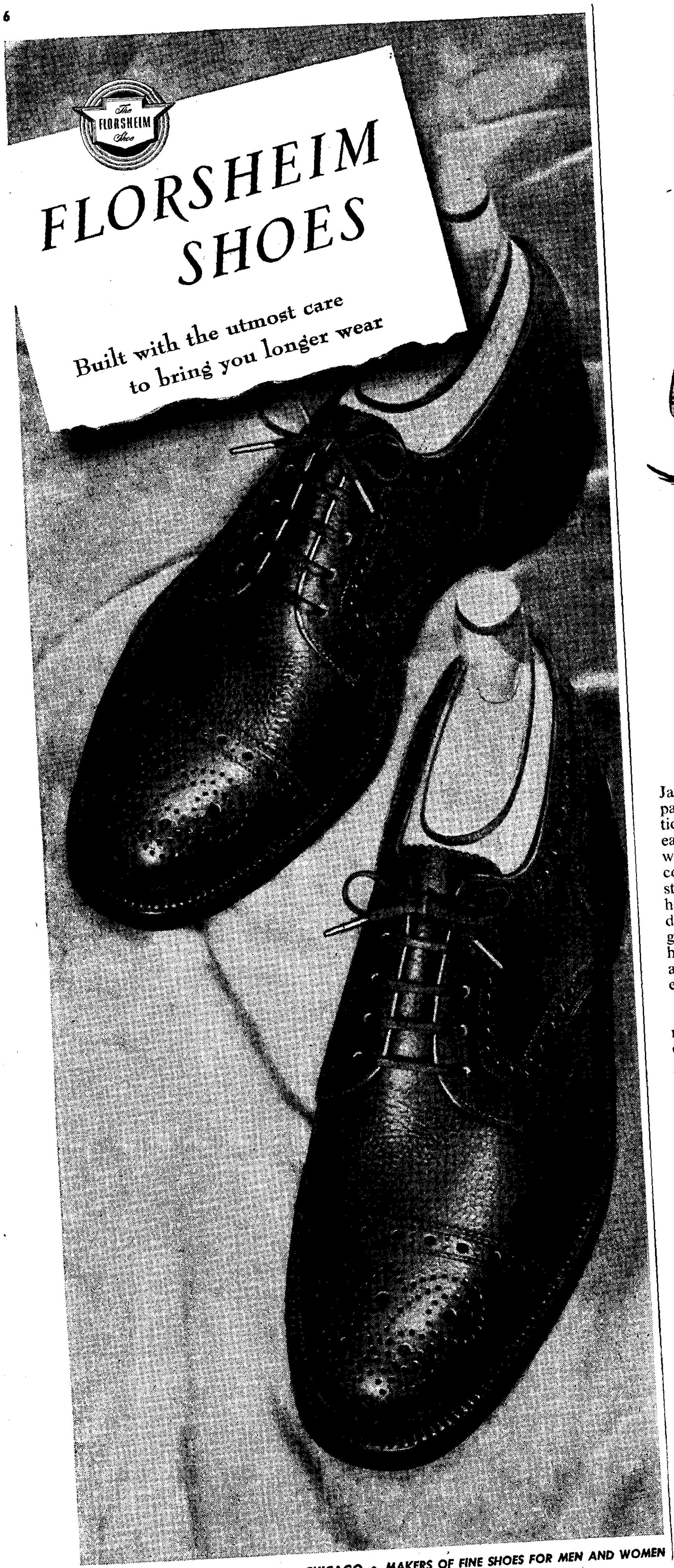
LOVELY INSPIRATION for a great concerto—and a love affair that's even greater—is MERLE OBERON in RKO's *Memory of Love.* She also teaches DANA ANDREWS that no man can divide his heart between two women. Grand music enhances drama. ETHEL BARRYMORE co-stars.

"THE FUGITIVE"

IN HIDING, and in terror: HENRY FONDA and DOLORES DEL RIO plot escape in scene from *The Fugitive.* In room beyond, pursuers revel noisily, unaware of pair's nearness. PEDRO ARMENDARIZ co-stars, JOHN FORD directs. A John Ford Merian Cooper Argosy Production.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES



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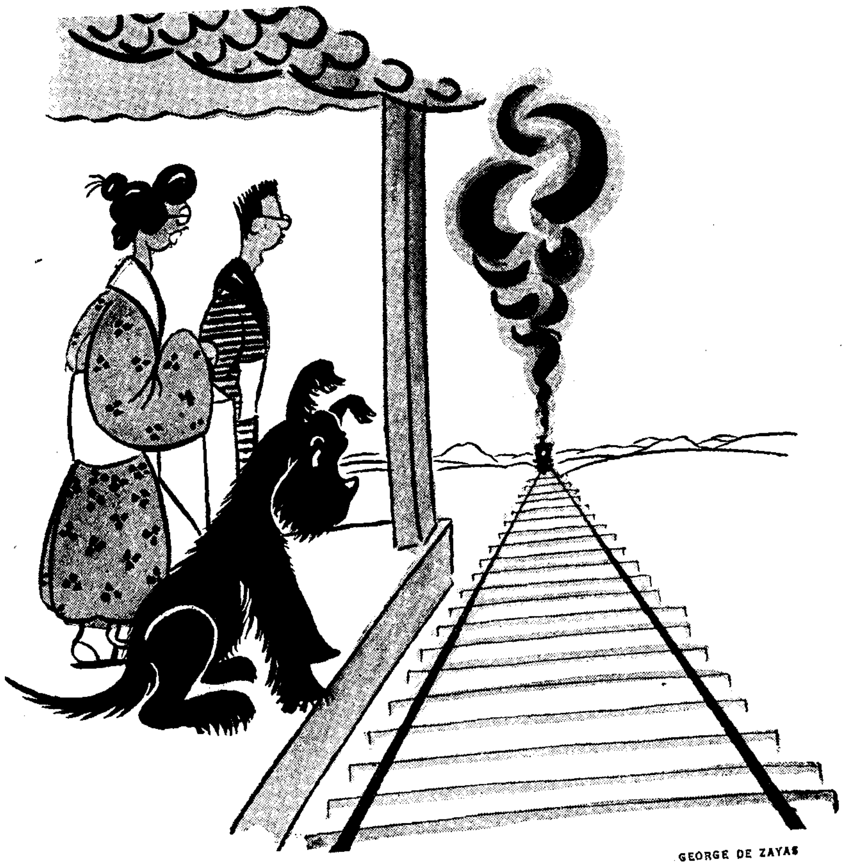


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

In 1925 in a suburb of Tokyo, Japan, a puppy called Hachi accompanied his master to the railroad station each morning and back again each evening for several months, after which the man died. But the dog continued to await his return at the station every night during the rest of his life—more than ten years. Hachi's devotion so impressed the Japanese government that it erected a statue of him on the spot where he waited and also sent statuettes to all schools in the empire as a symbol of faithfulness.

Although whales grow to be several million times heavier than mice, the eggs from which both develop are approximately the same size.—*By Grace D. Williams, New York City.*

In the United States, the rate of chronic alcoholism for women was 59 per cent higher in 1910 than in 1945.

A New York baker is a specialist in making "spectaculars," or giant cakes representing certain scenes or structures. One of his masterpieces, produced for a publicity campaign a short time ago, a scale model of the George Washington Bridge and its near-by approaches, was nine feet long and weighed 130 pounds.

Few diseases have such extreme characteristics as rabies in man. While a person bitten by a rabid animal is usually saved by a series of vaccine injections started immediately after the attack, a victim not receiving this only known treatment usually dies. In a doomed case, no symptoms of the disease became noticeable for a period of from three weeks to several months; yet after they appear, the patient generally succumbs within five days.

Wood carvings so small their details cannot be seen without a magnifying glass are cut inside both halves of a rosary's terminal bead, opening in the middle, that is owned by the Peabody Museum in Salem, Massachusetts. Although each carving occupies less than two cubic inches, one, depicting the Day of Judgment, has 47 figures, while the other, depicting heaven, has 58 figures—with wings. —*By Eleanor Wells, Tilton, N. H.*

No movie is made in Hollywood until its script has been checked for violations of the Production Code and approved by Joseph I. Breen of the Motion Picture Association of America. When a script contains scores of prohibited words, actions and scenes, it is sometimes revised many times before it is satisfactory to both Breen and the studio. To cite an extreme case, the work of revising The Postman Always Rings Twice extended over a period of nine years.

Americans and Britons differ in their pronunciation of at least 28 per cent of the words in the English language.

The largest residential organ in existence is the Aeolian of Pierre S. du Pont on his Longwood estate in Pennsylvania. Weighing 55 tons and requiring 14 freight cars to be shipped there in 1930, the organ, believed to have cost nearly $300,000, has 10,000 pipes, one pedal and four manual keyboards, and is powerful enough to be heard throughout three big cathedrals

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

1. Collecting ancient automobiles, such as this old Mercer, and keeping them in running order is the hobby of a famous Metropolitan Opera tenor. His powerful voice has thrilled millions via the radio, movie screen and concert stage. Currently you can hear him every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 EST on the NBC network as star of the program "Harvest of Stars."

He's young and handsome and lives at Westport, Conn. He owns eighty antique automobiles of all shapes and sizes. About gasoline, Mr. M . . . . . says: "I always use 'Ethyl' gasoline . . . even in the old-timers that were built long before high antiknock gasoline was available."

2. The hobby of this great American novelist is promoting soil conservation. He is one of the organizers of the fast-growing movement "Friends of the Land." He lives on his 1000-acre farm in Lucas, Ohio—about which he wrote the 1945 best seller "Pleasant Valley." His first novel, written in 1923, was "The Green Bay Tree." Three years later he won the Pulitzer Prize with "Early Autumn." His recent book "Mrs. Parkington" became a highly successful movie.

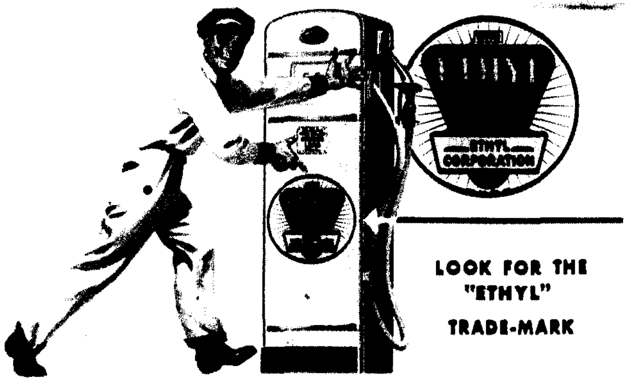
Living on a farm, he has to do a lot of driving in his 1946 station wagon . . . and he always uses "Ethyl" gasoline because: "It takes good gasoline to bring out the performance of an engine, and with me 'Ethyl' gasoline is tops."

WHOSE HOBBY IS THIS?

See if you can identify these three famous people from their hobbies...

3. Flying a four-place "Navion" is the hobby of this six-footer from Mountain View, Ark. He left a telephone company job to sing with an orchestra. Emerging as a successful emcee, he was tapped for Hollywood in 1931. After singing his way through some thirty pictures, he changed character to win acclaim for his hard-boiled roles in "Murder, My Sweet" and "Cornered" for RKO, and in Columbia's "Johnny O'Clock." His latest is "The Ends of the Earth," a Columbia picture.

Besides flying, he enjoys driving. He always uses gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock compound in his convertible because: "The only way to get performance out of a car is to feed it the right gasoline . . . and that means 'Ethyl' gasoline!"



LOOK FOR THE "ETHYL" TRADE-MARK

READ THIS TO CHECK YOUR ANSWERS:

When you use "Ethyl" gasoline, you're certainly in good company. Millions of car owners—including prominent people in every field—have found that it pays to use "Ethyl" gasoline for full power and all-round performance.

Among the celebrities who always stop at the "Ethyl" pump are the three you've probably identified from the clues given above: **1.** James Melton **2.** Louis Bromfield **3.** Dick Powell.

These famous people know that the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump means gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock compound. This is the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance. To get the most out of *your* car, whether it's a prewar old reliable or brand new, look for the "Ethyl" emblem in the station where *you* get your gasoline. Ethyl Corporation, Chrysler Bldg., New York.

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and you'll know
it's better
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richer, tastier, it's smo-o-th
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57 by adding
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water to one tin of
soup - you get
twice the
quantity!

E WEEK'S WORK

JACK MANNING

Collier's photographer, Jack Manning, who collaborated with Photographer Lofman, shoots the televised operation reported on page 20

UNDERSECRETARY of the Treasury Archibald Lee Manning Wiggins was saying to friends at Washington's Statler, "They can't get away with it. They're dumb. We can't let them chisel the American people," when one of Collier's ear men happened along, asked who couldn't do what to whom and why. The result: They Can't Fool the Revenue Man, p. 68.

For such an unpopular office, Mr. Wiggins is a surprisingly popular man. Born in Durham, North Carolina, he's made Hartsville, South Carolina (pop. 5,000), his home. A small-town banker, department-store manager, seed-company official, and publisher of the Hartsville Messenger, he's also been president of the American Bankers Association, guest lecturer at the Rutgers Graduate Banking School, and has honorary degrees from his Alma Mammy, the U. of N.C., for being one of the state's most useful citizens.

The Collier's check thrilled Mr. Wiggins as much as one for $50 that arrived just before Christmas, years ago, when Mr. Wiggins was a student at Chapel Hill. It was from the Durham Herald for which he had been corresponding in return for by-lines, and Mr. Wiggins was rubbing two nickels together to convince himself he wasn't broke when it came. Mr. Wiggins' first impulse was to return our check to us, then he decided to give it to someone else who needs the money worse than Collier's.

"I have a somewhat old-fashioned idea that I shouldn't use any of my time for personal gain while I am on the government pay roll," he says.

Mr. Wiggins resigned from his many businesses when he became Undersecretary. Another Hartsville Boy Who Made Good: Bobo Newsom.

DICK PEARCE assures us if the folks in his new serial, Sweet Water, p. 11, are imaginary, the setting of Tularosa Valley isn't. A little cup o' New Mexican hell, Tularosa is forbidding, compelling, dry, harsh and desolate, rimmed by abrupt mountain ramparts. "The highway and railroad are both transcontinental," he says, "but they sidle around one side of the valley, clinging together for comfort, as though they knew they had no business there."

The mountains wall out little luxuries. Ice cream must be made at home, or you wait for the bus to bring it from El Paso, 100 miles away. "Where the water isn't alkie, it's gyp," he says, "and where it isn't gyp, it's so hard you can pound corn with it."

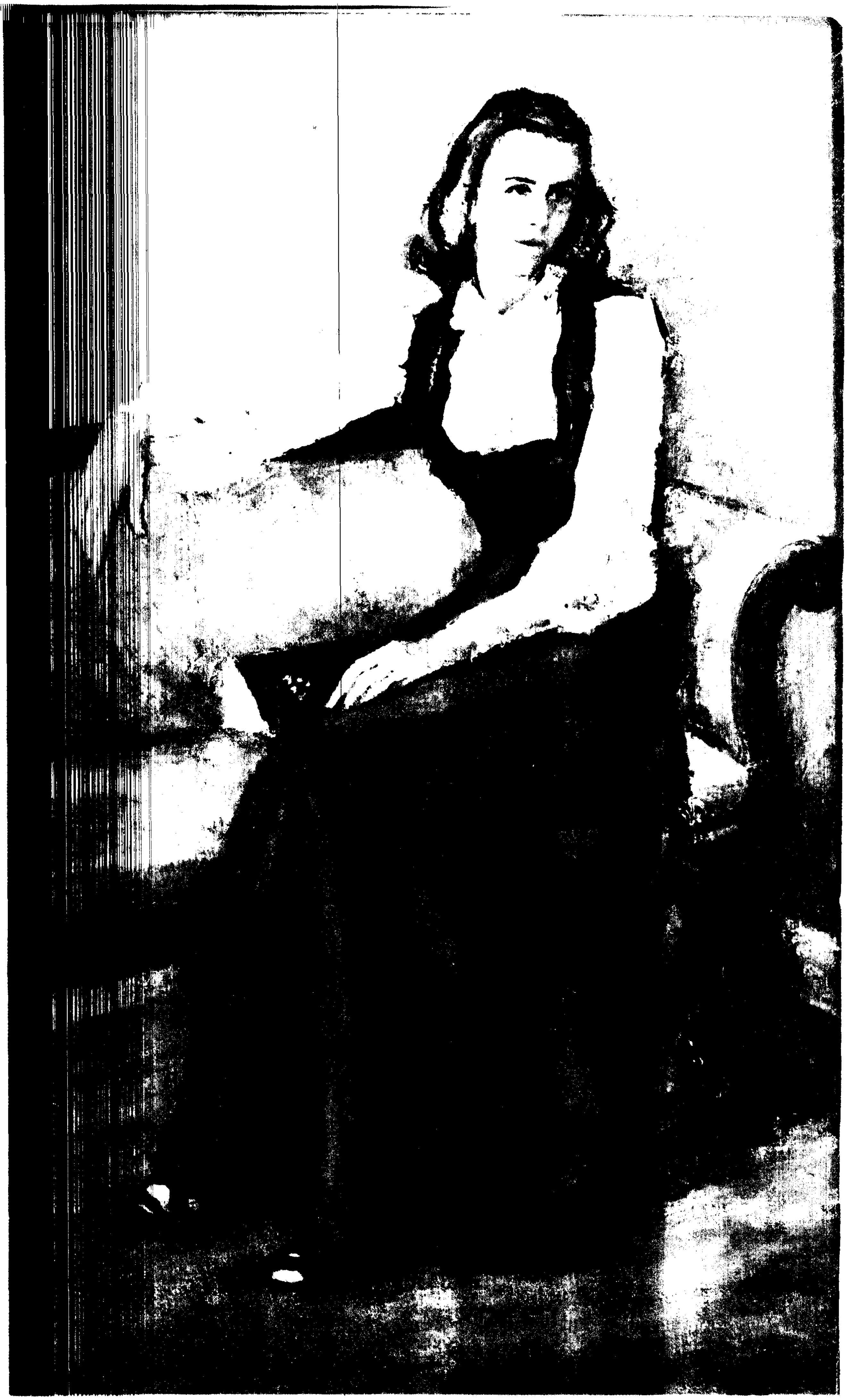
The cattleman will always be king in Tularosa: There is no soil to attract the farmer. "The valley floor is all black malpais, red dust and white sand, where the horned toad gasps for breath and the rattlesnake flees in terror," travelogues Mr. Pearce. "Yet this is the valley where the Atomic Age was born, and where the tools of our grandchildren are being tested and sharpened. It was northwest of Alamogordo that the first A-bomb exploded, near an ancient Spanish route aptly named Jornado del Muerto, or journey of death. The B-29 boys still use the area for practice A-bomb drops. West of Alamogordo, the Army has a big rocket research base."

Mr. Pearce admires the valleyfolk as much as they do their valley and take pride in its painful conquest. "One old-timer maintains he and his family survived one winter on jack rabbit, eating so many that the next spring they fled hopping into the mesquite every time a hound barked!"

When Mr. Pearce isn't tooling around Tularosa, he and his nice family of three inhabit an undersized San Francisco flat. After a hard day rewriting in the cacophony of the city room of the San Francisco Examiner, he relaxes at home fictioneering. "I'm doing the same as the fellow who comes home from his office and putters in a flower garden," he explains. "I don't envy him. I prefer gold certificates to marigolds."

This week's cover: Fancy Pants. To pose for David Peskin, four Cheyennettes: Mrs. Fred W. Marble, Jr., Liz Wilson, Mrs. Bob Connaghan and Lindell Storey, though born and raised in Western saddles, had to replace everyday clothes (dungarees and white shirt) with ornate outfits made by Rodeo Ben of Philadelphia. Rodeo Ben makes dazzle duds for movie cowboys. Girls have dazzle and brains: Marble is a Stanford B.A.; Wilson's a soph at the University of Wyoming; Storey a frosh there; and Arta Connaghan is purely domestic—stopped baking a cake for her son's first birthday to pose. . . .

TED SHANE



Miss Jean Bullitt, of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, painted by Peter Lauck

To life's loveliest ritual, the engagement diamond lends its own tranquil light and dignified tradition. For such an honored role your ring-stone, no matter how modest its cost, should be selected with the utmost care. Color, cutting, and clarity, as well as carat weight, contribute to its beauty and value. You will need the advice of a trusted jeweler...

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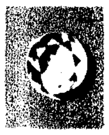

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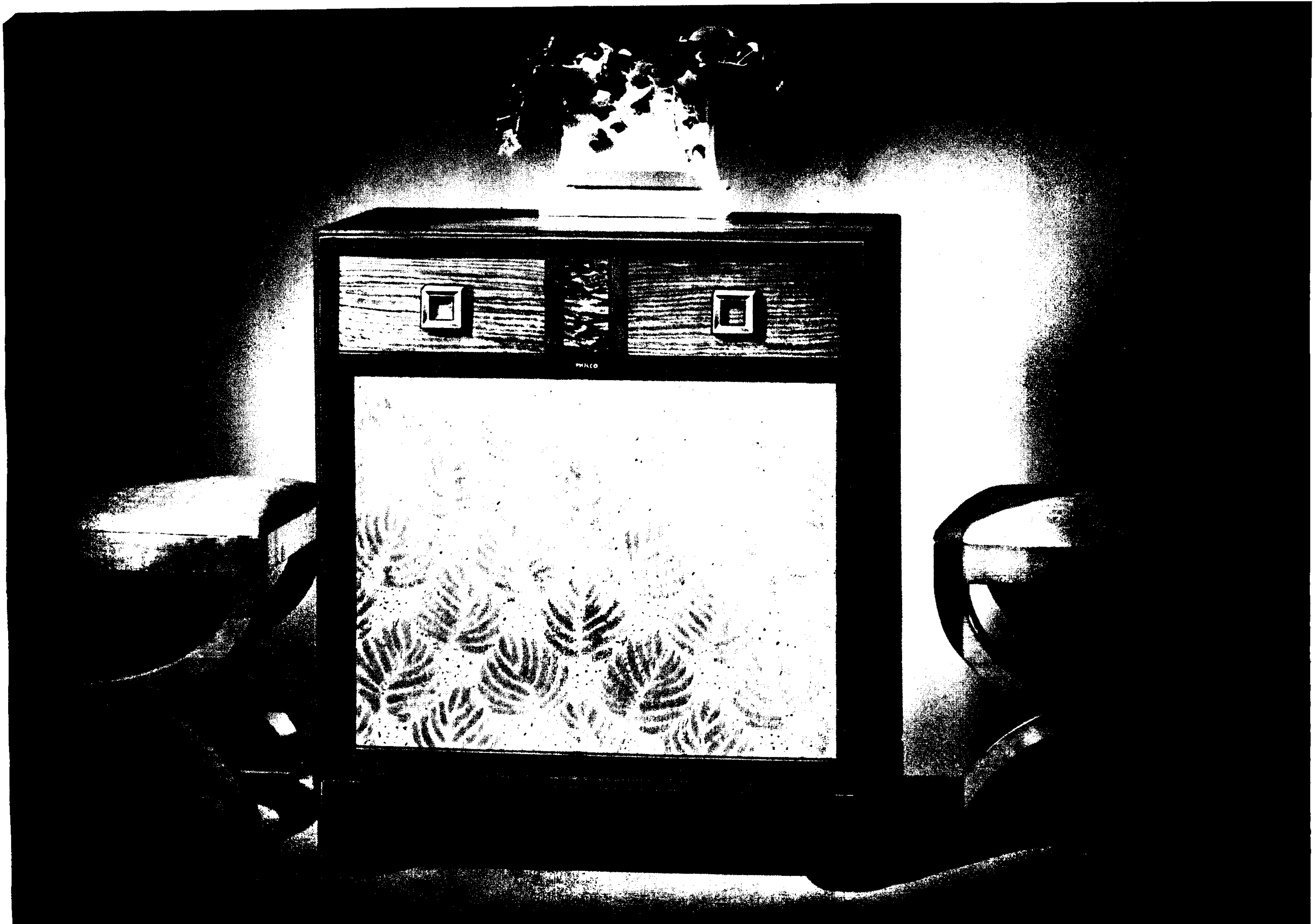

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Amazing new way to play records!

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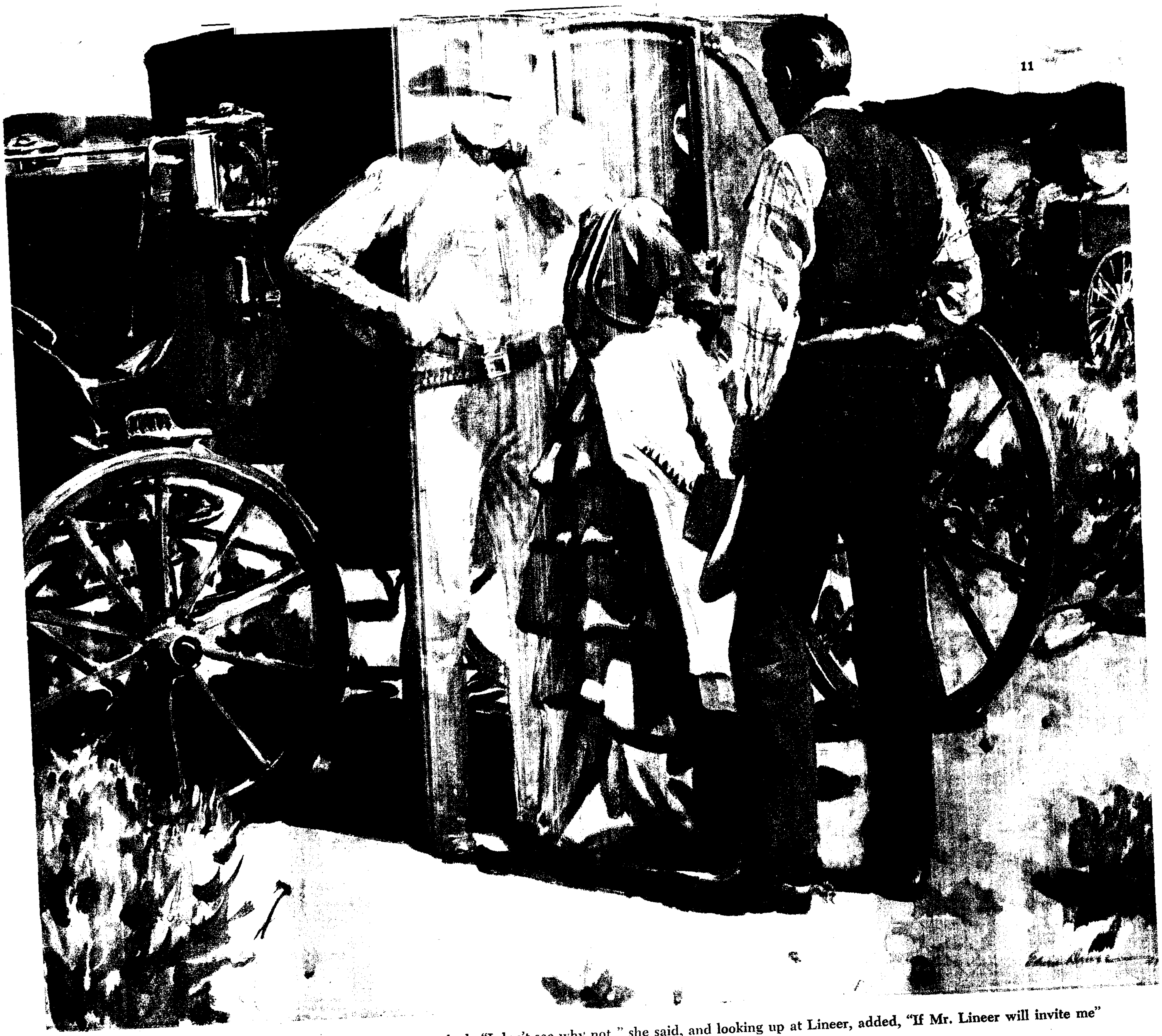


"That's no ride for you, Barbara," Thomason remarked. "I don't see why not," she said, and looking up at Lineer, added, "If Mr. Lineer will invite me"

SWEET WATER

BY DICK PEARCE

As the rails stretched farther and farther into the strife-ridden dry country, men's tempers grew thin. Knuckling down to a power-mad boss was not easy for Jim Lineer—and it was hard to control the impulse which drove him toward another man's woman

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

JIM LINEER put on his shirt, pants and socks and climbed back into the caboose's upper bunk. He interlaced his fingers, cupped them beneath his head, raised his knees and closed his eyes against the liquid light of dawn flowing in through the cockloft. He let his big body go loose to draw the last bit of rest out of the night. He dozed. The caboose whipcracked into a curve. He half awakened to the high shriek of flange steel against rail steel. A tight curve. Too tight. Someday the Atchison would have to take the kinks out of this branch. Maybe a complete new survey. Lift it away from the river. He dozed again.

"Five minutes," said the brakeman

Lineer did not open his eyes. "Thanks," he said.

The brakeman was a Kansas man. He did not like the Territory. He did not like no-destination freights. He did not like pass riders who boarded without a by-your-leave. But this one had minded his own business and shared his box of El Paso cherries. First of the season, they were.

The brakeman jerked a thumb forward toward the cab. "This blackie figures all deadheads are fair game," he warned. "You'll get a rolling stop."

Lineer turned his head. "Thanks," he said again. He slid off, sat on the lower bunk and pulled on his boots. Next to the squat stove lay his valise. He reached out with one leg, put the sole of his boot against it and shoved. The valise slid neatly to the door. He stared after it, arms slack on his knees, reluctant to come awake. He rose, stretched and put on his hat. His leg muscles, trained in long habit, caught the small sways and dips in the roadbed beneath. Solid here, but a little choppy. But then, the Atchison was still too busy growing to fret over maintenance.

"Coffee would taste good," he said.

The brakeman said sourly, "Our de luxe service doesn't begin until sunup." Then he remembered the cherries. "Sorry. I forgot to load up at El Paso."

The train began to slow smoothly. Not a brake stop. The engineer was letting the grade work for him. Lineer opened the door. He stepped out into the whistle and the chill of forced dawn wind. The rails rushed away southward beneath him, sweeping back along the harsh brown earth, slowing in the distance to the curve, disappearing in a bend of the river. Eastward the mountains raised a broken barricade against the red sky.

He felt the surge of power that began far ahead with the engineer's hand on the plug, then reached back car by car to grab jerkily at the caboose. So that was the way it was to be. He cursed softly but he grinned too. He dropped to the right step. Ahead he saw a dolly and beyond it a big red car on a siding. Too risky on that side. He swung to the left step, the valise in his left hand. The ground forward was clear but uneven.

HE CROUCHED, waiting, his eyes watching the ground well ahead but seeing too the earth that swept by directly beneath, full of blacks and browns and reds, faster and faster until they became black streaks and brown streaks and red streaks. He bent lower. He squatted, holding the valise just inches above the ground. The earth lifted and leveled and rushed. He swung the valise forward, saw it start sliding evenly on its bottom. He jerked off his hat and sailed it down and out. He leaped out and forward, and was running before his boots touched the hard ground.

In just a dozen steps he pulled up. His eyes went first to the cab of the engine. Sure enough the engineer was leaning out, watching with a pleased anticipation. Lineer threw a triumphant salute. The head disappeared into the cab.

Lineer's breathing quieted down. He deepened it again, fully awake now, feeling good. Besting plug-pullers always made him feel good, although he reflected that he was a little out of practice. That was a game of his younger years, his twenties. He had matched them a hundred times on work trains, and there were big round scar burns on his knees; he had not always won.

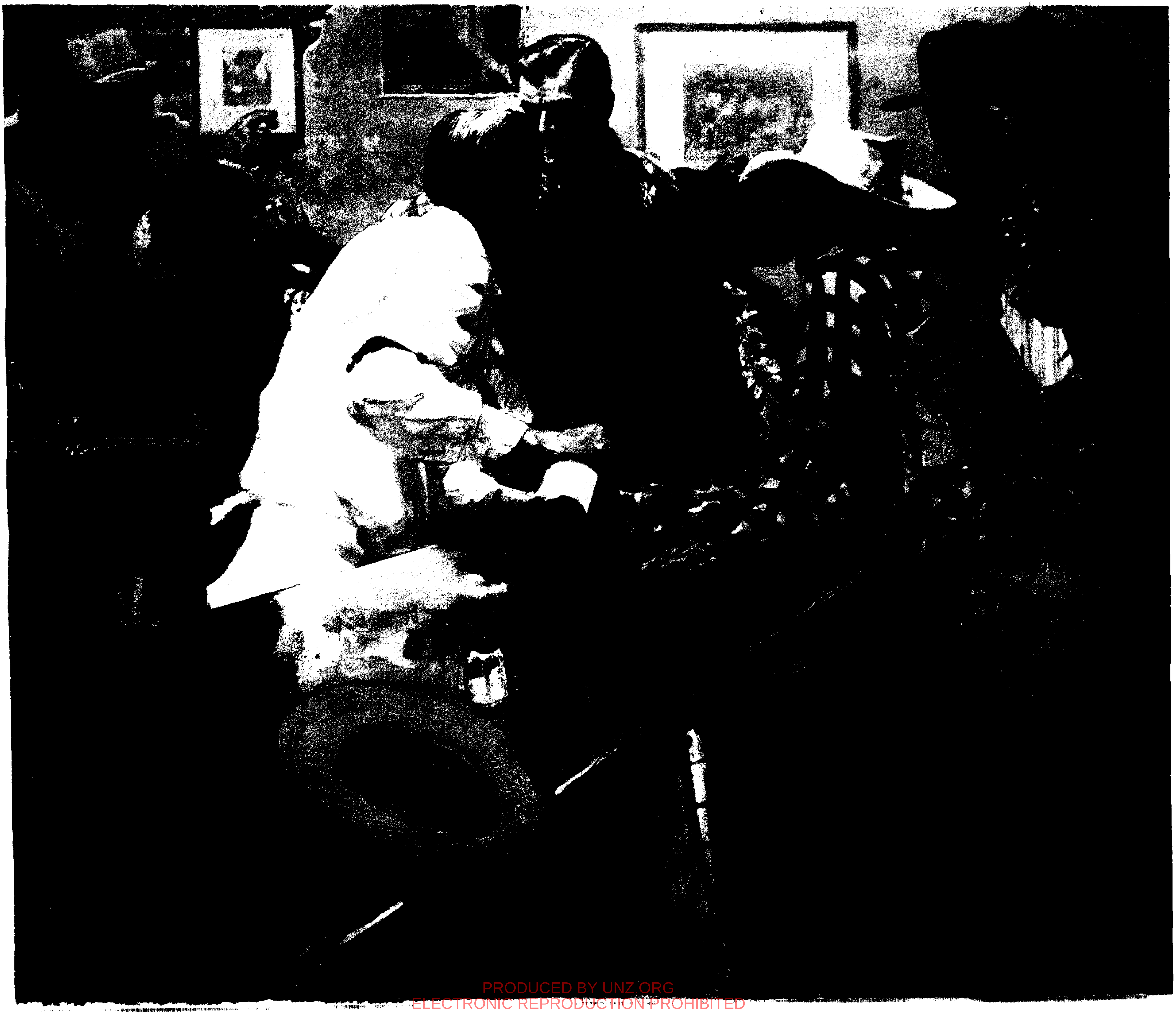
In this land that hammered young men to a whip-rod leanness, or broke them imperceptibly, here was a man who did not conform. His body possessed a symmetry of parts, a compactness of thigh, a depth of chest to match his width, a breadth of hands that were flat through the palm and somehow knowing. The whole suggested power, but power completely at rest, wholly under control.

It was as though he had learned, in the endless struggle with the sun, some secret of keeping his strength by keeping it indolent, ready to use but unused. But it went deeper than that. There was remoteness in the dark gray of his eyes, and repose on his wide mouth. In some subtle way these suggested that he had broken the impelling bonds of sun and turquoise haze and sweet night wind, and lived with them upon terms of his own.

In one visible respect, however, he was among the conquered. Along his cheekbones and the taut skin of his jaw, where to most men the sun granted a protective blackness, he was burned and broiled to a color more red than bronze. That was the Sonora sun, away from which he had traveled now for three days.

Lineer retrieved his gear and looked about him. Eastward the sun found the low mountain cleft that it favored in this month of May and poured

Lineer gathered the whole of the power of his body and launched it with cold calculation in two aimed blows. Folsom's head went back and he sank to the floor



through, full yellow, full warm in the moment of its arrival. It struck along the angle of his right jaw, kindling minute blazes in the sandy stubble of yesterday's beard.

A few paces to his right was the big red car on the siding. His eye took in its expensive construction, recognizing the name ALTHEA spelled out in dull gilt on its side. Colonel Edwards' palace car. So they were here ahead of him. Beyond the siding was the yellow greenery of the Rio Grande. To his left, westward, squatted the town. A collection of adobes, low, scattered, treeless — holding back, wisely, from the river's uncertain temper; pushing forward unconsciously to escape the shadow of mountain masses. A town that toiled not too much, baked evenly, greeted strangers warmly and grew not at all. The town of San Antonio, Territory of New Mexico.

Northward the low plume of the peddler freight began to dissolve. He looked at it and yet did not really see it as he worried some thought, caught up by that vague sadness, that private loneliness which comes to a man when his transport leaves him. Then he came back to this moment, and as he thought of the days that lay ahead he felt the first slow run of excitement.

He ran a hand down the side of his face from temple to jaw point. When he took it away there were soot streaks on the palm. He was suddenly conscious of the dust that stiffened his hair, the body sweat of his clothes.

He could go on to the hotel and get a tub carried to his room. But there was the river with its clean sand and its cold, clear water. It was an inviting thought.

AS HE reached for his bag there came to him that indefinite, disturbed feeling that he was watched. He looked first to the private car. Its curtains were drawn. The Great Western party still slept. No watcher there. Beyond the car, coming up the road from the river, a gray burro dragged a *carreta* stacked high with wood. Little fountains of dust rose behind it, then collapsed quickly. Its brown-skinned driver, nodding atop the wood, was the only human in sight.

Lineer chuckled a little at himself. Spooking wasn't like him.

He crossed the tracks, angling toward the road on a course that would take him around the end of the car. A face appeared at the car's last window, nearest him. Then it was withdrawn, the curtain dropping so quickly that he was left with an impression of only half a face, of a rounded cheek and a laughing eye and a hand drawing a brush through long hair.

He stopped, then strode on again. He was across the siding when the girl's call came to him.

She emerged on the car's rear platform, a tall girl cloaked in a garment of soft gray. It was buttoned high at her neck and came down to her feet. He recognized it as a traveling duster. Long auburn hair was pushed back from her forehead. It was fastened loosely at her neck, as though she had been dressing it and had clasped it hurriedly at sight of him. She still held the brush in her hand.

Lineer walked to the end of the car and stood looking up.

"What did you say?" he asked.

"I said, 'Is this San Antonio?' "

"It is."

"Then where are they?"

A girl's quick laugh, almost a giggle, came from inside the car. The girl above him was laughing too, but whether it was mischief or mockery in her green eyes he could not tell. He said, feeling suddenly stupid, "Where is who?"

"Aren't you one of the Tularosa Valley men?"

"Yes."

"We were told that every young man in the valley would be here to meet us. That they would take one look at us and carry us away to—"

"Miss Barbara!" The voice of the girl still inside the car was half scandalized. "You come back in this minute!" He heard the soft giggle again.

He thought he understood now. A little. It was mischief of some kind. And maybe mockery too, for the green eyes above him were too coolly self-possessed.

He took the last step to the car, laid his hand on the railing and met her eyes, his own direct and unsmiling.

"I'm sorry," he said. "We have neglected our manners. But I'll be back this way in a few minutes and I will gladly carry you off to my mountain cave. Provided, of course," he added gravely, "you can cook my bear meat and sweep out the cave."

He saw the quick color come into her cheeks and heard the other girl's laugh, a full and pleasing peal of delight. And he had a fleeting awareness of little and disconnected facts: that the sun was gleaming on the heavy silver of the brush and making red gold of her hair; that there was the merest suggestion of upturning at the outward corners of her eyes; that she pursed her lips in a gesture almost sulky; that the merry eyes of another girl were examining him from the doorway.

Then the girl above him spoke. "It's a bargain, sir. But my horse must be snow-white or I will not go." It was gaily said. But as she whirled away from him he saw the storm in her eyes. He had rebuked her in kind. And this girl did not easily accept discomfiture.

He watched the last swish of her cloak through the door. A moment of silence followed, a whisper and a low reply. Then he heard their mingled laughter.

Walking on toward the river he could feel two pairs of eyes following him. The feeling did not leave him until he passed beyond the willow trees and turned downstream in search of a sandy bank. He stripped naked, sat in the shallow channel with his back to the current, and began to scrub himself with sand.

Who was she? He knew, within limits. She was connected in some fashion with the same business that had brought him here from Sonora. She spoke of the Tularosa Valley. She was aboard H. H. Edwards' private car. Apparently it had arrived last night, on schedule. This was the day.

Why had she done it? Speaking to a strange man in such a fashion was a piece of brazenness, actually, a thing she would not dream of doing at home, among her own kind. The act had its undertone of defiance and self-will. And of insolence that had prompted him to reply to her as he did. It could have been a dare between the two girls. But no, probably she acted on impulse. The impulse that makes people far from home break the restraints that customarily bind them.

Into his mind came an unexpected thought. It lodged there forcibly, coming from nowhere with logic pushing it. Perhaps this girl intended to go along on the trip into Tularosa Valley. Perhaps somebody was turning this venture into an outing, a prolonged picnic.

He pushed the thought away. Too improbable. H. H. Edwards knew what kind of country the Tularosa desert was. Back it came. That car was from New York. Would she have journeyed so far if she did not intend to go the rest of the way? He was aware gradually of a burning pain along his right thigh. He rolled sideways to lift it above the water and saw that he had rubbed one spot until abrasion had reddened it. He stood up with a growling oath. Any woman would be in the way. A green-eyed girl with insolence on her mouth could wreck this railroad before it was started.

WALKING back toward the town in fresh pants and shirt and socks, feeling clean and feeling starved and aware that he needed a shave and maybe a haircut, he found he was watching the last windows of the car. No life showed.

He strode on across the tracks. The livery yard was crowded with picked horses. Among the litter of the long, tin-roofed stable were three fine hacks. Splendid was the word for them. They were closed coaches. Their wood- and leatherwork were a shiny new black; the copper of their lamps gleamed from recent burnishings. They did not belong to this town. He looked at them and back at the private car. Somebody had done some thorough spadework.

Beyond the stable was the north-south road with 'dobes hunched down beside it. This was the miserable road with the great name. This was El Camino Real, the ancient King's Highway struggling up from Mexico, climbing on northward to Sante Fe. Across the road he spotted the hotel, adobe, too, distinguishable from others only by its length and compartmentation. The town was still awakening. Crossing over, he saw only a half-dozen people the length of the road.

(Continued on page 36)

WANTED: A MIRACLE IN GREECE

BY PAUL A. PORTER

FORMER PRESIDENTIAL EMISSARY TO GREECE

All that the U.S. mission to Greece has to do is end a civil war, eliminate corruption in government ranks, rebuild the economy of a nation and revive hope in a people sunk in despair. There's a chance they'll do it

TODAY an almost forgotten American mission has got to perform a miracle—or fail in its job. The miracle is to save Greece from economic disintegration and the inroads of Communism.

The fight to save Greece is just beginning. The announcement of plans is not enough. What will go on in Greece this month and next is infinitely more important than are the debates which commanded the headlines last March and April.

Last January, I went to Greece as head of a mission charged with reporting on the economic situation and with determining what outside assistance would be necessary for the survival of the Greek nation. I know at firsthand the complicated and discouraging conditions which today are confronting Dwight Griswold and the American Mission for Aid to Greece. And I feel strongly that the American people should know precisely what these conditions are.

During a trip through the lovely Greek countryside, a peasant I talked with typified the Greek national psychosis. He was a weary and discouraged man, prematurely old, his face lined and wrinkled, his hands upturned in a gesture of mute despair.

"Four times in my lifetime my home has been destroyed," he said, "—by the Turks, the Bulgars, the Nazis and the guerrillas. Why should I build it up again?"

This hopelessness is typical. The whole country, from top to bottom, is in the grip of a gray, unrelieved, profound lack of faith in the future—a lack of faith which produces simple inertia for the present. From the large textile manufacturers in Athens to the small shopkeepers and farmers in the northernmost part of Macedonia, people are paralyzed by uncertainty and fear.

Businessmen will not invest. Storekeepers will not lay in supplies. Peasants will not repair their ruined houses. One official told me that 150,000 homes had been totally destroyed in Greece and that only 1,300 had been rebuilt in 1946.

My most depressing experience in Greece was a visit to Kalavryta, the Lidice of Greece. This was the village high up a narrow gorge near the Gulf of Corinth where, in December, 1943, a small band of Greek resistance forces ambushed a squadron of Nazi occupation troops. The German reprisal was an unbelievable act of horror and brutality. The 1,200 men of the village were herded into an open field, where from the vantage point of higher ground, they were forced to watch their homes and shops burned from the incendiary volleys fired simultaneously into each structure. When the conflagration reached its height and the Greeks sought to break away from their Nazi guards, machine guns from concealed emplacements massacred the helpless lot of them.

Meantime, the women, old men and children were concentrated in the largest building—a school. It was the last to be ignited. Legend has it that the screams of the women and children were too much for an Austrian officer and he shot the lock off the door. Liberated from the blazing school, the survivors fled to the hills and returned later that night to recover the bodies of their men on the hillside, and buried them in the village cemetery.

The despair in Greece today is crucial, because our whole program of aid is based on the assumption that the people will be able to snap out of the prevailing inertia. We are not stepping up the amount of outside assistance enough to make the future much different from the past. During 1946, Greece got about $330,000,000 from UNRRA and the British; our aid of $350,000,000 barely exceeds this. And, at the same time, we are banking on the ability of the Greeks to more than double their exports. So, far from having too liberal an amount of money for use in Greece, we are operating on an exceedingly narrow margin. Indeed it may soon become apparent that estimates of $350,000,000 which my group made are too conservative, and that additional funds may be necessary. Mr. Griswold will find that conditions have rapidly worsened since the first mission went out last January. There has since been a widespread drought which has substantially reduced local grain production. The military activity has been stepped up. And our own price level has risen to shade the value of the dollars Congress has made available. The $350,000,000 loan will not go as far as we had hoped and planned. At best, we will get up to the minimum reconstruction level. At worst, we may have trouble maintaining a level of decent subsistence.

If the American mission is to end this deep sense of national hopelessness, it must resolve two controversial situations—the civil war and the present government.

One winter day in Macedonia, as I was standing on a riverbank, hundreds of low-flying geese suddenly appeared out of the clouds, flying in formation and honking wildly as they came. I remarked casually to a Greek standing with me that they must have fine shooting in Macedonia.

"Men have been so busy shooting one another in this part of the world," he answered sadly, "that they have had no time for the geese."

So long as this state of mind continues, the prospects for economic reconstruction are dim. You cannot devote your full energies to repairing docks, building bridges and maintaining roads when you are likely to be shot in the back any moment. The greatest obstacle to the reconstruction of Greece is the continuance of the civil war. There can be no permanent solution of Greece's economic future until the present military burden is reduced—until money and men are released for productive purposes. There can be no permanent solution of Greece's psychological paralysis until the menace of external aggression is removed.

I am convinced that the Russians know this even better than we do. The Communists know that the revival of guerrilla warfare will put us badly on the spot in Greece—so they are working overtime to revive it. That is why, it seems to me, Russia's U.N. delegate Andrei Gromyko vetoed the U.S. proposal to establish a semipermanent frontier commission in the Balkans. The plain fact appears to be that the U.S.S.R. does not want a pacification of frontier conditions in the Balkans. For such pacification will be an almost indispensable condition for American success in helping bring about Greek economic recovery.

This brings up the question of the Greek government. The present regime obviously must constitute the set of tools through which we work. We cannot kick off by naming a new team. Adoption of these means would contradict the ultimate ends we wish to accomplish in Greece and elsewhere; furthermore, blatant intervention of this kind would supply potent ammunition to Soviet propaganda about American imperialism. But we can—and must—do something to sharpen these tools.

Chief among these tools is the Greek civil service. The late King George of Greece, in my first talk with him, referred to many government employees as "camp followers" and "coffeehouse politicians" and described the whole civil service as a kind of pension system for political hacks. These were harsh words, but not unwarranted. The civil service is overexpanded, underpaid and demoralized. The low salaries have been augmented by a completely baffling system of extra allowances by which a few civil servants probably get as much as four times their base pay.

At the same time the bulk of them do not get a living wage. Many of them are forced to supplement their government pay by taking outside jobs. Imagine the effects in Washington if officials in government departments worked part time for local lawyers or lobbyists or industrialists. The curiously short working week—usually 33 hours, consisting of mornings only for 6 days a week—facilitates the economic double life which so many government workers lead.

The result is complete disorganization. I have never seen an administrative structure which, for sheer incompetence and ineffectiveness, was so appalling. The civil service simply cannot be relied upon to carry out the simplest functions of government—the collection of taxes, the enforcement of economic regulations, the repair of roads.

Thus the drastic reform of the civil service is an indispensable condition to getting anything else done in Greece. But the civil service is just the beginning. There is the far more intricate and explosive question of the political leadership of the country. Candor will compel me to make some frank statements about this government, but what would you have America do? Would you have prayed with Henry Wallace for the defeat of the Greek aid bill so that you could exchange the present inefficient, right-wing regime for a police state on the Tito model?

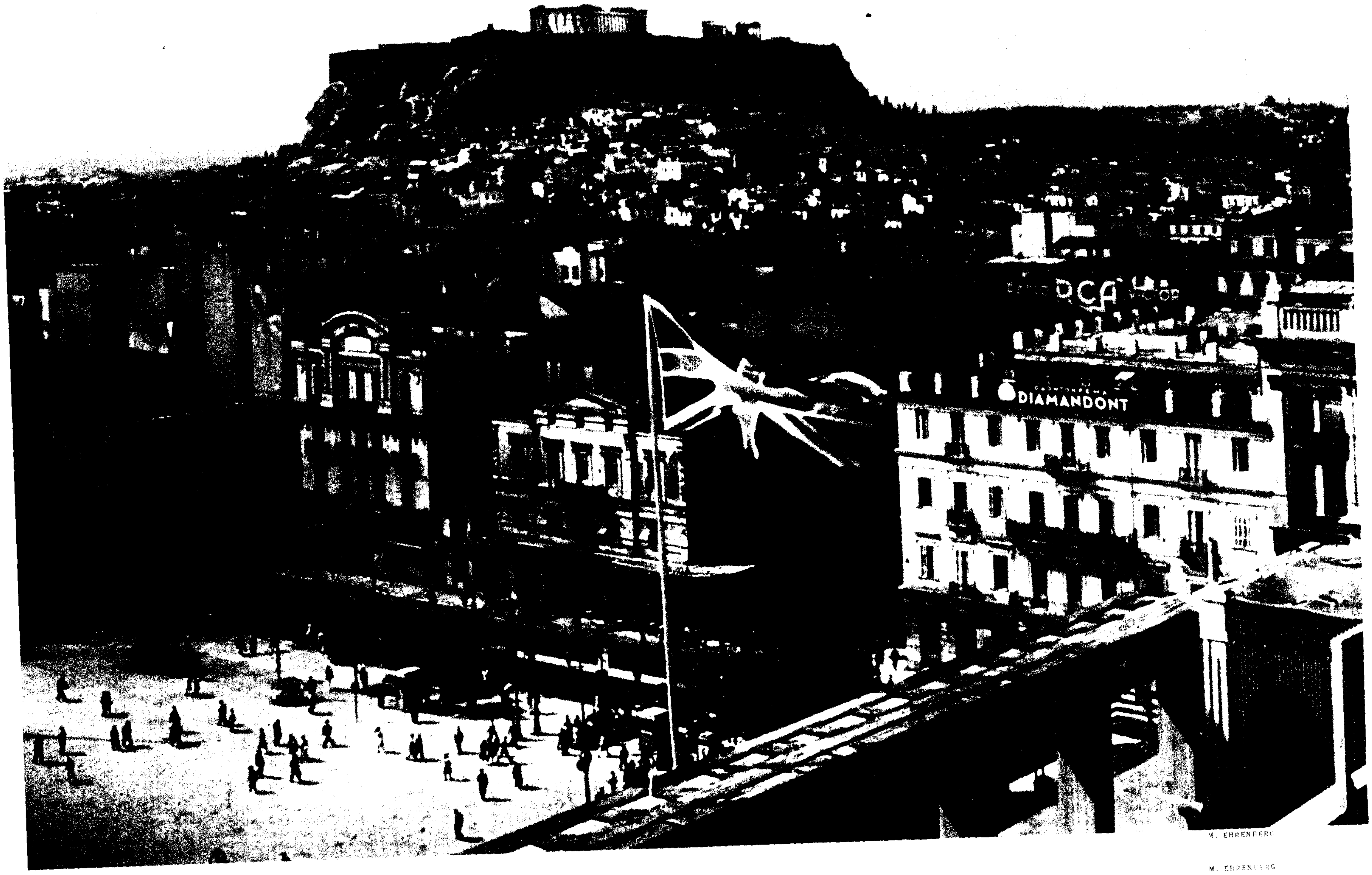
I rather doubt it. Because whatever it is, the present Greek government is not a totalitarian dictatorship, and besides, it does not seem to me that the nature of the government is relevant to the question of external aggression. We can't take the position that it is all right to commit acts of aggression against governments we do not like, and only bad to commit such acts against governments we approve.

There is within Greece a vigorous and critical political opposition. There is a free press. The Communist paper is published daily in Athens, and each morning in my mailbox I received an English translation of the mimeographed bulletin of the EAM bitterly denouncing the present regime. It is not at all a liberty-loving regime in the American sense, but it is paradise next to its neighbors of the north and their much vaunted "new democracy." Obviously the existence of freedom of expression is no excuse for other governmental delinquencies. But it does signal the possibility of peaceful and democratic change.

On the other hand, the fact remains that this present government has not, on the record, shown any affirmative philosophy or any inclination to do the things necessary to end their nation's travail. On my first day in Greece, I had a talk with General J. G. W. Clark, the intelligent and somewhat sardonic head of the British Economic Mission.

"When visitors on arriving in a new country," he began by saying, "run into a sandstorm or a hurricane, they are always told how unusual the weather is. But the situation you are running into here in Athens—the monetary crisis, the possible civil service strike, the pending fall of the

(Continued on page 106)



M. EHRENBERG

M. EHRENBERG

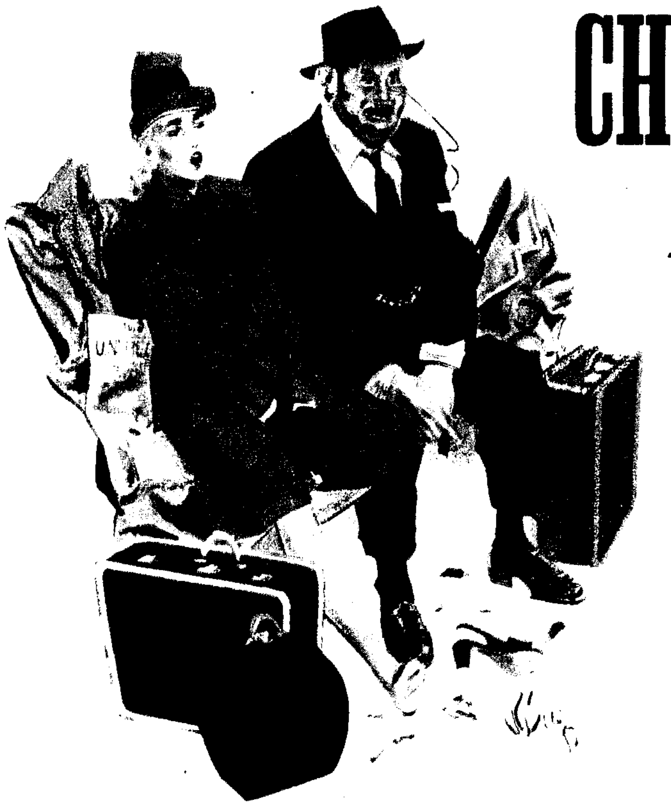
In the shadow of the Acropolis the British flag flies over a public square in Athens. A U.S. mission is now working to restore the political and economic health of Greece

CHURCH WORLD SERVICE

A Greek mother and family. The boy standing at left suffers from rickets. Fatness of baby in mother's arms is caused by swelling of hunger edema, a starvation disease

Regular Greek troops, in their age-old uniforms, who have been engaged in a grueling civil war with guerrilla bands. This strife has slowed the recovery of the ancient nation

CHARLIE SQUIRES AND THE SEVEN



They had spent the night on a bench in the station, running a dangerous blood pressure

AFTER Charlie Squires quit the hotel business in Chicago to take up turkey raising, the *Innkeepers Journal* sent me to Wisconsin to see how he was getting along. As we might have suspected, he was getting along fine.

"Oh, hell, yes," he said, showing me around his model farm. "I've finally licked the turkey business—figured out a serum to keep 'em from catching cold."

Susie, his wife, was thinner, but as pretty as ever. She seemed happy in a bright, nervous way.

"This is *so* much better than living in a busy hotel in some noisy old city," she said. "And I love my house. I *love* it!"

It was quite a house. It had been put together with imported flagstone, granite and mahogany; the drapes were hand-woven and the furniture was all custom-made.

"Charlie insisted on ordering things that were hard to get—but he battled around until he got 'em," Susie said, proudly. "We're all settled now. The last chair came yesterday."

We sat in the sun porch where wide screened windows overlooked Charlie's manicured acres, with the Kickapoo River glinting below us in the summer sun. It was serene and quiet there, and the countryside was gentle, inviting the eye like green New England hills. It was no wonder Susie loved it.

She brought us coffee in a silver pot, with fresh hot rolls and home-churned butter. Charlie perched on an arm of the oversize davenport and stretched out his long legs.

"I suppose you heard about my last night at the Grand Embassy with Bert Buell and the seven Italian acrobats?" he suggested.

"Several versions," I admitted. "Nobody seems to have it straight."

Charlie lit his pipe.

"Never knew a story to get so garbled," he said, comfortably.

Susie, who had put on her coat to go shopping, decided to come back in and sit down. Charlie looked up in surprise.

"You don't want to hear it again, punkin!" he exclaimed.

"If you're going to tell that one, I certainly do!" she said, an intent look in her eyes. As he talked she moved to the edge of her chair, following every word as though she'd missed something last time he'd told it.

Of course, not every woman understands the satisfaction some men find in good, stiff competition. Perhaps that's what Susie missed in Charlie's story. She'd never quite believed, for instance, that he had enjoyed the war. He's no ordinary fellow and he liked everything in China, including Lingling. His letters home were ecstatic; he was forever wading across rice paddies after being given up for dead.

And when he came back to Chicago and his job in public relations with the Grand Embassy Hotel in 1945, the situation that awaited him delighted his soul. Through the congested war years room clerks had got the habit of insulting customers without discrimination, conventions had been rudely turned away, old gentlefolk had been sneered at because they were too innocent to cross eager palms with rare jewels or gold. The arrogance that accompanies power or plenty had made the Grand Embassy staff insufferable; even charwomen had splashed supper guests with their long wet mops. Fastidious people had been sent to rooms with warm crumpled sheets still on the beds. Some of them had been asked to sleep with total strangers.

But now the war was over and people could begin to pick and choose again, and the house count was falling off, and the Tiger Room was losing money; and when Charlie asked for the complaint file two housemen had to trundle it in on a hand truck.

Now, there are two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight rooms in the Grand Embassy, and Charlie's job was to keep them full of people. He was promotion manager. Kenneth Ashcraft, the managing director, who had also been away, a colonel in the Quartermaster Corps, was appalled at the situation. But not Charlie. The bigger they are, the harder they fall, he said. The tougher the challenge, the more it excited him.

He tried to cheer the old man up.

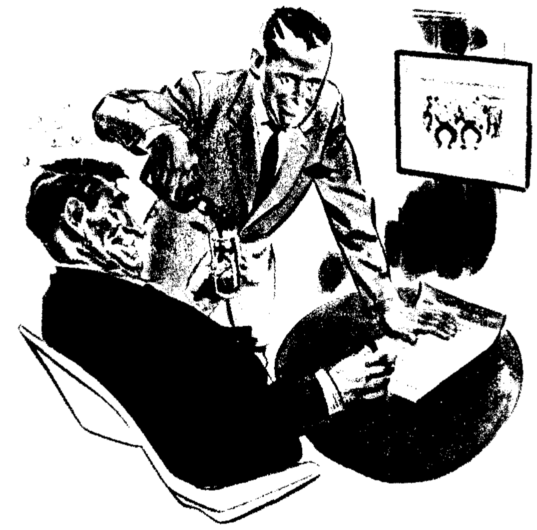
"Why, there's nothing to it," he said, as they went through that poison-pen correspondence together. "I'll push until they give, that's all."

He wrote letters, made long-distance phone calls and flew from city to city in anything that would leave the ground. When he found customers who'd promised never again to darken the Grand Embassy's revolving doors he mesmerized them with his charm, sent them small bottles of Irish whisky and large baskets of flowers. He'd never been happier. Whenever he was thrown out of an office he'd come back to Susie with his long face aglow.

One night he came into their suite after a trip to Toledo, picked Susie up and danced her around the room.

"I've met the champion!" he shouted joyously. "Wait 'till you hear what happened to H. Bertrand Buell!"

Bert Buell was executive secretary of the International Roadmasters, an annual convention of three thousand wild-eyed, spendthrift highway engineers. Before the war, nothing had been too good for Bert; the staff had wooed him as if he were a shy young maid—with pretty compliments and rare tropical fruits and five-pound boxes of candy for his wife. But in the heyday he'd been told to take his convention to Muskegon; and when he had stopped overnight with his wife, a new house detective had waked him up and thrown him out, along with Mrs. Buell. They had spent the night on a bench in the Union Station running a dangerous blood pressure.



He usually managed to get them to sign before their fingers became too limp to hold a pen

"But why doesn't he sue us?" Susie asked.

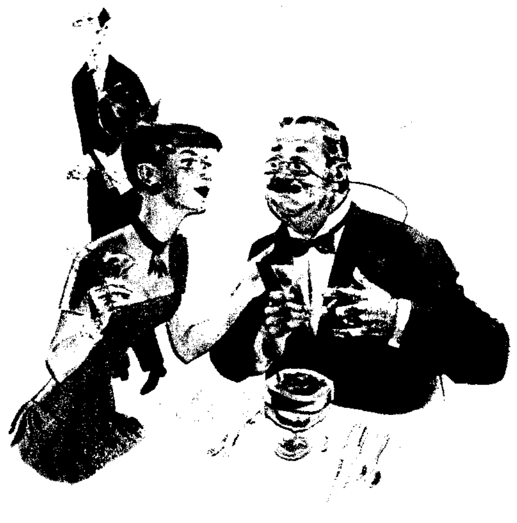
"Because," said Charlie triumphantly, "the poor egomaniac forgot to register his wife, a hot-eyed blonde. Isn't that a honey of a situation? There's nothing in the complaint file to touch it. He's so sore he wouldn't even write us a letter!"

"But, Charlie," she said, in her pretty, bewildered way, "you act pleased!"

"But can't you understand, Susie?" he demanded. "It's gonna be a fascinating battle of wits!"

"Oh, dear," Susie said. "What is it about these things that makes you so happy?"

He tried to explain it to her. In Toledo there had been tumult and shouting in H. Bertrand Buell's private office, then a door opened and a heavy brass ash tray had missed Charlie's head by inches.



Susie laughed at Bert's tired old jokes and listened wide-eyed to the story of his life

"But what's funny about that?"

He looked down into her lovely, puzzled face, and kissed her.

"You just keep house, sweetheart," he said. "Let me run the business."

It was along about then that he dreamed up the Cock 'n' Feather, a secret bar back of his office down in the bowels of the house. You pressed a button, a panel slid open and there it was, a replica of an English taproom, stocked with every liquid a man could handle. Into this little nest he would entice recalcitrant prospects and ply them with hospitality until they thawed out, usually managing to get them on the dotted line just before their fingers became too limp to hold a pen.

"I don't see how you're going to get Bert Buell into the hotel, let alone down here," Mr. Ashcraft said, the day the carpenter shop sent in the cost sheets for Charlie's hideaway. "A rather expensive shot in the dark, it seems to me."

"Bert is merely the *pièce de résistance*," said Charlie, cheerfully. "Come in here a minute."

He pressed the button, the panel slid open, and there was the President of the National Association of Canners of Artichoke Hearts, asleep on a red-leather wall bench.

"I just booked him for December," Charlie said, with satisfaction. "Next to the National Association of Glove and Parka

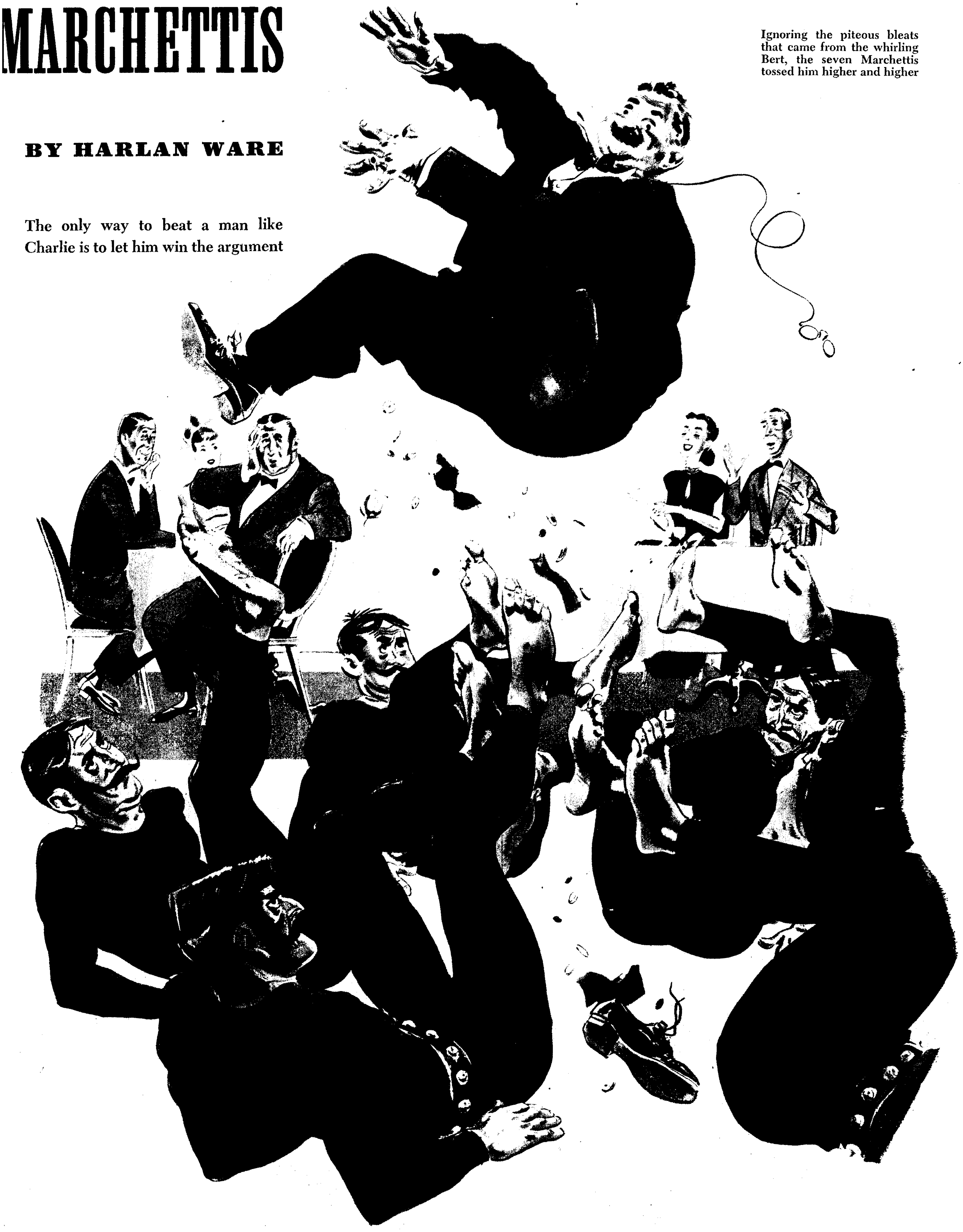
(*Continued on page* 60)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

MARCHETTIS

BY HARLAN WARE

The only way to beat a man like Charlie is to let him win the argument



Ignoring the piteous bleats that came from the whirling Bert, the seven Marchettis tossed him higher and higher

Hollywood's latest superspectacle, Forever Amber, cost six million and may be the last of its kind if England sticks to her 75 per cent tax on American film profits

HOLLYWOOD HEADACHE

BY KYLE CRICHTON

With audiences staying home, the British clamping down, labor troubles and high costs continuing and censors yelling for blood, the poor unfortunate movie makers are a confused and apprehensive group of tycoons

WE WERE delving politely in the labyrinths of Hollywood and had just prepared a report finding the situation confusing when suddenly it became not only confusing but catastrophic. A man named Attlee from somewhere in England took careful aim and hit Hollywood and Vine right smack on the intersection with a block-buster. This was a 75 per cent tax on the profits of all foreign films playing in England, and he couldn't have hurt Hollywood more if he had spread typhus from a low-flying plane.

Not to say that things were pleasant before Attlee started throwing rocks. The American films were having their agonies without his assistance. Audiences were thumbing their noses at bum pictures and for the first time in years wild deer were being found again in the balconies of theaters. Sometime around Easter, receipts had fallen off as if guillotined. One day, fine; next day, nothing.

"Somebody obviously passed a law," said Benedict Bogeaus, independent producer who had just brought out The Macomber Affair with Gregory Peck and was feeling rather contused about the temples.

There was a slight pickup during the summer and hopes were high for the fall and then Attlee yanked the chair out from under. His action was followed by an angry declaration (signed by the eight big Hollywood companies) that if England wanted to play that way, Hollywood would retaliate by refusing to give them American films. This would certainly ruin the English theater owners, who can't exist without the American product, but it might also ruin Hollywood.

In normal times Hollywood got as much as *50 per cent* of its total revenue from foreign markets. The average on good films ran around 40 per cent. Even last year when the British were trying desperately to keep their purchases down, Hollywood was taking $68,000,000 out of Britain. This represented almost the entire Hollywood profit. Losing that means that the California gentry, already giddy from high costs, must take the ax and try to whack things ruthlessly.

It may all be a tempest in a teacup, with some deal being made between Hollywood and the British Cabinet, but Hollywood will be years getting over the shock. If the tax sticks, it will revolutionize affairs in Hollywood. What is even worse is that what England can do, others *may* do. The French and Italians and Swedes are even now struggling desperately to make enough films to capture their own markets from the Americans. We are facing quota systems and blocked currencies everywhere. Oh, woe! Oh, Hollywood! Things may indeed be very dark.

Even before Attlee spoke, the Journal of Commerce, influential Wall Street publication, was predicting that in 1947 profits in Hollywood would be off between 25 and 30 per cent. There was immediate talk in Hollywood that theater prices would have to be raised here, but that will certainly stir up a hornets' nest because our audiences have been hollering for months that ticket prices are outrageous and the pictures smell.

For a long time the producers have been screaming that labor is ruining the industry and now they will have to redouble their efforts to force salaries down. Actors and writers have been insisting that censorship is so strict that nothing but fairy tales can get on the screen, and Congressman J. Parnell Thomas and his un-American Activities Committee have been scaring the last few remaining wits out of a Hollywood already on the verge of conniptions. In short, a mess.

As if Attlee had not done enough, the British films have been giving us a merry time over here as competition. The Hollywood big shots have three attitudes on this: (a) They scoff, (b) they tremble and (c) they say the English example will force us to do better. The British have carefully sent over only their best films and if Hollywood doesn't think they have made an impression on this country they are crazy.

We have been in small towns where the local manager was being driven mad by demands that he bring in such movies as Great Expectations, Henry V and Brief Encounter. There may be only a few in each town setting up the clamor but the feeling that American films are being outstripped in quality by the foreigners is rapidly seeping into the consciousness of our audience. Britain took only $5,000,000 out of this country last year but the J. Arthur Rank organization was promised a total of $12,000,000 next year under a deal with American exhibitors. What happens to this now is also a question, because there may be an attempt at reprisals.

In some quarters of Hollywood, we had found a certain smugness about attempts to keep our films out by blocked currency devices. We traced this to a certain Jacques Grinieff, French entrepreneur backed by Serge Semenenko, Boston banker. It seems that Mr. Grinieff has such a good method of getting around these barriers that he has recently paid $6,000,000 for a bunch of American reissues and is now busily tying up new releases. M. Grinieff denies that his activities belong to the black market.

"I do not violate the codes of any country in which I do business," he states, "but there are lawful ways of unfreezing money, whether it is in francs, lire, marks or what have you."

The British may have had that in mind when they launched their pretty plan. They didn't bother holding the money in the country for future collection by the American producers; they simply took three quarters of it away in a tax. M. Grinieff will have a difficult time getting around that one.

Things were so bad in Hollywood in midsummer that out of 1,000 film writers, there were only 209 employed in early July. Six hundred assistant directors had dwindled to 200. There were fewer than fifty pictures before the cameras.

"Yes," said the optimists, "but you forget the finished films the firms have in their vaults. Some of these were made at low cost. The producers are in great shape."

(Continued on page 78)

Linda Darnell, as Amber, fights a losing battle to keep her illegitimate son from his father, Cornel Wilde. But she does her fighting in $750 costumes. This was before the economy wave hit Hollywood

Producer Perlberg and Director Preminger thought nothing at all of spending a quarter-million bucks to reproduce the great London fire of 1666 as a fitting background for Amber's torrid romancing

Lavish weeks and dollars were required to film the Black Plague of 1665, in the course of which Amber and her true love almost died. Here Amber strangles a plague nurse—this, too, in a long, costly way

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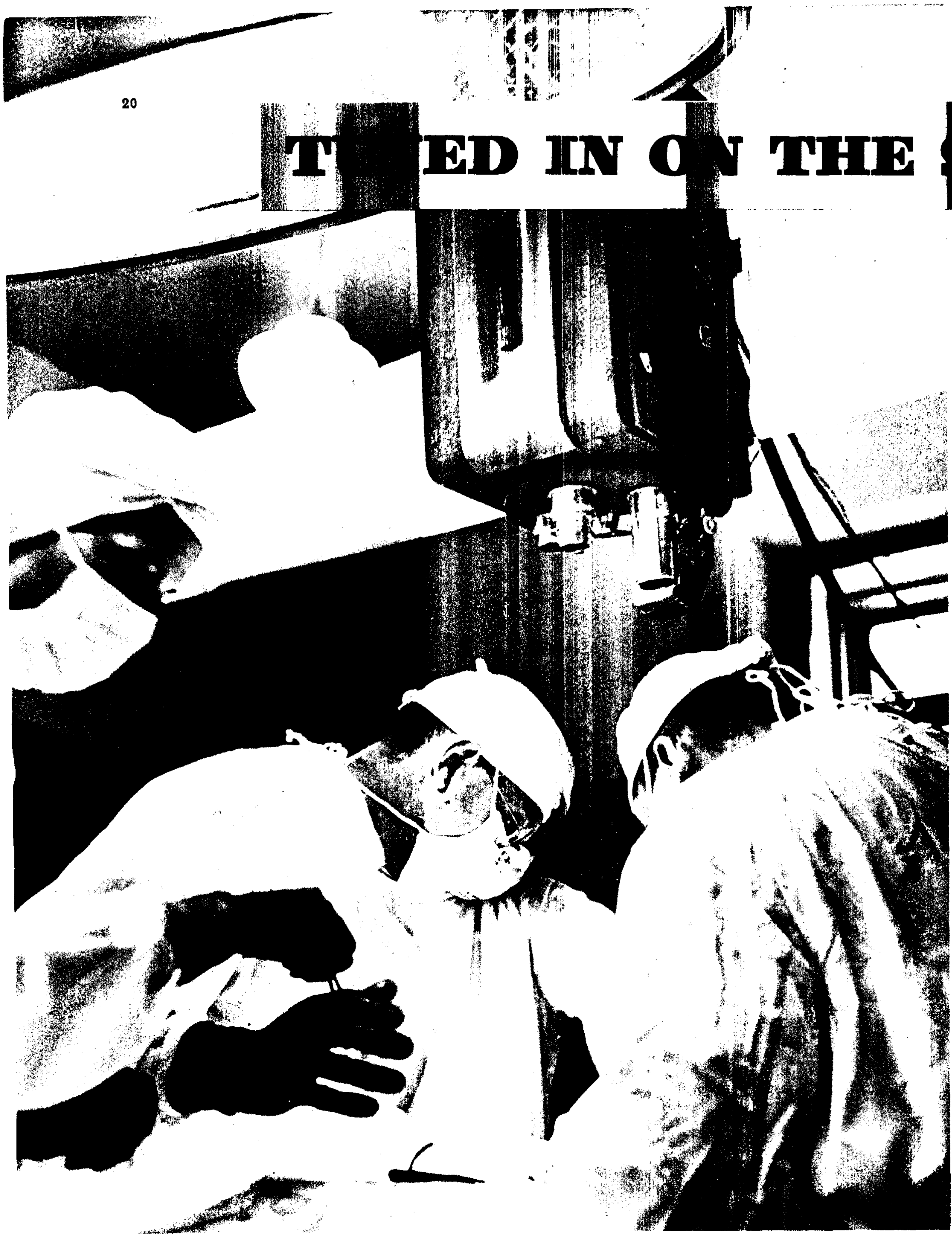


The operation begins, and the television camera looks down on a moment of intense concentration. Below, before the operation, the engineer focuses the camera, placing his hand in the area where the surgeon's hands will be

IN AN operating room on the tenth floor of the New York Hospital, a surgeon bent over the figure on the table. "The patient is a woman of about fifty years of age," the surgeon said, in a lecturing tone of voice. "Two weeks ago she noticed a small lump in her left breast." He outlined the patient's medical history, and then, picking up a knife, said, "I will now make an incision, and . . ."

Step by step, as he went on with the operation, he explained what he was doing and why. "I will explore the area," he said, as his fingers probed, "to make sure that no affected tissue remains . . ."

This is the sort of teaching demonstration that goes on every day in great medical centers for the benefit of small groups of students, but this time there was a difference.

This time the operation was being televised, so that the surgeon's every word and every move might reach far more people than could possibly crowd into an operating room.

This particular operation, for a breast tumor, and another performed the same day for cancer of the thyroid gland, were televised as a rehearsal of an elaborate four-day series of telecasts for the fellows of the American College of Surgeons, meeting at the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, September 8 to 12.

With some 5,000 surgeons attending the Clinical Congress from all over the country and from several foreign nations, this was arranged as the first big-scale tryout of television as an aid to dissemination of medical knowledge. The idea was to permit close observation of an operation by several hundred doctors seated in a hotel room far removed from the hospital.

Arrangements for the telecasts were made by the program committee of the American College of Surgeons in co-operation with three groups: Radio Corporation of America, whose engineers turned several new tricks to adapt the medium to this use; the Johnson & Johnson Research Foundation, which financed the event; and the New York Hospital, whose surgeons agreed to do their work under the eye and ear of a television camera.

RCA engineers arranged to wire the telecasts from the hospital to the hotel by a special telephone line to avoid any possibility of their being received on the television sets of the general public. In the hospital, the camera over the operating table had four interchangeable lenses, allowing for differing depth of focus according to the type of operation. In the hotel, 15 receiving sets each would permit as many as a hundred observers to get a comfortable view.

Faith in visual education, in a "show me" rather than a "tell me" technique, was part of the reason for the organizing of the American College of Surgeons in 1913. The founding surgeons felt that it would be helpful to any doctor to meet with his fellows for a few days each year in a medical center, there to observe at firsthand the work of outstanding practitioners of his art.

Through the years the best possible

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S

BY JACK MANNING AND JACOB LOFMAN

arrangements for clinical observation have been made—but these have never been good enough. Even under the best circumstances only a few observers can get close enough to an operating table to see clearly what the surgeon is doing. Most operating rooms can accommodate only a few persons in addition to the necessary team of nurses, anesthetists, doctors. Amphitheaters, especially built to permit clinical observation, are not satisfactory, either, because, again, only a few persons can be close enough to see what goes on.

Medical movies are, of course, a partial answer and they are used extensively. Now television supplies yet another means of visual education, and the medical profession has great hopes for it. In comparison with movies, television has both advantages and disadvantages. Movies are more difficult to make, require more technicians and more elaborate equipment in the operating room. And they are not available for distribution until some time after they are made. On the other hand, movies, so far, outstrip television in sharpness of definition and in color.

Perhaps the most attractive thing about the medical telecast is its immediacy. Doctors, like other people, are subject to the dramatic pull of something that is happening right now, this minute. The telecasting surgeon has no time to correct his words or his stitches—as he could do when editing a movie. The audience sees an operation exactly when and as it is performed.

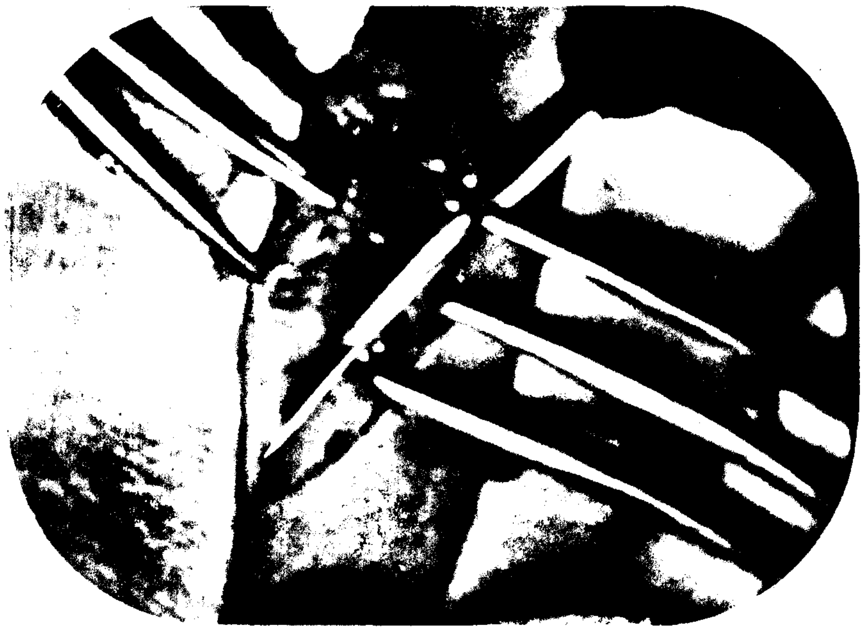
Rehearsals revealed that a good many bugs needed fixing. During one televised operation, witnessed by the New York Hospital and Cornell medical students personnel, the clatter of instruments in the operating room was so great as almost to drown out the surgeon's words. Of course the clatter was not so great as it sounded, but, magnified over the loud-speaker, it did sound as if the entire instrument table were falling apart. Engineers are working out ways to exclude extraneous sounds.

Again, a surgeon said he wished it were possible to cut off sound except when he was making comments. "Can't we have a foot switch to shut off sound? A switch to be controlled by the operating surgeon?"

"Certainly," said the engineer, and within an hour the foot switch was in place. Thus, one by one, various small distortions are being eliminated.

Television can be especially serviceable, many doctors think, in keeping the profession abreast of new surgical developments.

After a few more technical difficulties are removed, it wouldn't be at all surprising if medical institutions everywhere were able to tune in on a sight-and-sound presentation of any unusually interesting operation being performed in Baltimore, Montreal, San Francisco, anywhere. ★★★



A tumor has been removed from a patient's left breast (below). Now the surgeon and his assistants close the wound. The camera records every move

Television screen shows initial incision, and hemostats being placed to control bleeding. Below, the surgeon examines a removed cancer of the thyroid

BANNER OVER FIRST

BY JOEL REEVE

The fans didn't like the busher playing first base for the Eagles—and neither did the Eagles. Then they began to think there was a ghost on the team

MR. HAL MOORE, owner of the Eagles, took Patsy Dealer to the third-base box and introduced him to the girl. She was a small, brown girl with a pertness which tremendously became her. Her name was Marge Marlowe, Mr. Moore said. Then Mr. Moore went back to his own box and his own worries.

Patsy Dealer did not think much about her right then, because he was trying to get accustomed to a big-league ball park in a hurry. The Eagles were warming up on the green-and-brown field. He saw Egg Lorimer limbering his arm. He knew it was Lorimer because the lefty was going to work for the Eagles that day and the home team needed the game.

The girl said, "You're not tongue-tied, are you?" She was smiling a little. She had an air of belonging in the third-base box, but she was not the wife of a player, for Patsy knew there was no Marlowe on either the Sox or the Eagles.

Just then Manager Joe Gudgeon hit a fungo too far to Hap Fite's right. The Eagle first baseman did not try for it, shaking his head ruefully. Patsy said, "His leg is really gone."

The Eagles came in off the field. The girl said, "Hap is lame, all right. But he still hits those homers!"

The great stands were filled. The important game had brought out all the loyal fans and many who were seeing their first game of the season. The pennant race was as hot as the August sun above. Patsy gawked at the people. He said abruptly, "This is the first big-league game I ever saw."

"Well, don't take it so hard." She laughed gently. "But of course you're a ballplayer."

He looked at her now. Her eyes were friendly and brown and fringed with long, dark lashes. When she smiled at him the day seemed brighter and happier and some of the tension lessened.

He said, "I'm the busher come up to take Fite's place."

Her red lips made a round, "Oh!"

"I'm scared," he said.

"Yes." She nodded. "Hap's got thirty homers, so far. He's playing on a dime, but he still hits. People won't like a substitute for him."

Patsy said, "I never hit a homer in my life. I'm a place hitter. I was taught that way. I had the best teacher . . ." He was silent, wondering why he talked at all to this girl. His was a stern mission.

She said, "Hap's been out there a long time. He *is* the Eagles."

"Yeah, I know—" All women are sentimentalists, he thought, even fans who sit in third-base boxes and seem smart about baseball. Again he turned and stared at her. "I read about you. In a column. You sing in some night club. You're always with Hap Fite."

She had a green kerchief in her hand and the odor of it was delicious. She bunched it in her fingers and said, "Hap's a nice guy—and a great hitter. His leg is killing him, but he plays without complaint."

"Oh, sure," said Patsy. "Sure . . ."

ON THE field the Eagles and the Sox hooked up, with Egg pitching his heart out on every ball, and Grampion working equally well for the invaders. It was generally agreed that the Eagles, a veteran team, were going along on fight and spirit. The Sox had the class and were favored to win the pennant. The Sox also had Elbows MacNeal, league-leading pitcher, and they could save him for tomorrow's crucial game. Grampion today, MacNeal tomorrow; Patsy shook his head. The Sox had the balance on their club.

The girl said very little, twisting her green kerchief as the pitchers' battle went on. By the eighth neither team had scored. Grampion proceeded to strike out the first two hitters in the Eagles' half of that inning. Then Hap Fite took a huge black bat to the plate, limping a little. The crowd roared encouragement.

Fite was thirty-two, a genial giant, with twisted cartilage in his right knee. He had been the greatest, most colorful first baseman since Gehrig. His hitting was tremendous. He stood, grim, waiting.

Grampion fed him outside stuff, low, to make him stretch. Patsy Dealer almost fell out of the stands watching. The girl leaned with him, and their shoulders touched. The count went to three and two, and Grampion had to get the ball over the plate. He threw his curve for the outside corner. The big first baseman teed off.

Patsy caught his breath in sheer admiration. The swing was poetry, the crack of the bat a shout of joy. The flight of the ball was as the flight of a lovely bird. Against the cloudless sky the sphere seemed to hang, suspended, mocking. Then it drifted, dropped like a plummet, and out in right field the bleacher fans grasped for it.

The assemblage rose to do honor. Marge Marlowe said in Patsy's ear, "Wasn't it great? Wasn't it perfect?"

"Great," agreed Patsy. "Perfect." His hands gripped the balustrade.

The applause ended; they sat down. She said, "It's going to be hard for you out there."

"Sure. That's why I'm scared." He smiled at her, but his eyes were clouded. "Don't get me wrong. I'm only scared my stuff won't work. I'm not scared for me."

"I believe you," she said. "You follow the great tradition on the Eagles. All the great first basemen: Speed Frazier, High Pockets Maloney—Doc Frayme."

Patsy said, "You got to put Doc Frayme first on that list."

"My daddy knew him," she said. "Doc was the best. My daddy said Doc wasn't guilty, he wasn't the kind to throw games—"

Patsy said shortly, "That was years ago. And Doc didn't hit those homers, either, y'know."

The girl said, "You've got something on your mind, Patsy."

"Baseball," he said.

She smiled. He was a handsome youth, in a rugged way. His features

(*Continued on page 73*)

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

CBS
WNYC
CBS
MUTUAL
WNYC
WNEW

INTERNATIONAL

During a country-wide speaking tour, 225,000 persons spent $300,000 to hear Henry Wallace. Here, as Vice-President, he addresses an "I am an American" Day rally

THE ABUNDANT MR. WALLACE

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

Henry Wallace is the enigma of the 1948 election campaign. Struggling furiously to become a "people's choice" he gives the Democrats many sleepless nights with his threat of a third party. But Republican party chiefs consider him their greatest asset since Abraham Lincoln

THE most feared politician (by politicians, of course) in the country today is Henry Wallace. Barring the indisputable intervention of God—or the devil—Wallace has less chance of becoming President than almost anybody except Mortimer Snerd. But there are a lot of politicians currently being haunted by the fear that, as Wallace goes, so goes the nation in 1948.

The eyes of the wiseacres are on Truman, Taft, Dewey and Warren. But Wallace is the man they dread. For Wallace may be able to insure the election as President, of any Republican whose body is still warm enough to get the nomination. He is the Republicans' greatest potential asset since Abraham Lincoln.

He might also, with somewhat greater effort, get Truman re-elected. There are those who say he's Truman's only hope.

For Henry Wallace is working madly to become a "people's choice." Like the 1912 Theodore Roosevelt and the 1924 Robert La Follette, Wallace's friends see him as a political symbol for several million voters. How many there are is anybody's guess but a recent Gallup poll showed 6,250,000 persons as saying they would vote for Wallace if given a chance in '48. This is five times the additional votes Dewey needed to win over Roosevelt in 1944. In addition, Wallace can try to draw from another 9,000,000 voters who say they aren't against him, but haven't yet made up their minds.

Right now, on his fall New England and Middle West speaking tour, Wallace himself doesn't know which way he'll jump; a situation which, for him, is not exactly new. Wallace is a hungrily curious man, with an unpredictable, roving intellect that is subordinate only to his low emotional boiling point. Wallace knows an opportunity when he sees one, though, and if it turns up between now and the '48 elections he'll grab at it—but undoubtedly at the wrong end, for his political ineptitude is vast and occasionally even astonishing.

As a man who has borne his share of political kicking around, Wallace would be inhuman not to enjoy his present outlook. Flynn of the Bronx, Hague of Jersey City and Kelly of Chicago robbed him of the 1944 Vice-Presidency (with its almost certain succession to the Presidency) because they refused to guarantee to Mr. Roosevelt vital big-city votes if Wallace were renominated. The bosses were not impressed by a preconvention Gallup poll which showed 65 per cent of all Democratic voters for Wallace and 2 per cent for Truman. Wallace now has them sweating—along with the Democratic National Committee.

A modest man although occasionally swept away by his own importance, Wallace once told a Senate committee he never felt he was primarily a political figure. Nevertheless, as a student of Franklin Roosevelt he learned one lesson: Never go before the people with little promises or little words. Give them the best you've got; in fact, give them everything—loud. The literal application of these instructions makes Wallace, who occasionally seems more fervent than practical, appear something of an evangelist offering a superheaven to all who are saved.

As a "people's choice" Henry presents a picture dear to the heart of the cartoonist. He carries an olive branch symbol of world peace in one hand and a food parcel in the other. In one coat pocket he has jobs for everybody at high wages. In another he has a better income for the farmer. In his hip pocket is a health and slum-clearance program; alongside his wallet is abolition of the poll tax. Where other people keep a show handkerchief, Wallace carries homes for all. With his small change is federal aid for schools. And so that no one is overlooked, tucked away in his watch pocket is a small profit for the businessman and the preservation of what he likes to call "democratic free enterprise" not too clearly defined.

Displays of Physical Prowess

Action is the word for Henry. He was once described by an awed geneticist, after a day spent in his company, as an "amazing gathering of the genes." During a recent fatiguing tour, someone in Wallace's party asked if the pace wasn't tiring him. In answer, fifty-nine-year-old Wallace dropped to the floor and did 25 push-ups without touching his chest to the rug. Wallace has wrestled with a photographer in as public and inappropriate a place as Washington's swank Wardman Park Hotel. He was narrowly rescued from another public fight by Jerome Frank who rushed him to a cooling-off place and then personally took care of his antagonist.

Wallace's mind is no less effervescent than his body; his lively if peculiar intellect is, in some respects, not unlike that of Senator Robert Taft whose feats of memory and capacity for assimilating complicated reports make him socially distasteful to less gifted colleagues.

So far no responsible person has called Wallace a Communist. But he has been called a Communist-front man and when he went abroad last spring and repeated criticism of our foreign policy that he had already made in the United States, without attracting particular notice, choleric congressmen castigated him as an "itinerant saboteur" and demanded that he be brought to trial as a traitor.

The European speeches created a tempest in Washington but they revived Wallace as an outstanding political figure. Before he went abroad his immediate political aspirations were to "liberalize" the Democratic party. He was not interested in a 1948 third party. Said he last year, "It would be simply impossible for a third party to get on the ballot in enough states to make anything approaching an effective challenge. . . . It is time for third-party advocates to stop kidding themselves. . . . As far as 1948 is concerned, a third-party effort would insure beyond all doubt the election of a reactionary Republican. . . ."

But when his European tour provoked satisfying headlines and excitement, Wallace, who thrives on publicity, returned to the U.S. feeling his oats. Five days later he enplaned on a transcontinental speaking trip during which 225,000 overflowed meetings to cheer him, breaking political precedents by paying 60 cents to $2.40, for a total of $300,000, for admission tickets.

Only the most pragmatic candidate can face such acclaim without deciding that he is a man of destiny. By the time Wallace wound up his tour at Washington, he declared, "If both parties insist on pursuing the present suicidal course toward war and depression, there will be a new party, even if it has no chance of election success in 1948. . . ."

Organizing a liberal third party imposes practical problems. Wallace's organized support comes largely from two groups, each of which admits Communists to membership—the Southern Conference for Human Welfare which has little more than nuisance value, and the Progressive Citizens of America. The PCA was a merger of the C.I.O. National Citizens Political Action Committee and the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions.

The PCA claims organization now in 22 states and a membership composed of 75 per cent of Democrats. It hopes to become a permanent political movement and with sufficient cause might even support a Republican. But because Communists support the PCA, many liberals for Wallace won't back him as a PCA candidate. Wallace has no apparent distaste for Communist support. Like women who knowingly marry drunkards he believes his good influence may reform them.

The current Wallace strategy is to go ahead with plans for a third party, hoping to strengthen his bargaining power at the Democratic Convention next summer. If Wallace fails to "liberalize" the party at the convention, the third-party movement will be shelved temporarily in most states and Wallace will go full steam ahead to elect Wallace-type candidates to Congress. These tactics can elect a Republican President (and may enable numerous, powerful Republican Dewey haters to balk *his* nomination).

Compromise talk by the Wallace wing may impress practical Truman supporters at convention time when they will be scrambling to line up liberal and labor support. Several million Wallace followers will be the difference between possible victory and certain defeat. As a result the Democratic party may emerge from the convention in a new dress—a party dedicated, on paper at least, to the Wallace brand of liberalism. Said one highly placed national committee Democrat: "Of course we'll put Wallace planks in the platform. Who the hell cares what's in the platform?"

One thing seems certain: A switch of 300,000 votes in New York and 200,000 in California, and Truman can be an ex-President of the United States.

This Wallace movement is not merely a threat to Truman. Where its effect will be most seriously felt is among congressmen, governors, mayors, district attorneys and the little men in state and local government who depend on a victory for the entire ticket to carry them into office. It is on this lower level that a third party can most thoroughly disrupt the Democratic machines.

At Least 100 Delegates

Wallace won't go to the convention armed merely with a vague third-party threat. He expects to have pledged delegates from Washington, Oregon, Colorado and California with a scattering from other states to total at least 100. He figures an outside chance of going in with 250 delegates which would mean adding to his four-state list: Idaho, North Dakota, Montana, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Connecticut, Michigan and Pennsylvania. (In 1944, Wallace told Roosevelt he could deliver 290 votes on the first ballot. He got 429½ and reached a top of 472.)

If there is a bolt from Truman (nobody now expects there will be) Wallace can help select the Democratic nominee. At any rate he hopes to influence the selection of the Vice-Presidential candidate (Senator Claude Pepper, D., Fla., or Senator Glen H. Taylor, D., Idaho) and, if Marshall fails to make time with Russia, a new Secretary of State, a job which Wallace would give his chicken farm to get.

The Democrats are unhappy about Wallace. They don't like him. Some think his Communist-tinged blessing may be the kiss of death. The only candidate Wallace has had a chance to support since his European tour was Charles R. Savage, a "Wallace Democrat" from the Third Washington Congressional district. Wallace campaigned for him during a special election last spring. Savage lost. Republican and Democratic leaders agree it was because distaste for Wallace kept conservative Democrats away from the polls.

As a "friend of labor" Wallace expects labor support. His hopes were weakened in July when off-again, on-again A. F. Whitney, president of the Brotherhood of (250,000 Railroad Trainmen, and a vice-chairman of PCA, came out for Truman after threatening a year ago to spend "millions" of the union's money, if necessary, to defeat him.

Labor leaders have seldom been able to deliver member votes except in local elections. Last year when the Case bill, regulating labor, passed the House and Senate, the C.I.O. sloganed, "Remember in November," a drive to defeat every congressman who voted "against labor" and to re-elect those who voted "prolabor." The results of this all-out effort: Of the 228 congressmen the C.I.O. determined to defeat, just 5 per cent lost at the polls. But of those the C.I.O. endeavored to re-elect, 40 per cent were defeated.

The political power which Wallace now wields, in a negative sense, does not derive from qualifications for leadership. His effectiveness in influencing people lies in emotional appeal. He talks constantly of the "common man" and "peoples everywhere"; of "peace" and the "abundant life." The effect is not unlike

(Continued on page 111)

First Again!

FIRST . . . with the intimate story of the Roosevelt Administration by Frances Perkins

FIRST . . . with the startling story of the Third Term, by James A. Farley

AND NOW . . Collier's AGAIN takes you into the inner circle of political action. . . .

. . . Finally, the President's face lit up in a great smile, he raised his two fists in the air and shook them, saying, "My God, if I win I would be on the crest of the wave . . ."

. . . "In other words," the President said, "never let your left hand know what your right is doing . . ."

. . . "Henry and I have another white rabbit to pull out of our hats," he said.

. . . "My dear Mr. Bell," the President's mother asked, "when is Franklin going to balance the budget?"

These are excerpts from another Collier's FIRST—

THE MORGENTHAU DIARIES

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK IN COLLIER'S

THE SPLIT HICKORY

BY JANE RICE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

The remarkable story of a man who had to measure up to the faith of his son

I WAS pretty near eleven when I began using the Split Hickory as a kind of thinking-out place. Before that, I just sort of went up there, when—well, like whenever I saw Pa was getting ready to pitch in drinking. I didn't study on it any, though—until the time Marty Shane said Pa was no-account and I tried to lick Marty but couldn't. The reason I couldn't was a peculiar thing. It was the stumps. All the while I was trying to whip Marty I kept seeing those stumps Pa had been meaning to pull up and, somehow, never had got around to doing it.

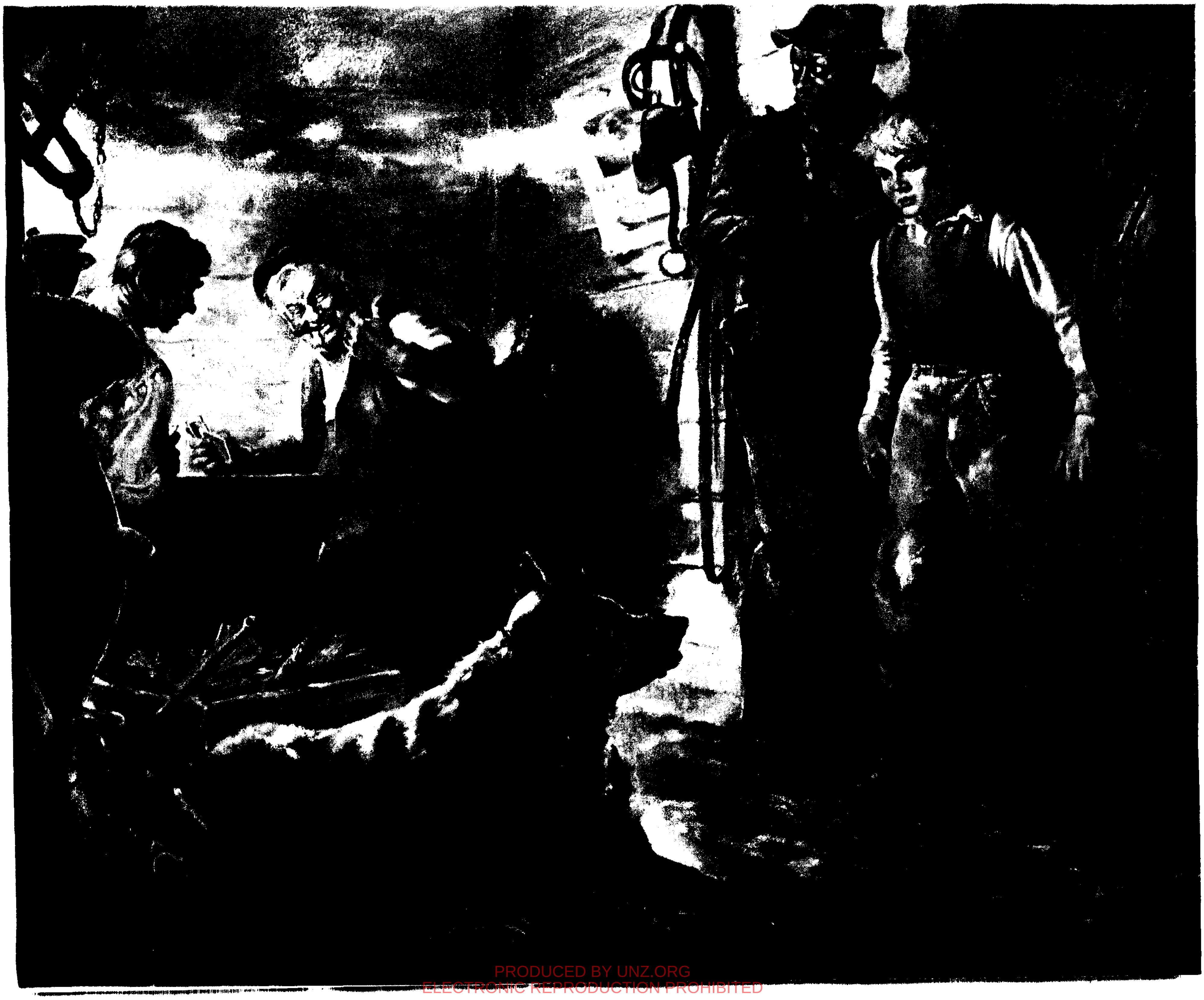
Every spring at planting time Pa'd say, "Come fall, I aim to clear me that stumpland." And in the fall he'd say, "Next spring, early, I'm going to commence yanking up them stumps." But he never did do it. And, when I was pasting into Marty, it was as if I was stumbling over those blame stumps. I don't know why. Anyway, I didn't lick Marty. He didn't lick me either. But I didn't lick him.

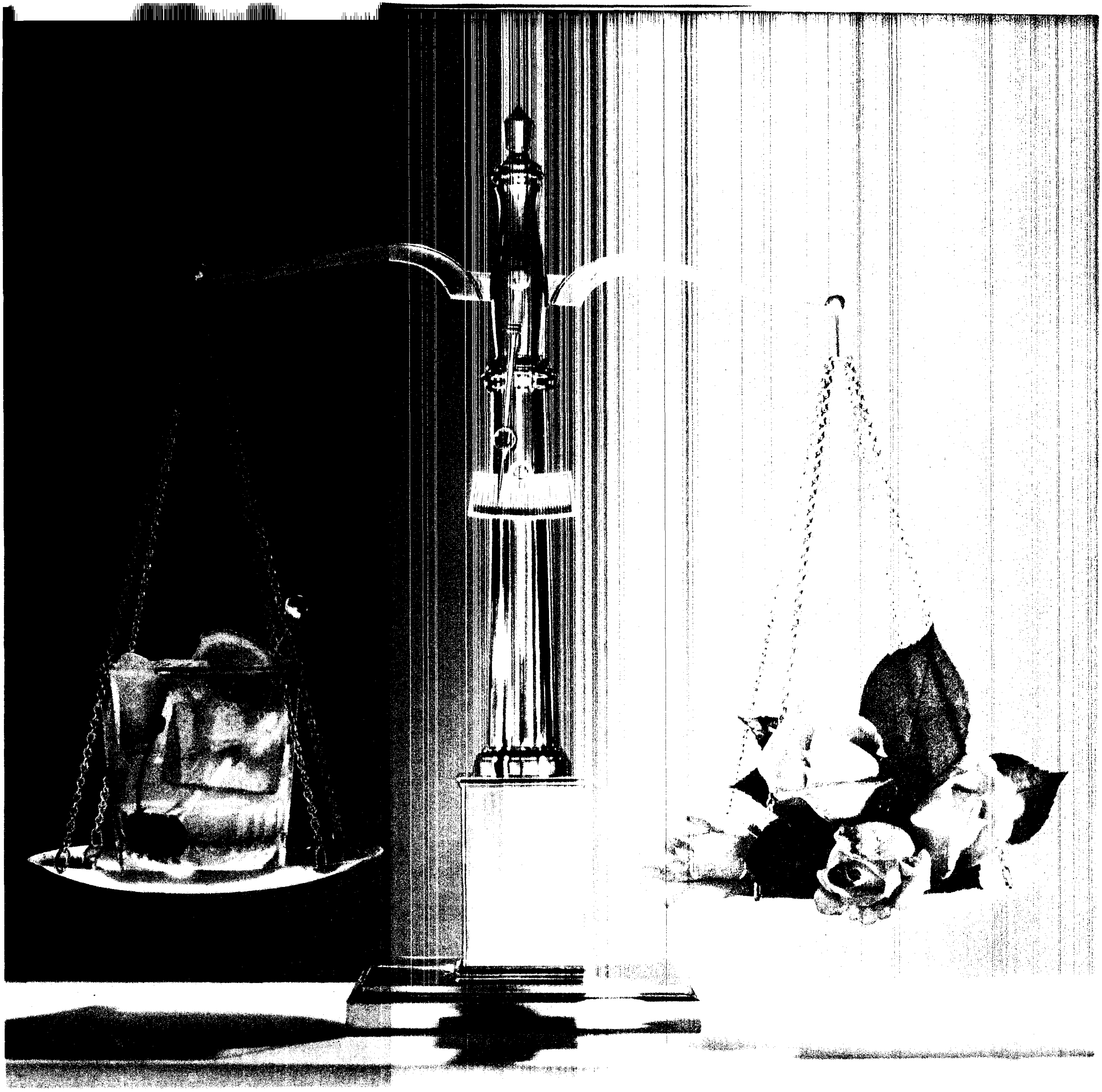
Afterward, I whistled Jinks—he wasn't but a gangly, half-grown, lop-eared pup, then—and I went up to the Split Hickory. It's quiet up there and yet there's a kind of a whispering. Looking out and around you can see every which way. You can mark the creek by the willows and the old covered bridge, and Ballards' by their red roof, and Sims' by their green one. The double row of honey locusts leads to the old, falling-down Tuckett place where the Newphers live, the whole parcel of them. And you can place us, Pa and me, by the stumps, and by the gully where the washout was the year the tobacco got drowned out twice. From up there by the Split Hickory the pike looks about as wide as a yellow ribbon dipping in and out, and at the crossroads the store and the schoolhouse are the size of salt boxes. On a clear day you can see clean to the gap where you turn off to go to Boonesburg.

Anyway, that day I couldn't whip Marty. I went up to the Split Hickory and I thought it through. I thought it through that maybe things got in Pa's road the same as those dang stumps had got in mine. Things like his not being able to keep the gully from washing, and the loan at the Boonesburg bank there didn't seem any way to get shut of, and always back-owing at the store, and things like that. Such

(Continued on page 91)

The dog growled deep when he saw me, and I stopped where I was. "Since I put that muzzle on him," the beef-faced man said, "it sure interferes with his meals"





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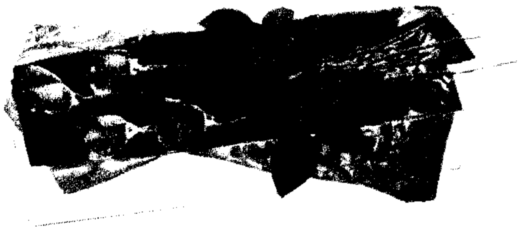


AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

Migrant workers' children get very little schooling and either work in the fields with the adults or hang around aimlessly like this group near North Norwich, N. Y.

HEARTLESS HARVEST

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

Conclusion

MIGRANT workers are ignorant folks. You hear that said a good deal, and as regards book learning it is true. Among the Spanish-American migrants from Texas, many can't speak even a little English. Among the poor whites and the Negro migrants, many can't write their own names.

What of the children?

The National Child Labor Committee studied the children of strawberry pickers in Arkansas and Kentucky and warned us that these kids would get even less schooling than their parents. Their parents were among our sorriest illiterates. The children would be worse.

It is difficult to send children to school when you are following the crops, spending three months in Texas, three months in Missouri, three months in Wisconsin, three months in Michigan.

"What grade are you in?" I asked Cleto Gonzalez, a sharp-eyed boy of eleven.

"I guess the first grade," he replied.

"But you are eleven years old! You should be farther than that."

"Yes, I know," said Cleto. "Every winter I go back to Texas and I go in the first grade. I do not stay the whole term, so they do not pass me. I have been in the first grade for a long time."

There were children fifteen years old in the fifth grade, twelve-year-olds in the second and third grades, and great numbers of children who had given up school altogether. In the Rio Grande Valley, where the bulk of Spanish-American migrants spend their winters, 40 per cent of the children attend school only four months a year, and in one school district 50 per cent of the migrant children do not go to school at all.

Some Northern communities have tried to open their schools to migrants or even start summer schools. But sometimes a snag has been hit.

For example, this year a fine old community along the East Coast was going to open its schoolhouse in a special summer session for Negro migrant children, and teachers were hired.

Two weeks before the school was to open there was a new stir in the air. People began holding meetings, small meetings at first in one another's houses and then large, outspoken meetings. The gist of it was this: "We don't want those black kids in the same schoolhouse that our own children have to return to in the fall!"

A man who had worked on the plans for the school asked, "But what can they do to the schoolhouse? They can't hurt it."

"Those migrant kids are filthy. They'd disease up the place."

"I assure you, we plan to examine them all."

"No, sir. None of those black kids in our schoolhouse. We wouldn't let our children go back and sit at those desks if we knew those filthy migrant kids had been there."

So the plans for the school were called off.

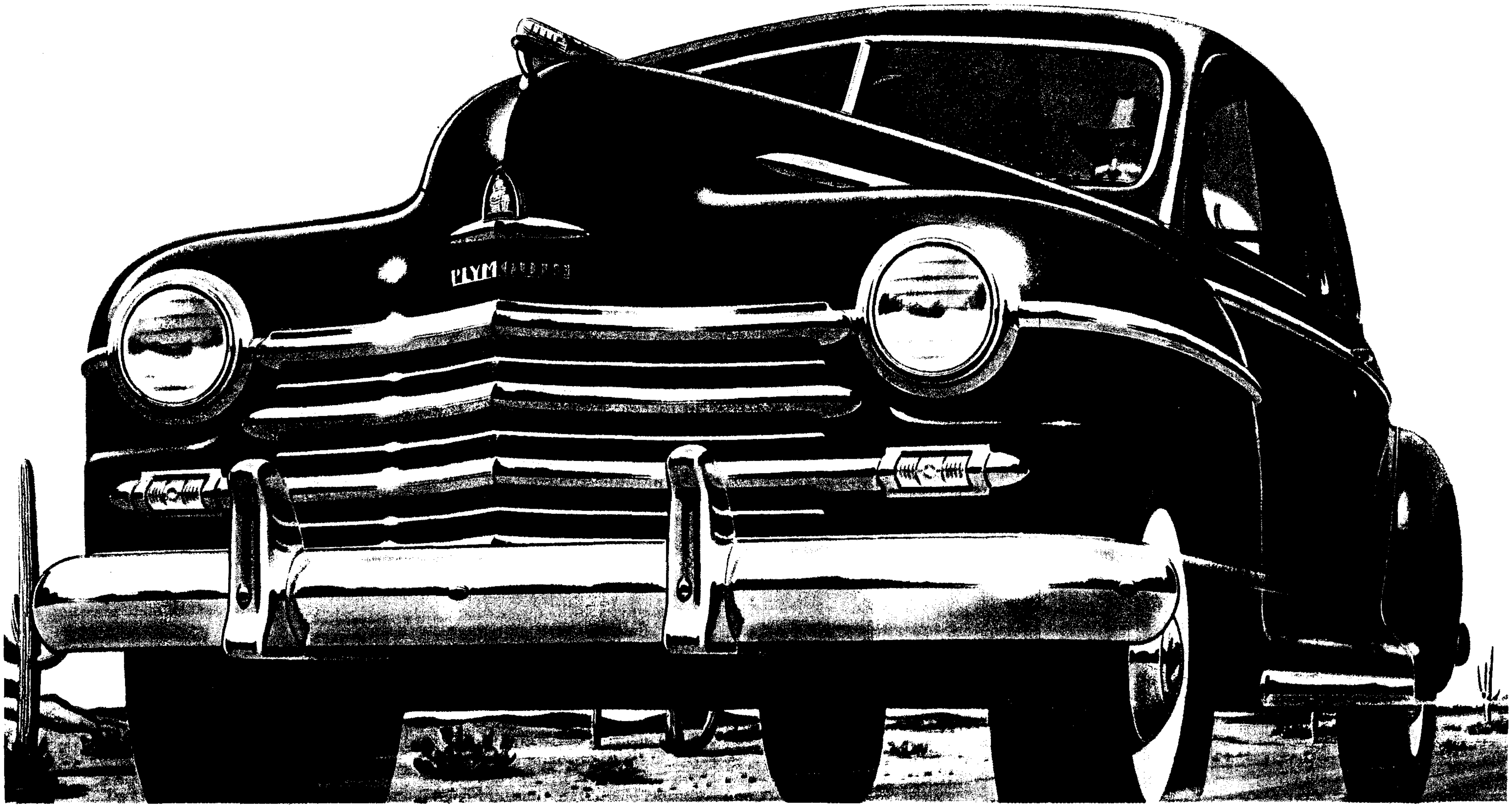
School is a luxury for migrant children because their hoe-calloused and berry-stained hands have a monetary value in the fields. Child labor? Yes, but in 21 states there are no child-labor laws to cover children in the fields, and in many states which have laws the children work anyway.

New York State has a law to keep children under fourteen from work-

Our migrant workers live like animals amid filth and disease. Child labor replaces formal education and Jim Crowism adds to their plight. There is a remedy for this deplorable situation but to date, very little is being done to improve it

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

There's a lot of difference in LOW-PRICED



The new Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's shows you exactly how all three leading low-priced cars compare in 21 features of high-priced cars. Feature by feature and car by car, it identifies the 20 found in Plymouth, the 9 in one other leading low-priced car, the 8 in the other.

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There's STYLE NEWS in Men's Hats

A marked distinction coming between town and sports headwear. From what I've seen, most popular business model will be the narrower snap brim model, pinched crown. Best business colors will be: rich brown, grey and soft green shade. For spectator sports headwear, I've noted many versions of Tyrolian type hats in rough felts with tapered crowns, narrow welt edge brims and cord trimmings.

"Randy" YOUR STYLE SCOUT

There's style news in RAND *shoes!*

YOU CAN SEE by the shoe (down there) that Rand stylists have really out-done themselves, turning out a line of you'll-want-to-sit-and-gaze-at-them shoes. They've got the looks, the comfort, the long wear you want. See your Rand dealer and find out why we're so enthusiastic about these gRAND value* shoes.

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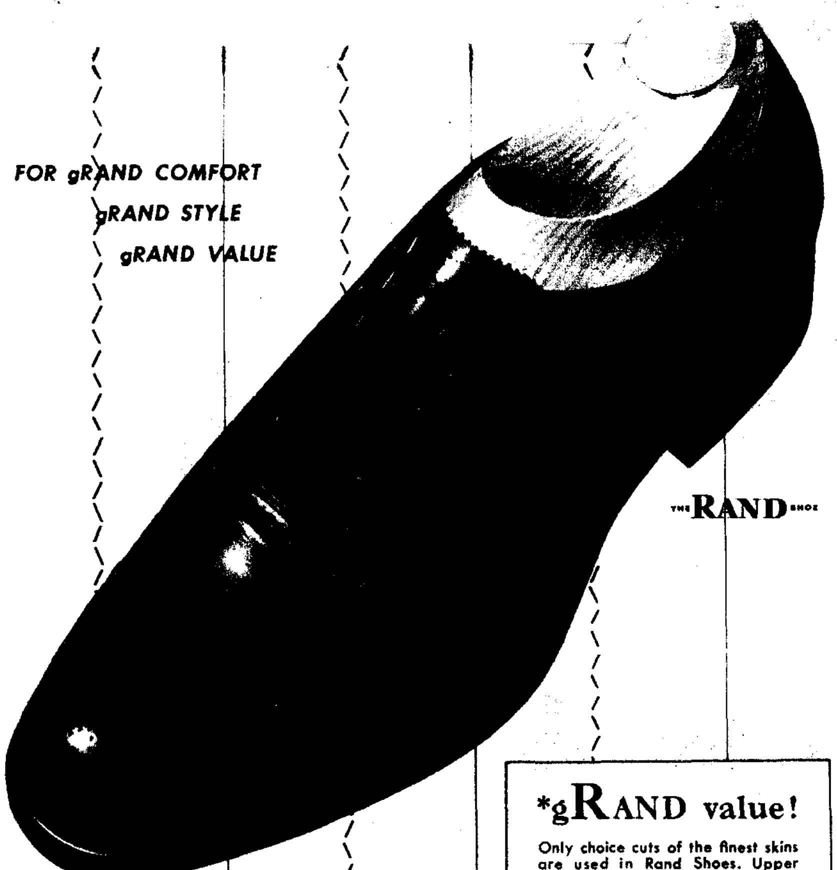

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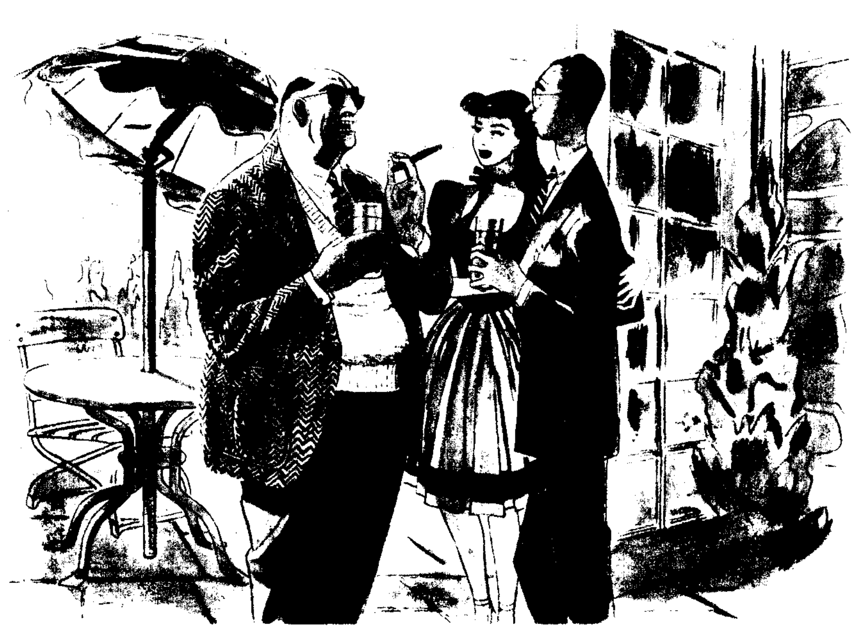


COLLIER'S

"I knew your father very well—I damn' near ran him out of business in 'twenty-six"

JOHN RUGE

ing on the farms. But in the bean counties virtually all the migrant children worked and it was the boast of many a crew leader that "all the kids over six go out and work."

When I got to Colorado, half a dozen people warned me that I'd find no child labor in the beet fields. "Not this year," they said. "Things are tight as a drum now." The Sugar Act, which pays benefits to sugar-beet producers, forbids the labor of children under fourteen and is supposed to penalize the growers $10 a day for each child who works.

But I worked with a crew in the beet fields of Colorado's South Platte Valley and there were three children under fourteen working in the next row. There was a boy, Benny, only ten, who could handle the short hoe like an expert.

I saw kids—boys and girls of ten, eleven and twelve—all over the beet fields, and a man from the Agricultural Extension Service finally admitted with a shrug, "You can't enforce these things. Wait until the peas come in. Children will pick half the crop!"

Child-Care Centers Aid Too Few

While the Lanham Act was in force the country had many child-care programs for the youngsters of working mothers, and a few hopeful things were done for migrants. But we let that part of the Lanham Act die in March, 1946. New York State has started its own child-care centers to fill the breach. I visited one at King Ferry and there were 15 others, but all of them together touched just a tiny fragment of the migrant children in the state.

Elsewhere the plight of little children, when all the others in the family are out in the fields, is a sad and rough one. The Home Missions Council does the best it can. It sends workers around to migrant camps to entertain the children and teach them useful arts. I went around with Robert Strubhar, a Home Missions worker, in his miniature automobile, stopping at the dilapidated settlements to bounce a ball with the lonely children and to crayon picture books. Each time we drove away the children made it such a sad farewell we hated to look back.

Sometimes a migrant mother will lock her smallest children in a jalopy or the cab of a truck while she works. It is better than taking chances.

It is better than the incident Reverend Marshburn told me about the nine-month-old girl who was left alone in an Arizona cotton camp. "Some small boys were also left behind and they got tired of playing in a mudhole," Reverend Marshburn related. "They came into the shack and poured kerosene on the child and set her on fire."

She lived through it, though her family could hardly recognize her afterward.

Perhaps the best solution is what the migrants call "staking out" their children. You take a youngster of two or three into the fields with you, out among the rows where he is least likely to get hit by a tractor and you pound a heavy stake in the ground. You tie a rope around his waist, tie the other end to the stake, and leave about ten feet of slack so he can crawl or walk. Then you can work and not worry so much.

There is nothing you need more than a bath after a day in the fields. That's why I could not see Marcario Ortega when I arrived at his hut near Fairmont, Minnesota. He was taking a bath.

Juanita, his eldest daughter, laughed. "Little kids can take bath outside in kettles," she said. "But when grownups take bath they have to take kettle inside and shoo everybody out."

Marcario Ortega came out presently, with his trousers on and a piece of flannel from a blanket, which he used as a towel, over his shoulder. He was carrying the tin kettle and announced that he would throw out the water unless somebody else wanted it.

"Never mind, Papa. The wood is still burning. We can heat up some more," said Juanita.

In a camp near Hamilton, New York, the Polish migrants were more fortunate. They had showers, though the showers weren't working the day I was there.

At this camp the people washed and scrubbed their teeth in a creek in the morning. There was also a pipe with running water and a faucet, but there was only one pipe to serve 150 people. Kids waded in the creek and some refuse was thrown beside it and some people drank out of it.

Emil Kacubicz was worried about the creek because there was a privy alongside it just 100 feet above where the people brushed their teeth and drank the water. There were three privies in the camp. Emil pointed to them, one at the edge of the pea field, one by the road and the one alongside the creek.

"Some of the women don't like it," he said.

The Kacubicz family was not badly off as migrants go. Not as badly off as the families in the Imperial Valley of California who drank out of irrigation ditches. Or the families in Minnesota who had a horse trough in which they washed their hands and faces, washed their clothes, and put the babies' milk to cool.

Migrants are used to the fact that 20

or 30 families must use a single privy. At a Washington hearing last spring Ed O'Neal of the Farm Bureau Federation pooh-poohed the idea that 60 people to one privy was such a terrible thing and Jim Patton of the National Farmers Union got up and said, "Ed, I'd like to see you at the end of that line!"

Privies are a polio threat. There was a polio outbreak in a migrant camp in California a few years back and, though it was disregarded at first, it spread to a near-by town and that changed things. Local health officers swarmed through the camp cleaning up messes and giving everybody examinations and shots.

Once T.B. got so bad in the Michigan sugar-beet fields that all the T.B. beds in local hospitals were full of Texas migrants. People in the towns and cities got worried, so the beet growers sent a fluoroscope to San Antonio to screen the migrants before they came north.

Migrants are not residents; hence many a community feels they have no right to mooch in on the free clinics or charity hospitals. They are expected to pay their own way.

Since being broke is an occupational hazard of migrants, they do not go after a doctor very often. Last year a two-year-old girl in a camp near Poolville, New York, died of spinal meningitis, having had no doctor's help until the last minute when it was too late. In Ohio, Reverend Marshburn relates, a man with rampant tuberculosis was living in a camp with 57 people. When a church worker insisted the man be hospitalized the authorities told him, "This is none of your business." He stuck to it, though, and after three weeks got the man, Juan Diaz, into a hospital though he was already dying and could be kept alive only three days.

In a camp near South Haven, Michigan, I saw a little girl with running eyes and a bad cough, maybe whooping cough. Her father said, "She should see a doctor, no? But I haven't money." In varying words scores of them said the same thing: the parents who could do nothing for their little boy's throat infection; the mother who "hoped" her baby girl didn't have pneumonia though she had been burning with fever and sweating at night.

A U.S. Public Health Service physician, who asked that his name be withheld because of the political heat in Washington, told me, "Migrant children miss out on their immunizations. There is considerable diphtheria among them, though it could be prevented by a simple inoculation. We've found the most weird kinds of malnutrition in these camps. And talk about your impetigo, scabies and plain lousiness—there's perhaps as much among our own migrants as among the DPs of Europe."

Tragic Death Toll Among Infants

The very old and the very young seem to fare the worst. In one of the richest farm counties of the West, one fourth of the migrant infants died, one year, from malnutrition and pulmonary diseases. And a 73-year-old woman died among the pea vines of Chenango County, New York, while I was there.

At the Fort Lupton migrant camp in Colorado they were just folding up the clinic at the time I arrived. Fort Lupton is one of the 48 government camps which close shop on December 31st. At all these camps the migrants were given complete health examinations, the children were inoculated and vaccinated, and medical, maternity and dental care were provided when needed. Though the government camps accommodated but a handful of migrants, relatively, they set a wholesome pattern, which is now being rubbed out.

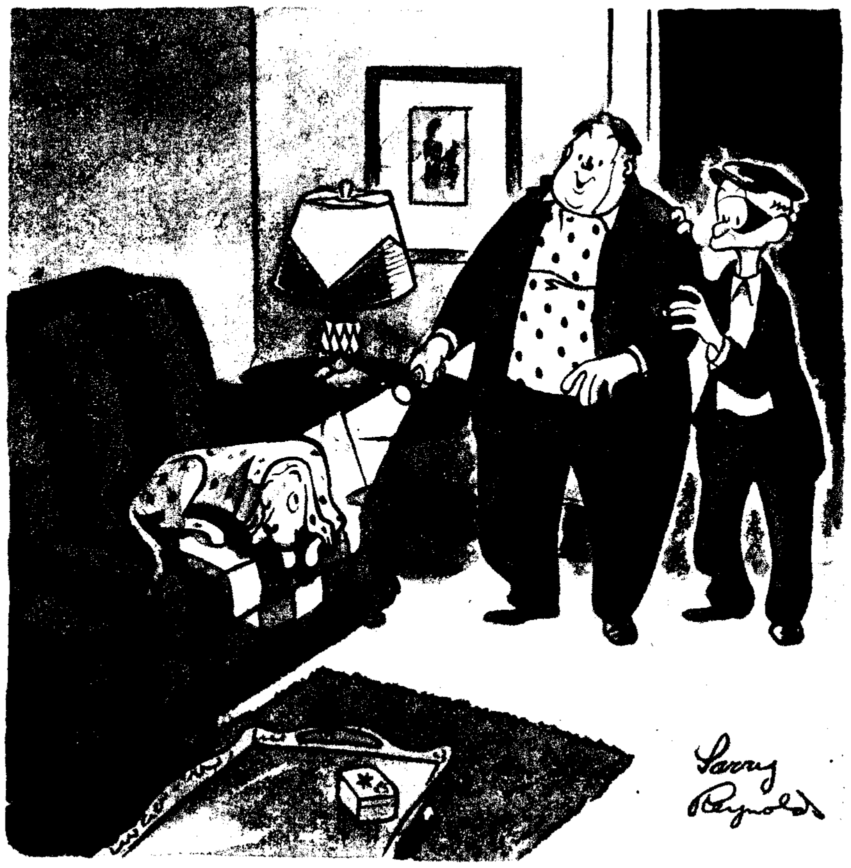
Disease among the migrants is something of a Pandora's box. Uncap it and a thousand communities are laid open. Microbes, once freed, are democratic in their nature and make no distinction between Spanish-Americans, Negroes and the old-time residents of town; but people aren't as democratic as microbes.

In Vermilion County, Illinois, Luis Cantu, a young asparagus cutter, went into a country tavern to get a glass of beer. He was told to get out.

"We don't want Mex in here!"

Cantu nodded and walked out. But a policeman heard about it and he knew

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**


Larry Reynolds

"Don't worry, Slug, he won't bark an' give us away —not after bein' caught sleepin' on the couch"

COLLIER'S

Look! Mary's on the Lam!
IF YOU'RE BOUND TO PUT DISTANCE BETWEEN US, I CAN'T STOP YOU, MARY! BUT PLAY FAIR! LET ME IN ON THE HOW-COME OF IT!
THAT'S HARDER THAN YOU THINK, WALT! YOUR DENTIST COULD HANDLE IT—BUT BAD BREATH'S JUST TOO MUCH FOR ME, HONEY!
BA-A-A-AD BREATH!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER-Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream
KNEW WALT COULD DO IT IF HE'D TRY! NOW MARY IS HIS LAMBIE-PIE!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

that Cantu had served with valor in the South Pacific, so he stomped into the tavern and said, "You serve this man or I'll lock up the place!"

White-haired Pedro Hernandez, of the same Vermilion County camp, went into a movie in a near-by town and was told, "Upstairs!" All the Spanish-American migrants who went to the movie were put upstairs, but Pedro Hernandez could not see this because he was born in the United States and his father was born in the United States, and he asked, "How could I be more American than that?"

In Johnstown, Colorado, the proprietor of a hamburger stand put up a sign, "White Trade Only," apparently deciding that the Spanish-Americans, because their skin is swarthy, are no longer members of the white race. In parts of Minnesota the segregation of Spanish-Americans is so rigid that anyone who fraternizes with them gets a social taint. One man said, "If I let my children play with these Mexican kids, then my children are taboo in the rest of the town."

Sometimes the feeling about migrants shows up in the prices at the village stores. A few pennies higher is often regarded as a kind of tariff because migrants don't belong in the community.

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HOLD STILL WHILE I THROW SOMETHING

Here I stand, remodeled, re-dressed,
Looking like Helen of Troy at her best.
I've learned what to feature, and what to hide.
I've parted my hair on the other side
And swooped it up on top of my head.
My nails, once pink, shine a garnet red.
I've found a new shape to paint my lips
And a marvelous garment to banish hips.
Oh, I'm half Venus, half Cleopatra:
A crook of my finger would summon Sinatra.

Here I stand, a living statue,
Batting my curled-up lashes at you,
Waiting for you to gasp with delight
At the changes wrought in me overnight,
Waiting for you to give a cheer
For a neckline cut way down to here.
Me, I'm a batch of dazzling charms,
A made-over siren to hold in your arms.
I'm new and different, I'm strange and glowing,
And all you can say is "Your slip is showing."

—Phyllis Wright

♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

In Berrien County, Michigan, certain clergymen didn't like this practice and so the Council of Churches opened up a grocery store. It was especially for migrants and the prices were exactly the same as local people paid.

During the war years, when crop pickers were scarce because migrants went into the war factories and the armed forces, the government imported 250,000 foreigners from Mexico and the West Indies to do farm work. Contracts were made with the Mexican and the British colonial governments. Every imported worker was guaranteed free and adequate transportation, health and medical services, a fair minimum wage and wholesome sanitary housing.

I saw a camp for foreign workers (a few of whom are still here winding up their contracts) at Winnebago, Minnesota. There were white houses with screen doors, shower baths, beds with mattresses and a large clean kitchen with hot and cold water.

Because of the standards set up for importees, many a grower with slum shacks on his land has told the farm labor office, "I'm afraid my housing isn't good enough for Jamaicans. I'll have to take some *American* families."

The Department of Labor found that not only the foreign workers but even the German and Italian prisoners of war who were put to work on the farms lived on a far better scale than migrants. A report by the Department at that time concluded, "Thus, standards for both our 'good neighbors' and for our enemies are far higher than for our own countrymen."

In my travels I found plenty of farmers, particularly big growers, who resent doing anything for migrants. There was, for example, the cannery official in Faribault County, Minnesota, who said to a group of ministers, "We let you into the camps to hold religious services for the migrants—and that's all! You keep your nose out of housing and sanitation. That's none of your business!"

But I also found farmers and some big growers and some canners who wish to help migrants. Take Bill Reimer, manager of a blueberry plantation near Grand Junction, Michigan. Bill uses from 250 to 450 migrants every summer. He has just built shower baths for them and he keeps them in clean houses which the families like, so that some migrants, like Fred Angotti, who has 17 children, have been coming North to work for Bill Reimer for 10 summers. Bill also gives the Home Missions Council a hand with its child-care center in near-by Hawkhead.

Near Berthoud, Colorado, farmer Lyle Littrell works 160 acres. I was talking with some migrants on his land when he drove up with his truck to deliver water to their storage tank. "I know both sides of this story. I've been a farm hand myself," Lyle Littrell said. "These migrant families need a decent place to live and I'll see that they get it. You treat these people right and they'll do a job for you. It's good business."

That's what Colorado farmer George Ewing also said. He's built clean stucco houses for his workers, but the money has come back into his pocket three times over. "I'll never forget the time they saved a crop for me," he said. "We had freak weather and I had to get my crop in mighty fast or lose it altogether. Well, sir, these people went out in the fields and worked their heads off. They kept right on working at night—by moonlight—and they wouldn't stop until I went out myself and called them off the field."

In New York State, the Consumers League reports, three large growers winced at their migrants being hauled up from Florida in jam-packed, unsafe trucks, and arranged for them to come North by bus. One said, "I didn't like the way we were bringing them up, like animals. And besides, some of them got such swollen feet and sore backs from standing up in the trucks that they couldn't work at all at first. There's no economy in that."

A few states have tried to raise the status of the migrants. New Jersey has done the best job. New Jersey passed a Migrant Labor Act in 1945 and has set up a Division of Migrant Labor in its State Department of Labor, with former State Senator John G. Sholl in charge. Mr. Sholl has 12 inspectors who comb the back roads sticking their heads into migrant camps and making sure that no families are crammed into dungy stables or forced to sleep on raw wood bunks. Inspector Fred Metler called on a big

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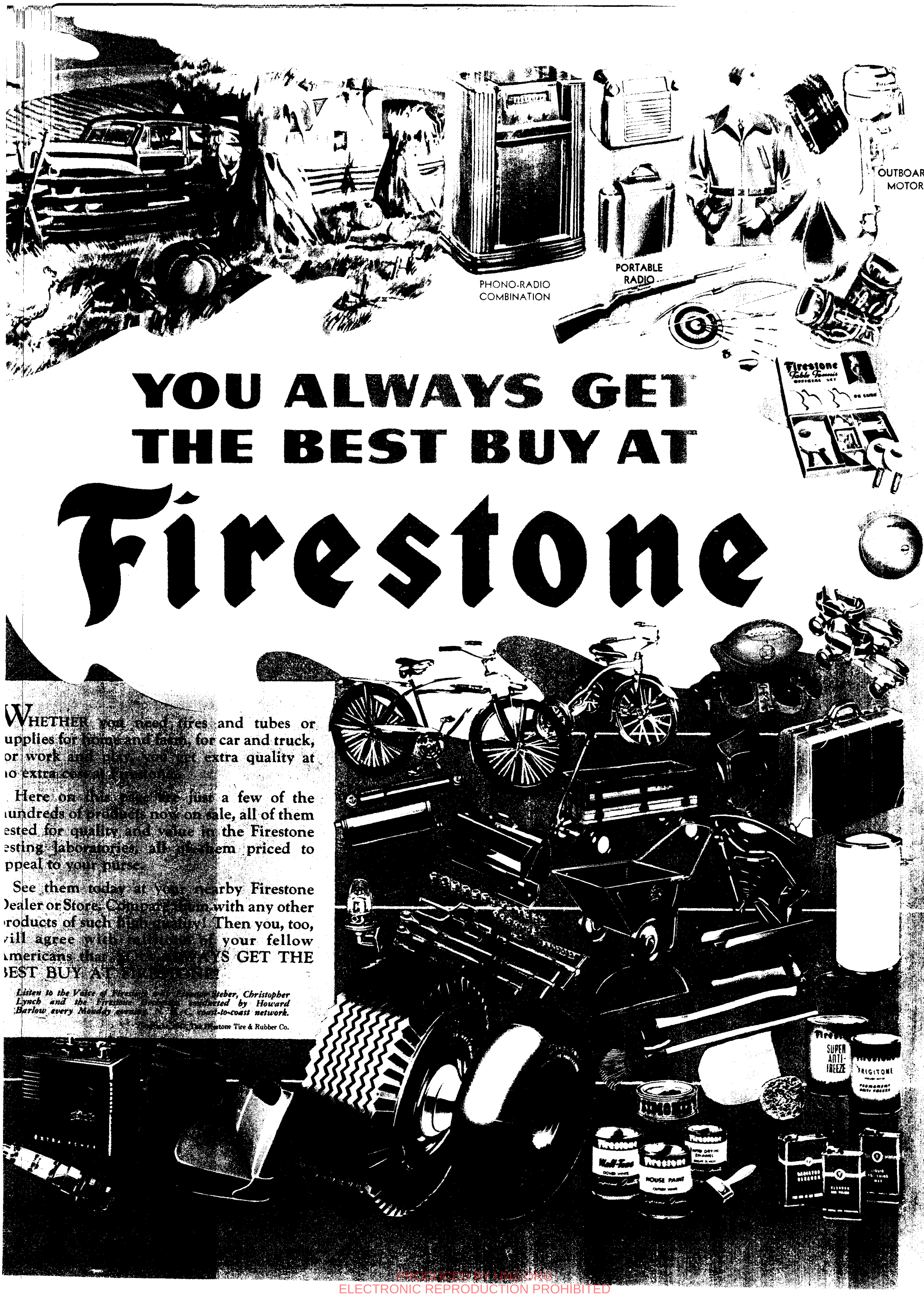
Firestone
BRAKE LINING



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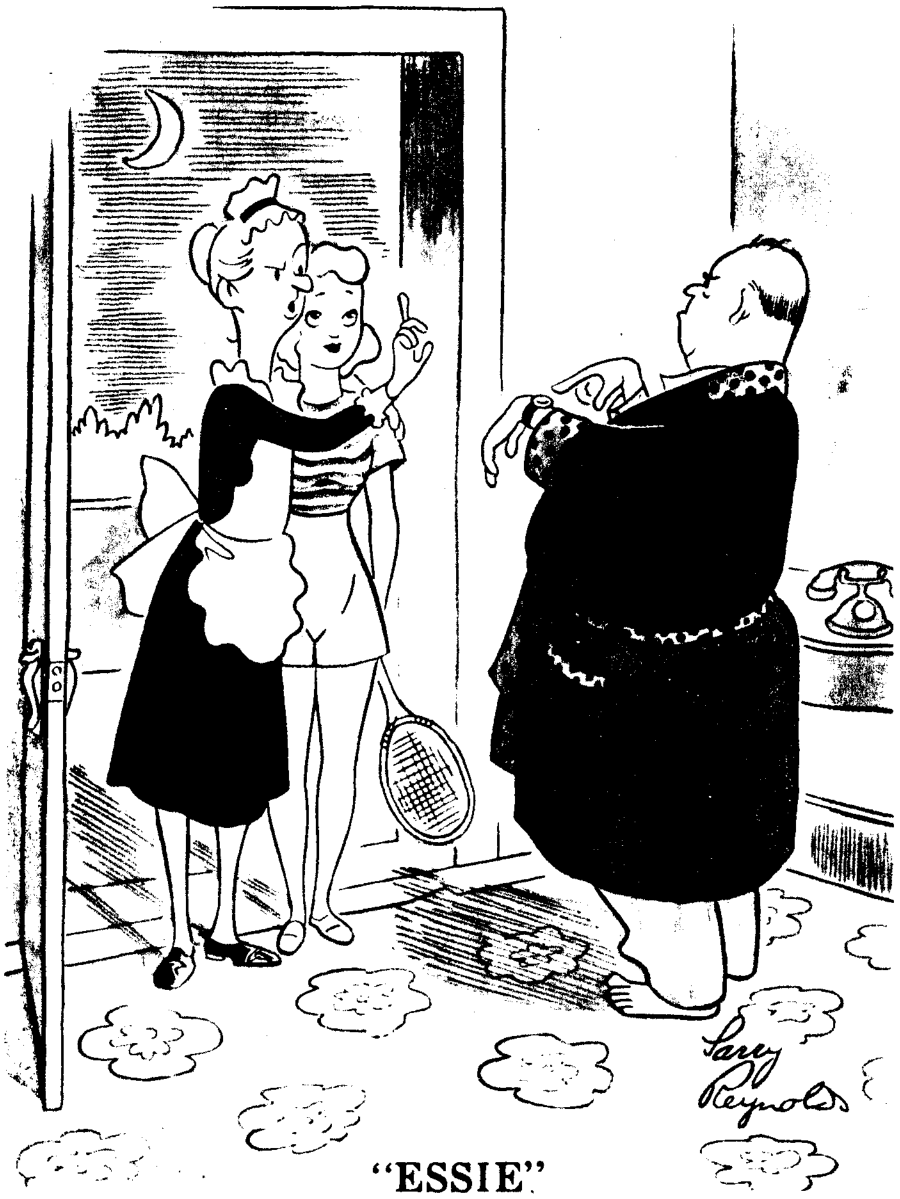

"ESSIE"

"She's only a girl, Boss—and the guy wore an Essley Sportshirt!"

WHEN YOU'RE in an Essley Sportshirt . . . Mister, you're in good form!

ESSLEY'S FULL, FREE CUT makes shoulders seem wider . . . chest more rugged . . . waist a little slimmer!

SMARTER PATTERNS and colors make the most of good sturdy fabrics. Masterful needlework and beautiful finishing give that final Essley touch.

IF YOU WANT still *more*, these fine Essleys feature pleat-pockets, 2-button cuffs—and a new 2-way collar that looks *really right* either way!

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ESSLEY SHIRTS

SPORTSWEAR • PAJAMAS

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potato grower who had 89 migrants packed into stalls like livestock and got him to build new housing where families could at least have a wall between them. He called on another grower, who had put up $30,000 to fight the migrant law, and got him to build barracks-type housing instead of crowding his migrants into the top of a barn with potato sacks for partitions.

I scouted some of the back roads with Sholl and we saw the neat migrant colony of farmer Richard Applegate which had houses with raised floors and screened windows. At the big potato farm of Ernest Tark where 60 migrants live, Tark was helping some carpenters put the finishing touches on new houses of cinder block with insulated metal roofs to keep the summer heat out.

We stopped at the farm labor office of Clinton Mundy in Freehold, New Jersey. Farmers go there when they want migrants but Mundy gives them none until one of Mr. Sholl's men has gone out and looked over the camps.

Problem Concerns Entire Nation

This summer New Jersey opened nine clinics where migrants can get health examinations. In July the Jersey legislature passed a law opening all the public schools to migrant children during the school term. But the migrant problem does not belong to New Jersey or any special state. It is a cloud on our title to freedom as a whole nation. It is the concern of all of us.

Last May, out of Washington, came the report of the Federal Interagency Committee on Migrant Labor—a report-to-end-all-reports on the migrant problem. Top brains of the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Labor, the Federal Security Agency, the Interstate Commerce Commission, the National Housing Agency and the Railroad Retirement Board worked on it. This was the committee headed by Marine Major General Erskine. It read, in part:

"Child labor, substandard living and a padlock against education have destroyed the rights of children and drastically disturbed the integrity of family life among migrant workers. . . . Unorganized, unprotected by workmen's compensation laws in most states, ineligible for educational, health or welfare benefits while following the elusive dollar during seasonal employment shifts, migrants frequently find maintenance of even a minimum standard of living an impossibility."

The committee recommended "that such state and federal legislation be enacted and such administrative action taken as is necessary to give the same protection to migrant workers as is available to other workers."

To get rid of the day-and-night trucking of human beings, Paul S. Taylor, Professor of Economics at the University of California, recommends:

"Laws should be enacted, if necessary, to give power to the Interstate Commerce Commission to supervise trucks and other vehicles which haul laborers commercially across state lines in order to assure safe and suitable transportation. There seems no reason to safeguard the movement of humans any less carefully than we safeguard the movement of commodities."

On the crew-leader system, and the credit bondage which it spawns, the migratory labor committees of the Twelfth and Thirteenth National Conferences on Labor Legislation pointed out, "Migratory workers by and large are not protected by written agreements or contracts. Crew leaders, labor contractors or agents sent by employers to recruit workers often lure them by false promises to places where labor is needed, and working and living conditions are bad."

The committees recommended that "legislation should be enacted on a federal level to regulate the activities of labor contractors who operate across state lines and, wherever necessary, similar legislation should be enacted by states to set up state controls."

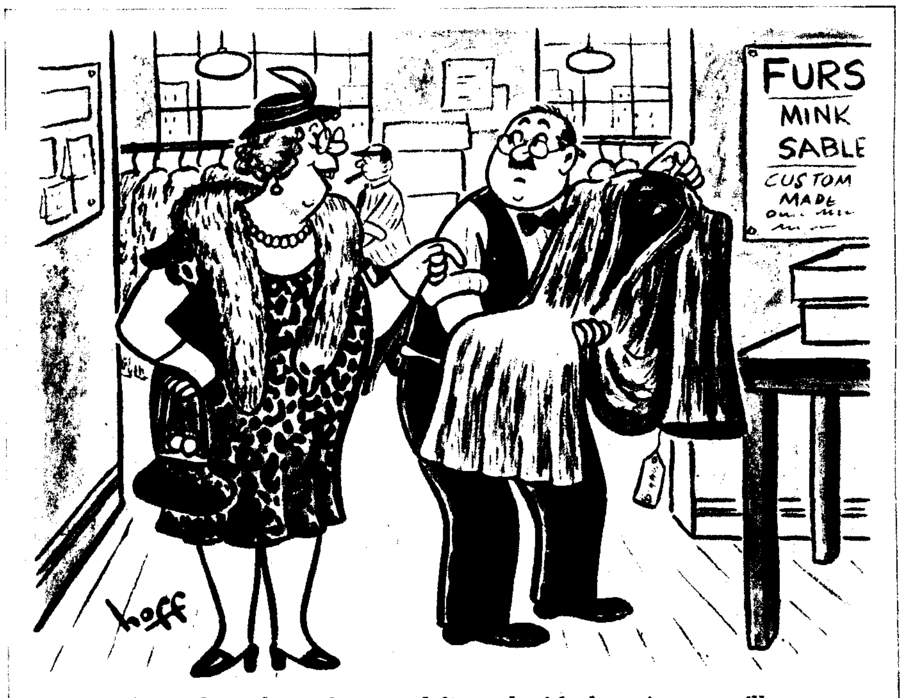
General Erskine calls migrants "the forgotten people of 1947."

In what sense forgotten? Monsignor John O'Grady, the Reverend Hermann N. Morse, and Rabbi Herbert S. Goldstein have answered the question in their interfaith report:

"Why," the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish leaders ask, "should agricultural workers continue to be exempted from the provisions of the Fair Labor Standards Act and the Social Security Act? Only the same arguments can be offered that were originally offered by industry in the 1890s. In industry these arguments are no longer accepted. Minimum wages have come to stay; workmen's compensation, old-age and survivors insurance, unemployment compensation have come to stay, but the agricultural migrant continues without adequate protection from the law and even without a fair chance of using his own efforts for protection."

There is much, it would seem, to be done.

THE END



"Could you have the coat delivered with the price tag still on it to my neighbor, Mrs. Flegenheimer, by mistake?"

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
THROUGH CHEMISTRY

SWEET WATER

Continued from page 13

He ducked beneath the hotel door. The lobby was long and low and narrow, paralleling the street. It was empty. At its far corner was a door. From beyond the door came clatter, the smell of coffee and, presently, a cheerful woman of middle age.

"Mr. Lineer? We expected you last night. Beautiful morning, isn't it?"

"You expected me?"

"Why, yes."

"Who said I was coming?"

"Mr. Thomason."

"Tracy Thomason?"

"Yes."

"How about some of that coffee?"

"Go right into the dining room. Mr. Thomason is already there."

Lineer turned toward the dining room, paused and looked back at the woman. A small frown came and went with some thought. He said, "I'll take up to four eggs with that coffee." He strode into the dining room.

Tracy Thomason had finished. He remained seated until Lineer reached his table. He rose slowly then, his light gray eyes moving over Lineer's face with a lingering deliberateness. He reached his height and waited, faintly smiling.

Lineer stood soberly before him, then offered his hand. He murmured, "That was last year, Tracy. Last year and the last job. It's behind us."

"Of course, Jim." Thomason took the hand in a quick, powerful clasp. "It's good to see you, fellow." He grinned as he raised his left hand to Lineer's shoulder, resting it lightly there in an affable gesture until he saw some warning gleam in Lineer's eyes. He dropped it, still grinning. "How's Sonora?"

THOMASON'S face was strong, long-jawed, full of some fire of want that could give a demanding boldness to it, yet altogether pleasant now. His hair was almost pale yellow. Faint small freckles splotched his forehead. His neck was a powerful, corded column. He had heavy-boned, sloping shoulders and a cleanly tapered body. Even as he stood loosely the deep drive and force of the man thrust out from him. It was a vitality and a strength that had in it the quality of sharp insistence and of need, and of something more.

Lineer said, "All done except for the soft spots. I left them to Georgie Price."

"And that black Irisher?"

"Big Tim? Still there. I'll be bringing them both up if we build this railroad."

Thomason said thoughtfully, "I still believe I can whip him. He got in the first lick. I didn't think so big a man could move so fast." He caught Lineer's direct glance and answered it challengingly. "I carry no grudges, Jim. It's behind us."

The middle-aged woman was an understanding one. The coffee did not await the eggs. A pretty Mexican girl of fourteen brought it, flashed at Lineer a smile that was both inviting and uncertain, then raced back to the kitchen.

Lineer drank with relish. Thomason produced a cigar, rolled it gently in his fingers and lighted it. His hands were long, big-knuckled and restless. He seemed to be waiting still, observing Lineer's unshaven jaw, the clean but rumpled cotton tans, the hair that curled damply over his ears. Lineer set down his cup, remembering this man, knowing that Thomason held a surprise and relished it.

Lineer said, "I saw Colonel Edwards' car down on the siding."

Thomason nodded. "I'm going down there now. Want to come along?"

"I'll clean up first."

"As you like. I'll probably be bringing them up here."

Lineer returned to his coffee, drinking slowly, thinking that he knew the surprise and did not like it. Presently he said, "When did the car get in?"

"During the night sometime."

The smile on Thomason's face was small, expectant. It would come now. Another question or two. This was the way of the man, that he must have a triumph over other men in each hour, even though it be a small thing.

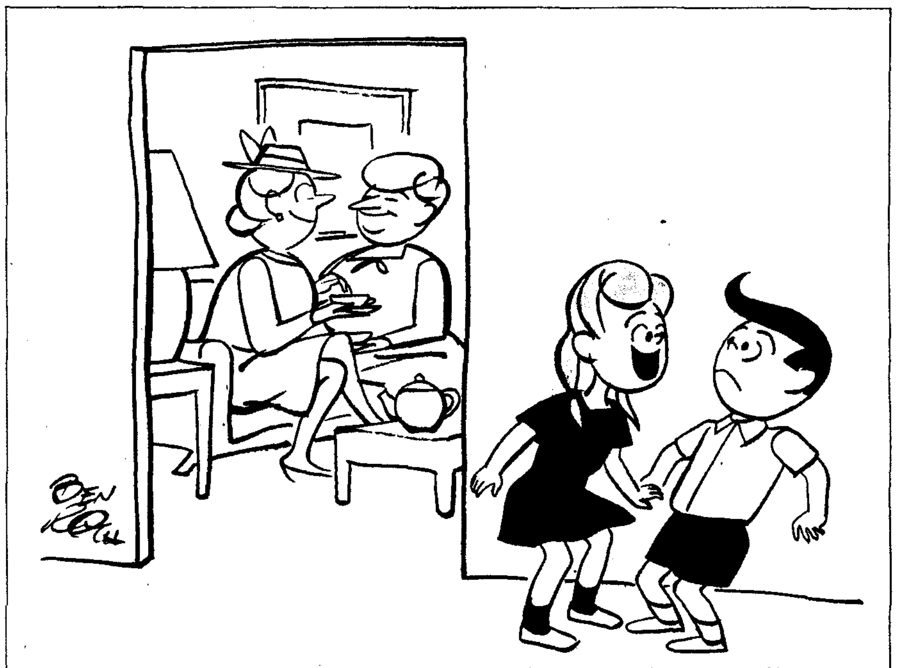
Lineer pursued patiently, "The woman said I was expected yesterday. You expected me."

Thomason leaned back. This was it. "I didn't come with the colonel. I've been over in your Tularosa Valley for a month, Jim—with two engineers from the New York office."

"Doing what?"

"Surveying the coal mines at White Oaks. Cruising the timber. Testing ranch wells. You didn't exaggerate. That's mean country."

Lineer's voice held a rising persistence. "What kind of water tests?"



"Tell me about yourself. What sort of mischief do you like?"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

"Volume and chemical analysis."

"You took my notes with you?"

"Yes. They're in my baggage somewhere."

"You ran my flume line out of the Sacramentos?"

Thomason looked at the tip of his cigar, his face smoothing into blankness. He said carefully, "Only part way, Jim. Enough to get the general idea. It's practical. But too expensive. We can build the railroad without it."

"And run it?"

Thomason nodded, his eyes swinging back to meet Lineer's directly. He said half curtly, "And run it."

"No."

Thomason's lips stiffened. For just a moment his pale eyes shone with the bright hardness of a will that lashed out unthinkingly at any opposition. Then he smiled. "Keep your mind open on it, Jim," he said.

The four eggs came fried together. The potatoes were flaky and crisp, boiled yesterday and fried this morning. The Mexican child-woman lingered until Lineer smiled his thanks, then she ran again. He cut into the eggs with his fork and chewed without tasting.

He said, "Let me understand this. You are proposing the road be built and operated with water from wells?"

"I am."

"And you are recommending against my plan to get water down from the mountains?"

"That's right. We won't need it."

"But Colonel Edwards has not made any decision yet?"

"He'll accept my recommendation," said Thomason confidently.

"Why are you so sure?"

Thomason showed impatience. "After all, I've got two company engineers to back me up. Don't be stubborn, man. You're getting a railroad through your home country. That's what you wanted. Does it have to be built just your way too?"

Lineer said absently, "When I was a boy I thought the whole world was like the Tularosa Valley. So I was afraid of the world. I used to sit on my horse on the Sacramento 'scarp and just stare down by the hour. I've seen the valley when it looked like the pits of hell, with white smoke curling all the way to the sky and making you want to cut and run. But it wasn't smoke. I've seen it when it was like a cool seashore, enticing a man down to choke him to death with snow-white sand in his throat. But it wasn't sand either. There is something personal in the way that valley reaches for you and then tries to break you. Once it gets hold of you it never stops fighting you. I guess it has a hold on me because I was born there. I love it. It is home, even though I haven't lived there for nearly fifteen years. But I don't trust it. I don't understand it."

Thomason snapped, "If you're trying to say I couldn't check that valley out in a month, maybe you would like to know I found out one thing you didn't put in those persuasive letters of yours. I found a feud so big it could ruin any railroad."

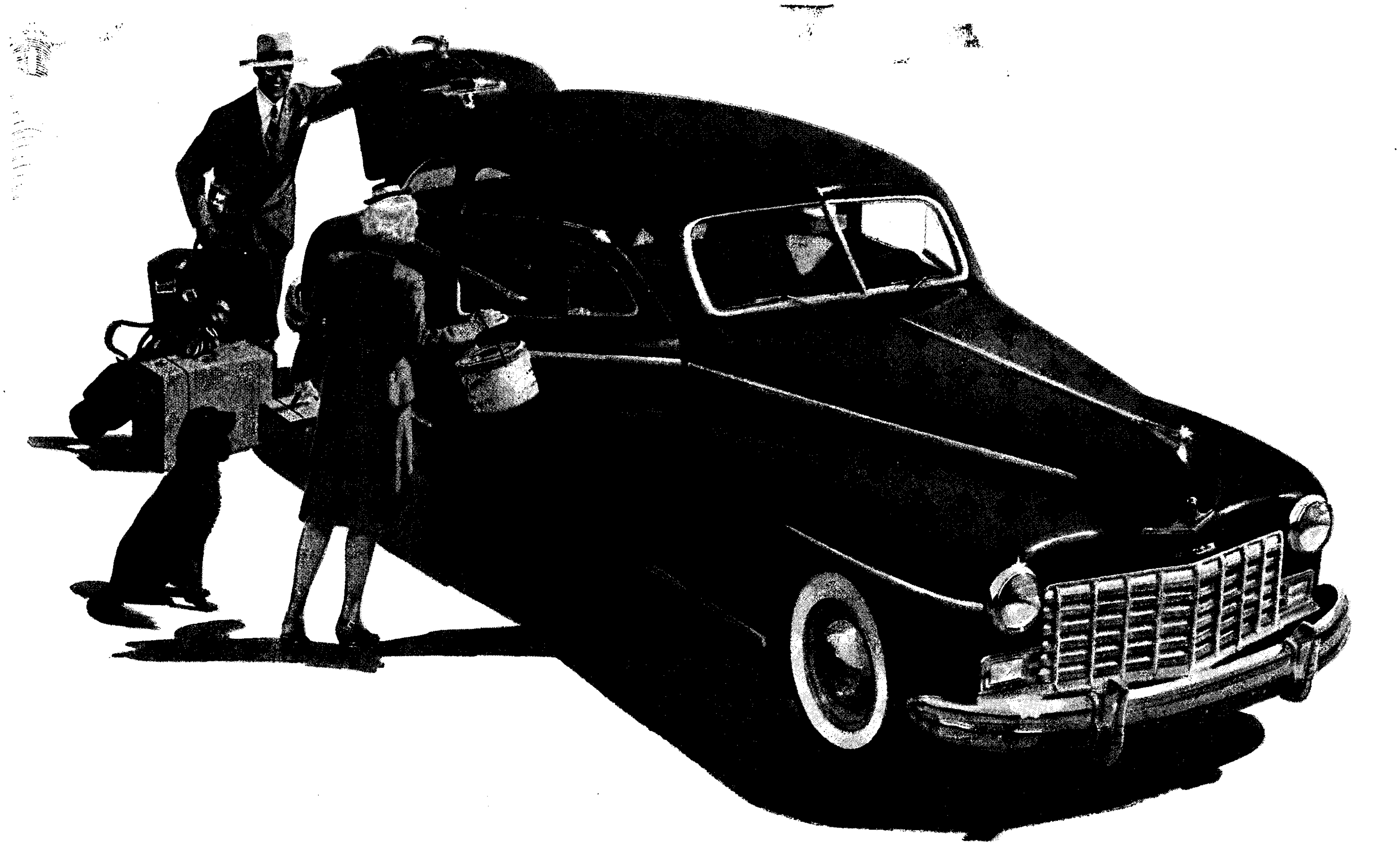
"Ware and Nye? That's been going on for twenty years."

"If you knew it, why isn't there some mention of it in your correspondence with us?"

Lineer said dryly, "I was trying to convince you fellows this railroad could be built with water from the mountains. Once that was decided we could go into other problems. I agree with you the feud is important. We'll have to do something about it."

Good humor came back to Thomason's face. "It won't be necessary. I've already settled it. They're here in the hotel now."

Lineer said incredulously, "Ware and Nye here? Together?"



It's a Honeymoon

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They almost lose their dignity in the fun they get and the way they carry on. You'd think they were getting their first automobile thrill, and in many cases they are.

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Dodge

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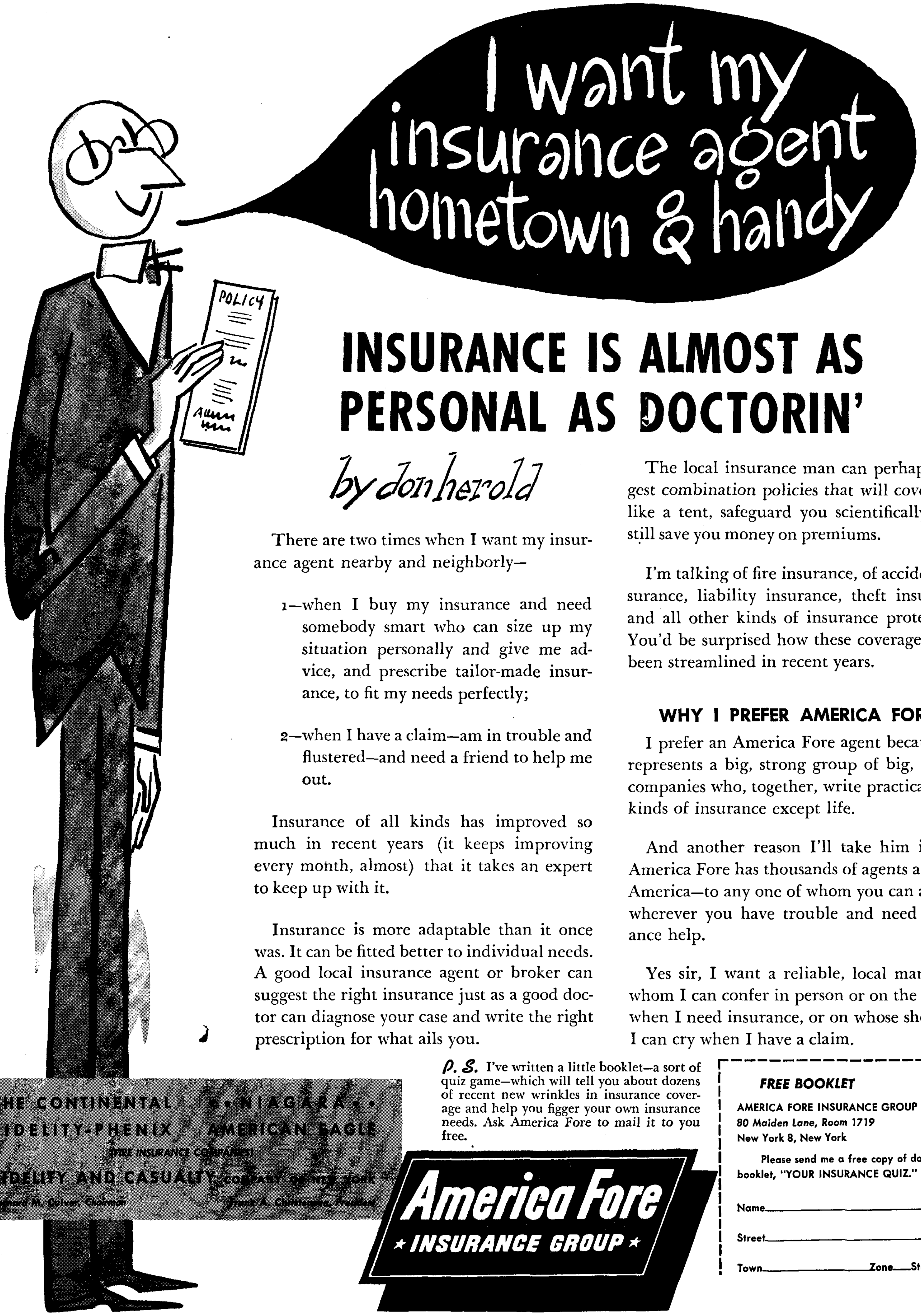
I want my insurance agent hometown & handy
POLICY

INSURANCE IS ALMOST AS PERSONAL AS DOCTORIN'

by don herold

There are two times when I want my insurance agent nearby and neighborly—

1—when I buy my insurance and need somebody smart who can size up my situation personally and give me advice, and prescribe tailor-made insurance, to fit my needs perfectly;

2—when I have a claim—am in trouble and flustered—and need a friend to help me out.

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Insurance is more adaptable than it once was. It can be fitted better to individual needs. A good local insurance agent or broker can suggest the right insurance just as a good doctor can diagnose your case and write the right prescription for what ails you.

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"Practically sleeping together. They came with crews to act as our hosts on the trip. They'll both put money in the road."

"Congratulations, Tracy. That wasn't easy. That hate is famous all over the Territory."

Thomason shot a sidelong glance at Lineer. But Lineer's voice was warm with sincerity. A curious exuberance took possession of Thomason, giving to his face a boyish animation and yet a too ready assurance. It was as though he needed praise and, in receiving it, found the measure of his own superiority.

He rose to go. His voice filled with genuine enthusiasm. "We're going to build this railroad, Jim. You and I, together."

"You, Tracy?"

"It's the colonel's idea. He'll give you the details."

LINEER claimed his room. He was shaving at the washstand when it occurred to him that he had forgotten to ask Thomason about the girl. Miss Barbara, the other one had called her. A good chin. Full, curving lips. He remembered the way she had pursed them in sudden anger. A lovely girl, but an ill-tempered one. No, maybe quick-tempered would be more exact.

But the girl no longer mattered. This whole business had suddenly fallen apart. And it had been so uncomplicated. The copper smelters of El Paso needed coal. Wilse Ware had the coal in his mines at White Oaks. So, build a railroad from El Paso to White Oaks.

Simple. But the railroad had to traverse the Tularosa desert valley. The railroad had to have water. Puncture the Tularosa Valley floor and you might find a seep of half-sweet water. Enough for a wild cow without calf. Or you might get a good flow—but of water that would burn a lizard's throat.

That was the situation that had turned Lineer's eyes up from the valley to the eastern escarpment, and higher and higher to the black fir backbone of the Sacramentos. Up there was sweet water.

And when he proved to himself he could bring it down to the desert, he set to work to convince Great Western. When orders came to meet Colonel Edwards here, he thought he had succeeded.

He remembered now how he had been mildly puzzled that Edwards himself was coming. Why was H. H. Edwards, who dealt in whole combinations of railroads, personally interested in a local coal road up a remote valley? It came to Lineer that after five years with Great Western he still knew little about H. H. Edwards the man. Until last year, when Lineer was made engineer in charge of the Sonora construction, he had never spoken to Edwards. But everyone knew Edwards the public figure, the shrewd capitalist, the rough fighter, the onetime Army engineer who had followed General McClellan and many another Army man into the old Illinois Central Railroad and then had clawed his way to the top. Edwards the builder and operator—and yes, on occasion, the wrecker—of whole systems of railroads. Why was such a man here?

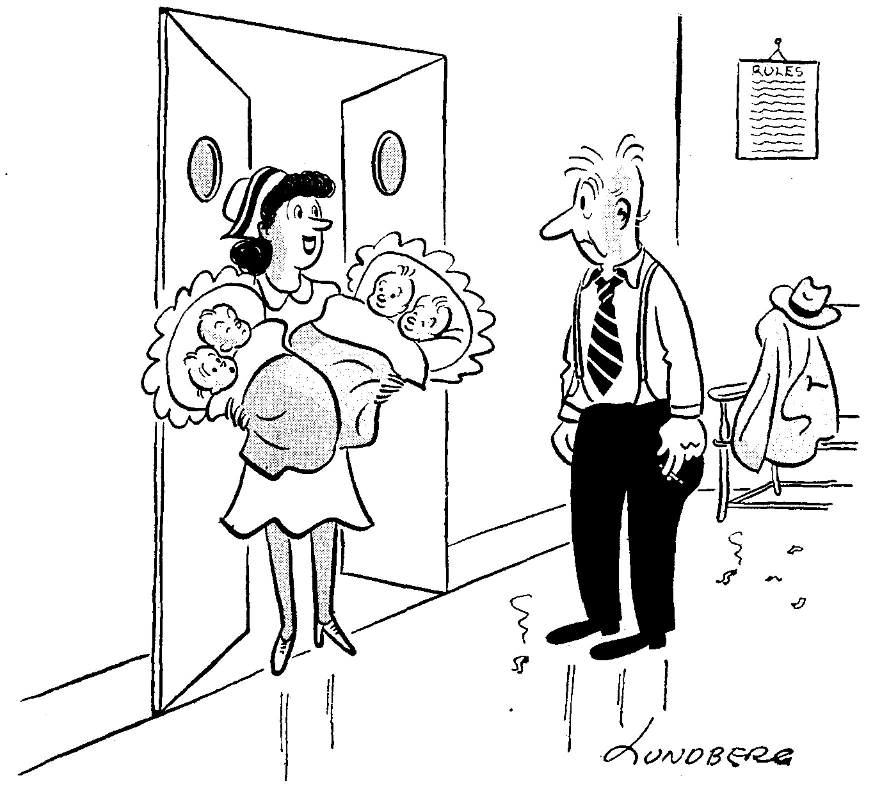
And Thomason had said that he and Lineer would build the railroad. That came as sheerest surprise. Thomason was no engineer, no builder. If he held a title in Great Western, Lineer did not know it. He was one of several men at Edwards' right hand. A negotiator. A trouble shooter. Eyes for Edwards when Edwards was too busy to see for himself. A doer of tasks that required enterprise and self-confidence and, sometimes, cash or a quick ruthlessness. Every growing railroad had such men.

He recalled Thomason's volatile manner just now, his quick willingness to bury last year's quarrel, his brief flash of hostility and truculence and yet his genuine desire to be friendly. It came to Lineer that an inner excitement had possessed the man, making him more aggressive than ever and yet in some way unsure of himself.

But if Thomason succeeded in convincing Edwards that the road could be built without water from the mountaintops. . . . Lineer brought his thoughts to a full stop. He inspected the shiny red line of his jaw over which the razor had just passed. Then, grinning at his image in the mirror, he pulled the keen edge of the razor across his throat from left to right in an old, old gesture. Give and take. His throat had been cut by smart men before. Success to Mr. Thomason! The West was full of jobs.

He sat on the side of the bed, the open valise between his feet, and dropped his razor into it. He sat perfectly still, his arms slack across his knees, his face shaped by some long-ago memory. Damn it, he wanted to build this railroad. This one was his railroad. This one was in his blood. Why this mystery? Why was somebody messing it up?

He stood up. He brought his right leg



COLLIER'S "Well, Mr. Carey, you can quit worrying now" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

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back and sent the toe of his boot into the side of the valise. It skidded across the room. He watched it teeter and come to rest upright. Then, chuckling aloud, he wheeled out of the room.

The lobby was still empty. He heard voices in the dining room and looked in.

Wilson Ware and Jubal Nye were at breakfast—together. A third and younger man sat with them.

Ware, facing the door, saw Lineer first. Ware was attacking his breakfast with elbows akimbo and black beard pushed forward over his plate. For Wilson Ware brought to the table, to the easing of simple hunger, the same relish and energy he applied to all things.

He shouted his welcome, raising his fork to salute in one black-furred fist. He stood up as Lineer came forward, and his body seemed to close off all that part of the room behind him.

"Jim Lineer, by God!" he boomed. "Sit down, man! Sit down and fill up."

Ware's heavy, rounded shoulders filled a coat of well-tailored broadcloth. His shirt was a gleaming white and his tie a scarf of dark silk. His beard, jet-black and stiff, was neatly trimmed. Yet there remained about the man a shagginess he would never lose—the mark of the rough miner who had tramped into the Territory thirty years ago.

"Thanks, Wilse," said Lineer. "I've eaten."

"Jube," said Ware, "you know Jim, don't you? Old Oliver Lineer's boy?"

JUBAL NYE was thin and long. Thin with that tough dryness of hide and muscle and bone which comes to some men at seventy. So long that he sat with his legs sideways to the table, trouser legs pulled up, white socks showing over the tops of high shoes, white hair sparse above a fissured face.

The old lawyer rose with the slowness of his years and put out his hand. "I ought to know Jim," he said. "I bought his ranch when he was back in the valley last year. Jim, boy, it's good to see you." His old back was straight. His eyes, their blueness washed by time but their alertness undiminished, showed pleasure.

"This is Ed Ware, my nevvie," said Wilse. "Ed, shake hands with the man that's come home to build us a railroad."

Ed Ware was twenty-five. He had a round, cheerful face. There was a roundness about all of him, of shoulders and wrists and waist, that gave to him an impression of size he did not have.

His uncle said, "Ed came to the valley after you left, Jim. He's running my bank down at Tularosa."

Lineer pulled up a chair and sat down, held by the unreality of this moment, watching the complete affability between these two men who had been implacable enemies for so long. Something of his thoughts must have shown in his face, for Wilse Ware's laugh bellowed out.

"It's simple," he said. "Jube and I want this railroad more than we want each other's ears. That right, Jube?"

Jubal Nye said dryly, "Profit can be a strong inducement to peace, Jim."

The old lawyer's face wore a gentle smile. It was a smile that carried Lineer back through the years, remembering the way of this man, remembering the Nye who dominated courtrooms and political gatherings with his cold, precise logic. That was the weapon that had made him the one man in the Territory who could match Wilson Ware. And always when his passions had been most deeply stirred yet most perfectly controlled, there had been that gentle smile. Wilson Ware was watching it, and in Ware's black eyes a little dancing fire seemed to leap out to meet it.

A little silence ran on as both of them waited for Lineer to speak. He was expected to utter a banality, to say that he was glad. And they would barely hear his words. The whole of their minds and their wills were locked across this table, as they had been locked for twenty years in a struggle that shaped the lives of all men and women in the Tularosa Valley.

Lineer knew then that this was a truce only. Here was a quarrel that ran deeper than just old hates and spilled blood. It was the struggle of untamed natures, each unable to conquer the other and unable to stop trying. It was the way of the Tularosa desert, and the way of strong men molded by it.

It was a fact that he accepted without conscious concern. If they had given their word to Thomason or to each other, it would be obeyed scrupulously so long as the railroad was under construction. He wished he knew what arrangements Thomason had made with them.

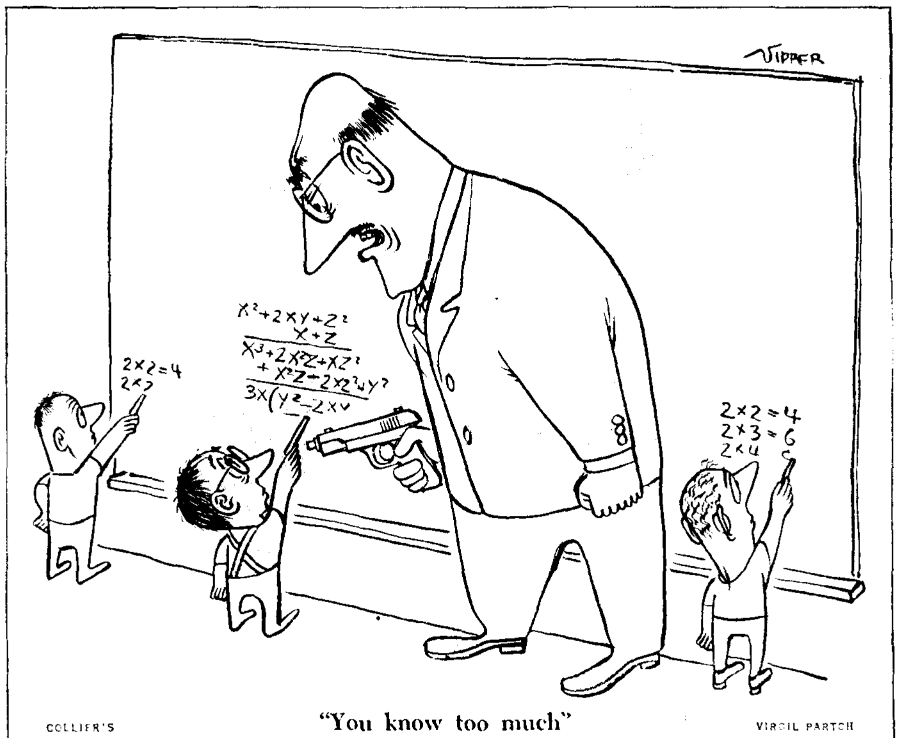
He said at last, "Thomason told me. I'm glad. If we build the railroad we'll need your help."

Wilse Ware picked it up quickly. "If? Thomason indicated to us it's a sure thing."

"He is in a better position to know than I am."

Ware said bluntly, "Now, Jim, you're a Great Western man but you're a valley man too. If there's a joker in this the valley is entitled to know it. If you know anything, out with it!"

"I proposed this line," said Lineer promptly. "I want to build it. I came here to meet Colonel Edwards and prove



COLLIER'S "You know too much" VIRGIL PARTCH

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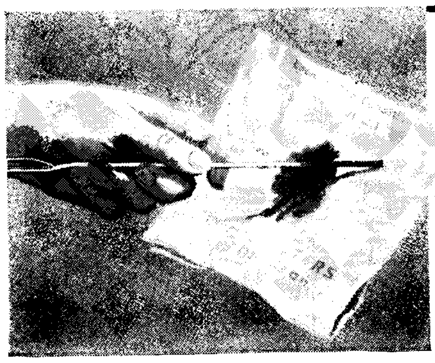

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to him it can be built. He came to see for himself and make his own decision. I've been here a little over an hour, and I haven't seen him yet. So far as I'm concerned there is no railroad until he says so."

"So Thomason could be going off half-cocked, eh?"

Lineer smiled. "You don't expect an answer to that, Wilse."

"I expect any answer I can get," growled Ware.

Jubal Nye's shrewd eyes were on Lineer. He said, "Thomason told us you will be in charge of construction."

"Yes."

"Jay Gould started a line up the valley some years ago and abandoned it. Said it was water trouble. Do you know if there was any inside reason why he quit?"

"None to my knowledge."

"His engineers just couldn't find the water?"

"That's right."

"And you can?"

"Yes."

LINEER waited for the next question, wondering what the old lawyer knew. But it did not come.

Young Ware spoke up. "Did you know about the women?"

Lineer nodded. "I know there are women in the party."

"I wonder why," said Ed.

"No place for 'em," growled his uncle. "I told Thomason so."

Ed Ware laughed. "You're the only one that's complaining," he said.

He explained to Lineer, "Uncle Wilse planned some rough capers for the party. Fake holdups. Mountain oyster parties. Vaudeville at White Oaks with girls all the way from Denver. Then Thomason told him there were women coming and he had to cut it all out."

A sudden hubbub of voices came from the lobby.

"They're here," said young Ware eagerly. "Come on."

Lineer followed last into the lobby. Thomason was already busy with introductions. Lineer saw Colonel Edwards, three men he did not know, and the two women.

Edwards saw him and signaled him over. The president of Great Western was a man of hard solidity, with the beak and hooded eyes of an aging eagle. There was knowledge of men in his face, and an unexpected patience. His eyes were weary. Yet there was the richness of vigorous health in the iron-gray of his spade beard and his short, stiff hair.

"I'll buy for Sonora," he said. He spoke rapidly, giving a sharp distinctness to each word. "I like a man who keeps his schedule. How are you, Jim?" Without waiting for an answer he called across the room, "Barbara, come here, will you?"

She still wore the cloak of soft gray. Her hair was up, held by a green ribbon fashioned in a wide bow in front. Two emeralds set in thin gold made spots of warm green at her ears.

"Barbara, this is Jim Lineer. Jim, my daughter."

She met Lineer's direct gaze with a challenge in her own, and her smile became a small thing showing only in the curve of her lips. "No snow-white horses, Mr. Lineer?" she asked.

"Give a man time," Lineer murmured.

"What the devil?" said Edwards.

She did not answer, for Thomason stepped up to her side. She put a hand on his arm, facing up to Lineer.

"Tracy," she said, "this is the man I told you about. The one with the mountain cave."

Thomason chuckled. "Don't mind her, Jim. If she gives you any trouble just whistle for me. We're going to be married, you know."

"I didn't know," said Lineer. "Congratulations, Tracy."

Thomason stared briefly at Lineer, on the edge of some remark, and Lineer knew that he had not kept his reaction out of his voice. Here, then, was the reason for Thomason's easy assurance. Here was the reason Thomason was going to build the railroad. A family affair. A setup. Regret and a slow anger moved through Lineer, and then his face set in a stubborn impassivity.

Colonel Edwards' eyes moved speculatively from one man to the other, then on to his daughter. They rested for a long moment on her, full of a father's fondness, yet shaded and thoughtful.

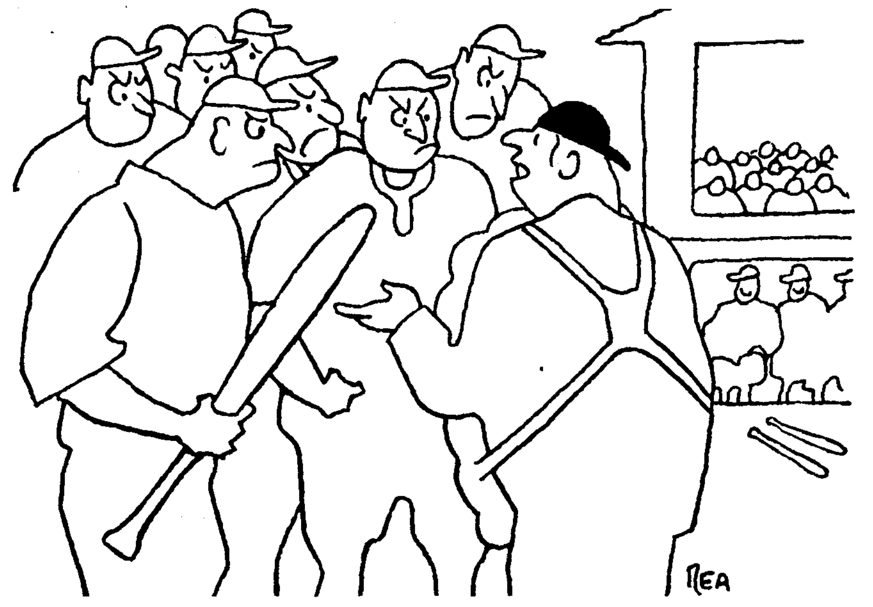
He aroused himself to say to her, "Where's Molly?" He moved his head until he found the other girl, standing motionless and withdrawn near the wall. His voice was quite gentle: "Molly, dear."

She was smaller, more rounded than Barbara Edwards. Her hair was dark, her eyes the darkest blue. Her name was Molly Riordan. She offered her hand shyly. All the merriment that Lineer remembered was gone from her, and she moved close to the taller girl almost as if seeking protection.

"Come on, you two," said Thomason. He put a hand at the elbow of each girl and guided them away.

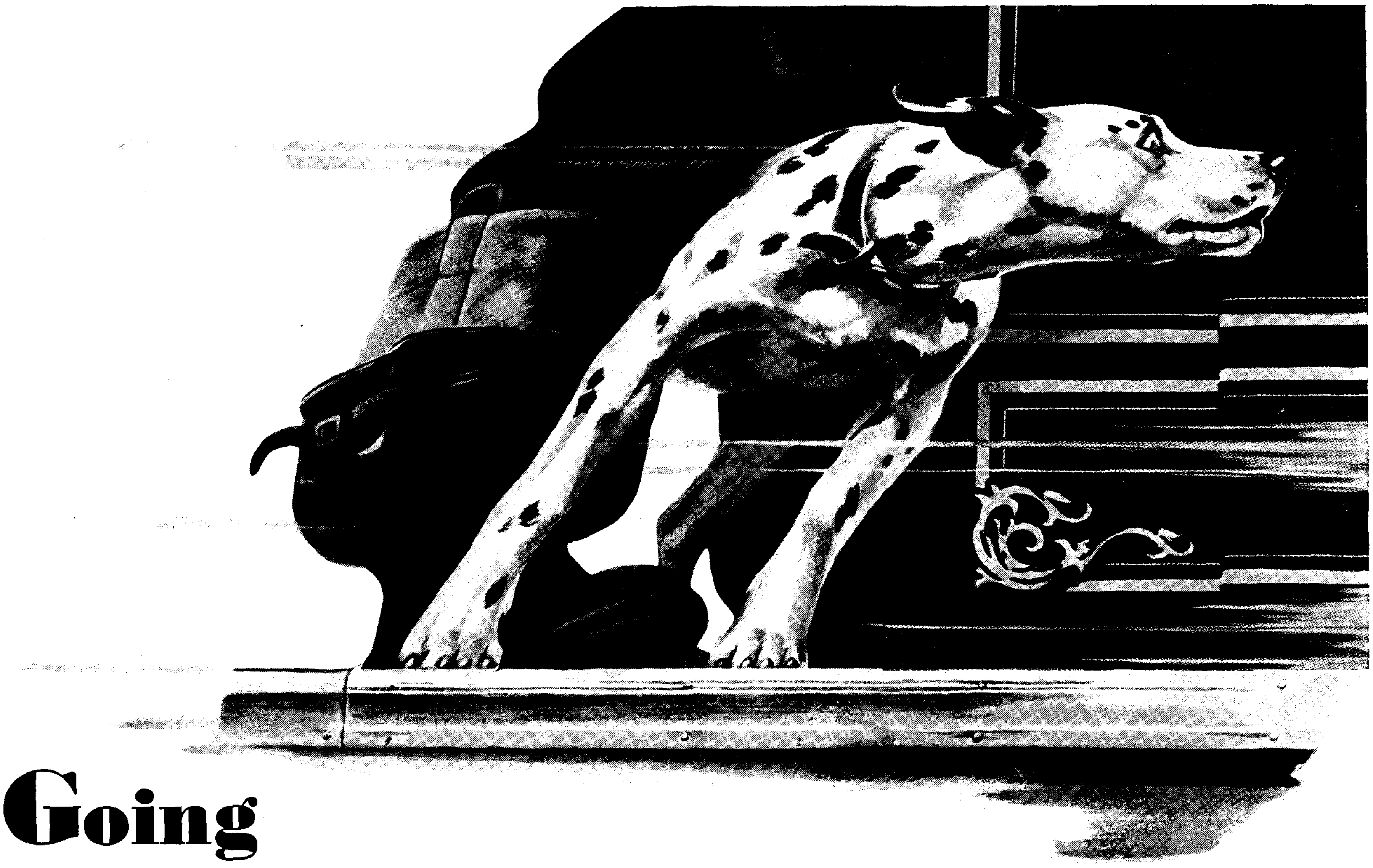
Edwards' eyes followed his daughter. Without turning his head he said quietly, "You think you've found some answers, Jim. Don't be too sure."

They watched as Thomason led the girls to the erect figure of Jubal Nye. Both girls made a half curtsy, gracious and respectful. Thomason moved them



"But don't you see, if I changed my decision, then the other team would be irritated with me"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



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on to Wilson Ware, whose black eyes showed his frank appreciation.

Barbara Edwards spoke to him, smiling but abrupt, "I'm told you have canceled some of the entertainment because of females in the party. You must restore it at once."

Ware sent an accusing glance at Thomason. "Now, Miss Edwards," he said, "I'll see that you don't miss anything."

"No soothing words, Mr. Ware. I won't have it." Her tone, coolly imperious, said the matter was settled. She gave him a smile again.

At Lineer's side the shoulders of Colonel Edwards moved upward and then forward imperceptibly. Some sagging of muscles brought unhappiness sharply into focus in his face.

"A lovely girl," said Lineer.

Edwards turned. "She is," he said. His voice was almost cold as he continued, "You two may be thrown together for the next year. You're entitled to know the rest of it. She is also a headstrong girl. A spoiled girl. A troublemaker. But not a fool, Jim." He frowned and closed his eyes. When he opened them he said crisply, "Come on. You haven't met my associates."

Lineer shook hands with the three men. They were middle-aged, well-fed, well-barbered, conservatively dressed. He knew without being told that they were along for pleasure. They would invest their money in Edwards, not the railroad. Edwards would make the decisions.

Wilse Ware and Nye moved into a corner with Thomason. They talked a moment, then Edwards joined them. Ware boomed for attention, grinning jovially.

"We're leaving as soon after dawn tomorrow as possible," he said. "After tonight you fellows will sleep under the stars with diamondbacks for bedmates. We've got luxury hacks for you—the best this side of New York. We've got your pick of horses, and a saddle that will fit you. We've got the two best range cooks in the Territory Tents, for sissies and the women. Ponchos, if a miracle should happen. Wear what you want to. But you'll need evening clothes in my town of White Oaks! Pack the stuff you want to take and we'll check it onto the wagons now. You won't be seeing that private car again until you get to El Paso. We'll be out two weeks—longer if you want. Any questions?"

"Yes," called Edwards, matching his geniality. "How's your bourbon supply?"

"More whisky than water in the Tularosa country, man," said Ware.

Old Nye picked it up quickly in his precise voice, "And that doesn't necessarily mean, sir, that whisky is plentiful."

"You find the whisky," said Thomason. "We'll find the water. Won't we, Jim?"

LINEER swung back toward the hotel. The walk had done him good. He felt a pliant ease through his body. He had that simple yet inexplicably difficult knack of segregating the disturbing thoughts in his mind, sealing them off, slowing his mind down to the measured pace of his legs. There was a harmony in it, and the coolness of the dying night wind and the bright wash of stars in the night heaven were parts of that harmony. He wondered idly if, after a man took a wife, he felt the same deep need for solitary walks. He turned in at the hotel just as Tracy Thomason and young Ed Ware emerged.

"There you are," said Ware. "Come along to Steve's for a nightcap."

"You've got to see this, Jim," said Tracy. "Ware men and Nye men drinking peacefully together."

Ed Ware had already made his pilgrimage to the saloon. More than once, to judge by the brightness of his eyes. Lineer could not see Thomason's face in the vague smear of light from the hotel door. But the man's voice held a lilting good humor. Lineer guessed that he had just returned from the car on the siding.

"Let's go," said Lineer.

They started down the street. Thomason lagged a moment and then came forward between Lineer and Ware so that they were walking three abreast. He said, "If I had the voice for it I'd cut loose on Sam Bass. It's that kind of night." He raised his right arm and rested it carelessly across Ware's shoulder. "I would bet you have a voice, Ed. Let's hear it."

Ware glanced up, his round face pleased. "Not me."

Thomason's left arm came up and across Jim Lineer's shoulders. Lineer shrugged. The arm remained. Keeping the pace, Lineer took a long step leftward and the arm slid off. Thomason's mouth widened in silent laughter, and he let Lineer see it.

"Barbara was curious about you, Jim," he said.

"Yes?"

"I didn't give you the worst of it."

"Thanks."

They swung in at Steve's, cutting their way to the bar through the semigloom of tobacco smoke and coal-oil lamps. Steve's fell short of the needs of men who must play hard. Its stubby bar ran down the right side, beyond the front door. Restaurant tables, where a wayfarer could sit to a thick white plate of frijole beans and sometimes a pile of wilted greens, filled the right side. Beyond both were the two poker tables and, at the far rear, one billiard table.

But it was all the town afforded, and Ware and Nye men had been busy for hours proving that it could be made to do. Lineer saw only one man, head on arms at a table, who was dead drunk. Both poker tables were full and both games were pleasantly noisy, with the intensity of high-stakes gambling entirely absent. At the bar's far end, men clustered around a tall, redheaded tenor, trying with the concentrated expressions of the half-drunk to add harmony to his high, sweet tones.

Warming his drink, Lineer was thinking that he could pick out the Ware men and the Nye men, and the difference between them was the difference between Ware and Jubal Nye.

There was about the Ware men a robustness and a rough humor that was missing from the nature of the others. Not that Nye hands loved fun any less. But Nye's men were cowmen first and last, bred to a quieter humor. The men on Wilse Ware's pay roll included cowmen. But there were also teamsters and miners, and loggers who worked the high shoulder of Sierra Blanca.

A slim, quick-striding man stepped up to Ware. He had a handsome, restless face.

"Glad you came," he said. "I think we'd better send them back to the wagons soon."

"No hurry," said Ware. "Harry, meet Jim Lineer. Harry Keck, Jim. He's one of Nye's foremen."

KECK shook hands briefly. "Heard of you," he said. He turned back to Ware, and an insistent tone came into his voice. "I want to call my men out. I can't ask them to go unless the Ware men go too."

"Aw, Harry," said Ware, "have a drink and forget it. Let 'em have some fun."

"My orders are to prevent trouble," said Keck. "Not to stop it after it starts, but to keep it from starting."

Thomason cut in, "I don't see any trouble, Harry. What's eating you?"

Keck gave him a quick, hard stare. He faced back to Ware and jerked a thumb over his shoulder. "Look at Jess Folsom."

Lineer recognized the squat figure of Folsom, remembering him as boss of the big wagons that hauled Ware's coal from White Oaks to the El Paso smelters. Folsom stood at the pool table, twisting chalk down hard on his cue and studying his shot with drunken gravity. The chalk broke apart in his thick fist and he laughed as he tossed it over his shoulder.

He swung one broad hip up on the table and leaned down until his elbow and hand were on the felt, balancing with exaggerated carefulness. One of the other players moved against him, staggering a little and protesting. Folsom raised up, put an arm on the man's chest and shoved. The man smashed back against the wall as if catapulted.

Keck said to Ware, "Next time that may be a Nye man. Then you and me and ten like us can't stop trouble."

Folsom made his shot. The ball flew off the table and bounced away among the feet at the poker table. He slid from the table, frowning, as the players shouted good-natured curses at him. Then he heaved the cue like a spear toward the room's far corner and roared out his laugh again.

His head came down and he saw the group at the bar watching him. He

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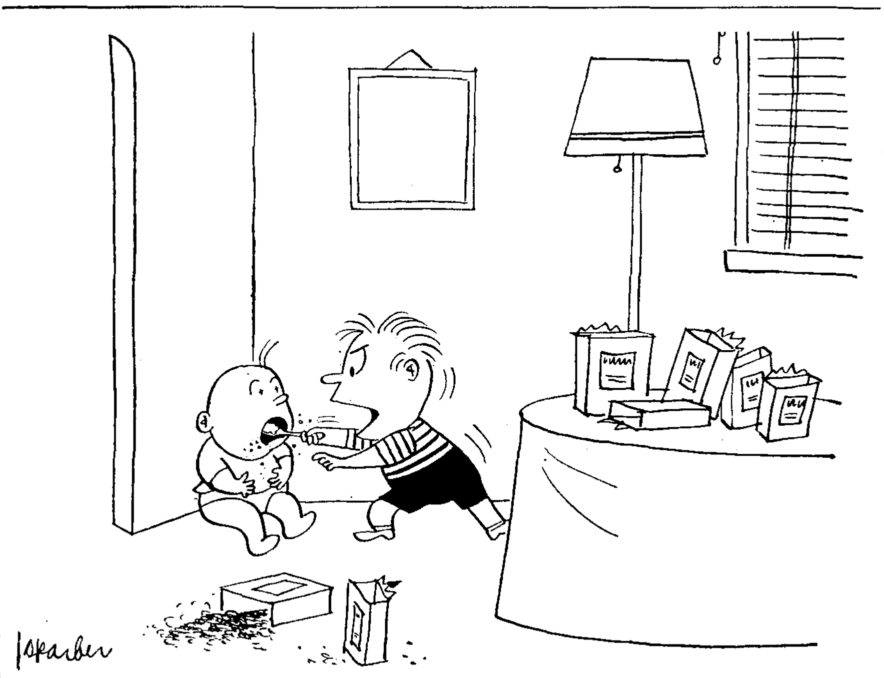

"Eat it, Hanky! Eat it! We only need two more box tops"

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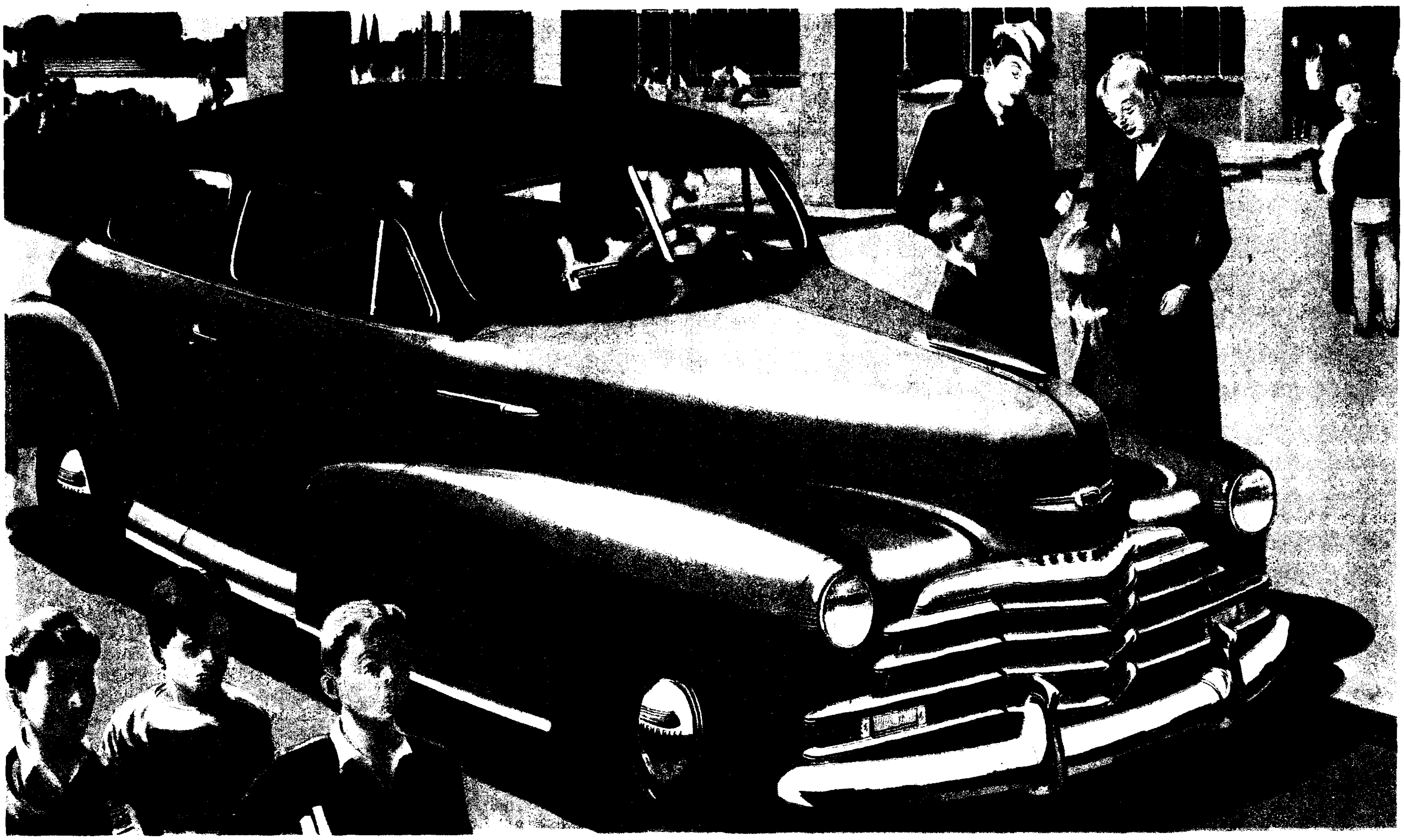

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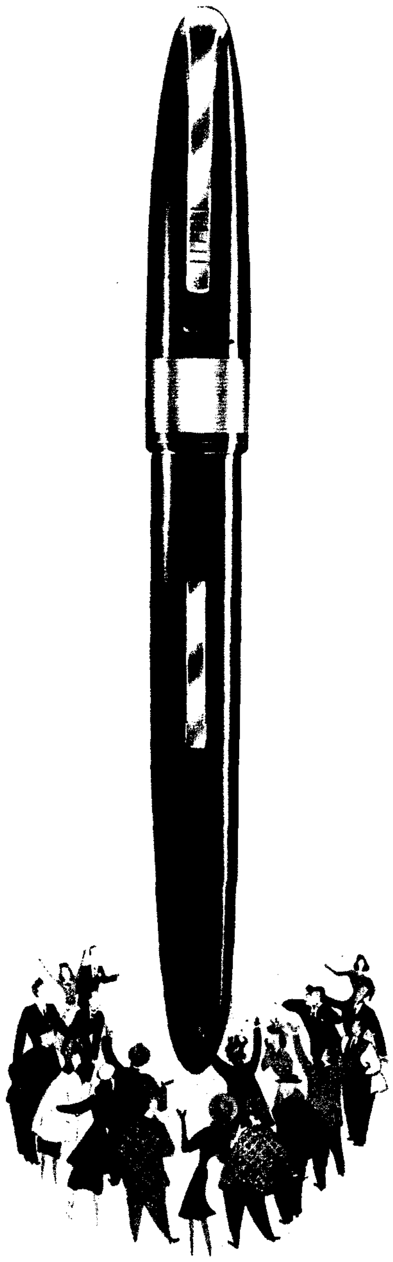

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plowed through the crowd in a direct line, a short, hugely broad man rocking with the heavy awkwardness of some gross, herbivorous creature.

He shouted, "Howdy, Ed." His two beefy hands reached forward and closed on Ware's sides at the lowest ribs. He strained upward, keeping his knees and hips straight, lifting with the power of his great arms alone.

Ware's feet left the ground. His face turned red and then whitened as he flailed down on Folsom's forearms. His words were a choked yell, "Cut it out, Jess!"

Folsom dropped him, laughing. "Still can do it, by God! Did you see? Knees straight as a new couplin' pin."

Ware's brief struggle with himself moved across his face as he gave way to the anger of embarrassment, acknowledged to himself the futility of anger and chose to act as if nothing had happened.

FOLSOM shifted his attention to Keck. The slim man stood between Thomason and Lineer. His eyes had a cold watchfulness.

"Hey, Harry," said Folsom. "I hear old Nye's got you babyin' some new black bulls. Polled Angie—what do ya call 'em?"

"Aberdeen Angus," said Keck.

Folsom rolled his body without moving his feet, his face glistening and jovial and red with his liquor.

"Bet I can lift you like that, Harry."

"Sure you can, Jess," said Keck. "But don't."

"Think I can't, huh?"

"I said you could, Jess."

"Bet you can't lift me then." He raised his arms out from his sides. "C'mon, try it. Bet you ten you can't. Bet ten not a man of the four of you can."

"Forget it, Jess," said Keck.

Others were turning toward them, their attention caught by Folsom's voice and Keck's watchful eyes, sensing that Folsom's liquor was pushing this room toward trouble. Lineer saw two Nye men move away from the others and take up positions farther up the bar. In a moment another Nye hand followed. Keck shot a glance at them and then held his eyes steadily on Folsom. Ed Ware was frowning helplessly.

Folsom grunted triumphantly and dropped his arms. He squinted up at Keck, his face judicious.

"How're them black bulls doin'?" he demanded.

"Good shape," said Keck.

"They ain't either. Don't feed me that stuff. Them fancy slobs won't rustle for theirselves."

Folsom missed the sudden pull of muscles at Keck's jaws.

"I know cattle," he went on. "I spent my time pushin' 'em outa the brush too. Nobody's gonna fool me about cattle. And I'm telling you them black bulls won't rustle. Ain't that right, Ed?"

"Now, Jess—" began Ware.

"Of course they won't." Folsom peered at Keck, threw back his head and let his good humor roll out again. "Harry's all right," he said. "He just ain't gonna admit old Nye got stuck with them fancy black bulls." He reached forward suddenly. "C'mon, Harry. Upsy-daisy."

In the moment that his huge hands closed against Keck's ribs and applied their pressure, Keck bent his two arms and brought the points of his elbows down in short, sharp jabs. But the elbows struck the stiffened muscles of those great, rounded forearms and slid off. It threw Keck forward and their heads met with a flat, cracking sound that went all around the room.

Lineer and Thomason moved then with such a precision that it almost seemed as if they had planned it in advance. Thomason was a fraction of a second faster in grasping Folsom's right forearm with both his hands. Lineer took the left forearm. He felt instantly the immense power of the man and threw his shoulders into a hard downward shove before Folsom's hand unlocked from Keck's ribs.

Folsom stood without resisting, looking foolishly at the hands gripping his arms and looking up, first at Lineer and then at Thomason. It was in that moment that Keck's fist crunched into the soft, round blob of his nose.

Lineer sent a curse of purest anger after Keck as the slim man danced back, and then devoted his whole attention to Folsom. Folsom's eyes blinked. A childlike surprise, simple and unbelieving, spread across his face. Blood gushed from his nose and dripped from his upper lip and made twin streams around the sides of his mouth.

His eyes peered into focus. He tasted the blood and he tried to raise his right arm to wipe the sleeve across his mouth. Thomason held the arm tightly. "Steady, man," he said. Folsom rocked a little, seeming to grope back in his mind to find the memory that told him his arms were pinioned.

"What?" he mumbled. "What?" He licked at the blood. "Godamighty!" he screamed. He drove the imprisoned right arm back and forth like some great piston plunging wildly loose in its orbit. "Steady, man," said Thomason. "Steady, man. Steady, man." He said it over and over as he rode the careening arm, straining with the whole weight of his body to force the arm down.

Folsom threw himself back against Lineer. He used Lineer's body like a bracing wall for his bulk, and he pulled the right arm into his side and then flung it forward and outward with a crazed fury. The fist of it sank into Thomason's belly like a battering ram.

Thomason's grip loosened and the great arm twisted and jerked upward and was free. Thomason moved in again instantly. But the forearm struck him full across the chest and spun him backward.

Lineer made his decision then. Folsom must go down quickly. Everything depended upon Lineer's speed and power. This room was just seconds away from a disastrous brawl. Lineer freed the other arm, side-stepped to the left, balanced his weight and sought the vital spots in that wet, purple face.

This man before him had a prodigious animal vitality. But he was flesh and blood and bone. He could be felled as an ox is poleaxed. Lineer gathered the whole of the power of his body and launched it with cold calculation in two aimed blows.

THE left struck fair on Folsom's temple and did not glance off. The right found the jaw, thudding home with a controlled and deliberate wickedness.

Folsom's head went back and then his body. He caught himself with a backward step. He lurched forward for one uncertain step and sank to the floor. From his lips came a low, animal whistling that was lost in the soft smack of flesh against wood.

Lineer moved back against the bar, feeling the reaction in the sudden need of effort to fill his lungs and in the sharp pain in his hands. He faced up to the sudden quiet, soberly waiting.

Someone reached to the bar, grasped a brown olla and spilled its water down into Folsom's face without a word. Someone else squatted, raised Folsom's head and pushed the rolled wad of a jacket beneath it. Others crowded forward, looking down curiously.

"He had it coming," someone said.

A voice—the man who had raised Folsom's head—said dispassionately, "He didn't have to cold-cock him."

Young Ware moved to Lineer's side. He looked at the man who had spoken and then around at the Ware hands. "Jess started it. You hear?"

The silence ran on, and Ware called sharply, "Jake. Lefty. Take him to the

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wagons." Two men came forward obediently, for this was a Ware commanding.

Ware touched Lineer's elbow. "Come on, Jim. Tracy. Let's go to the hotel."

Lineer shook his head slightly and murmured, "See him to the wagons. See if he needs a doctor. He's your uncle's man, Ed."

Ware turned back to Folsom, a flush staining his round face. Until Lineer spoke he thought he had recovered among these men the thing he had lost when Folsom swung him aloft like a baby.

Lineer nodded to Thomason. They started together toward the door. Keck stepped in front of Lineer. He said bleakly, "I didn't know you were holding Jess when I hit him. It happened too quick."

Lineer inclined his head. He could believe that.

Keck still blocked the way. His eyes were round and hot and dangerous. He said, "Nye men can handle their own quarrels, Lineer."

"All right, Keck," said Lineer. He was thinking, as Keck stepped carefully aside, that this slim man was a gamecock with a wild and overriding passion of pride.

THEY swung out of the saloon and paced down the street. Lineer's hands throbbed. Through his mind worked a sour revulsion at the pointless violence. He had seen it coming. All of them had. Yet they had done nothing until too late.

"You shouldn't have hit him," said Thomason. Disgust and a thick anger filled his voice. "We could have held him and quieted him. We made enemies tonight. And we don't want enemies."

Lineer wheeled and set himself as the last restraint of this long day fell away and he gave himself completely to a full and terrible rage. But in that instant Thomason said quickly, and with deep sincerity, "Forgive me, Jim. I'm a fool." He clapped a hand on Lineer's back. "Say—you know—I know something about fighting. I've never seen anybody paralyze a man that quick."

It was middle afternoon when the caravan of three coaches plodded up a canyon to a high ridge of the Oscuros. The wagons twisted slowly down then through a mile of juniper and blinding white limestone, and so came upon a small valley.

"Flick's Tank," said Wilson Ware. "We spend the night here."

Colonel Edwards opened his eyes, closed them quickly against the glare and then reopened them carefully to a squint. Old Jubal Nye dozed on, his head thrown back against the seat. Lineer twisted around until he could see ahead the sparkle of water in an earthen tank. The bed wagons and chuck wagons already were unloaded on the slope above it. Still higher up, two men were staking the tent for the women.

Last night, their first away from the river, they had camped around a hoof-pocked tank on the high tableland where soapweed and sagebrush stretched away to a gray void. And this morning the west wind had come up stronger than usual, pushing at them throughout the day, flinging red-gray dust after them, pursuing them even after they reached and began climbing the clean Oscuros.

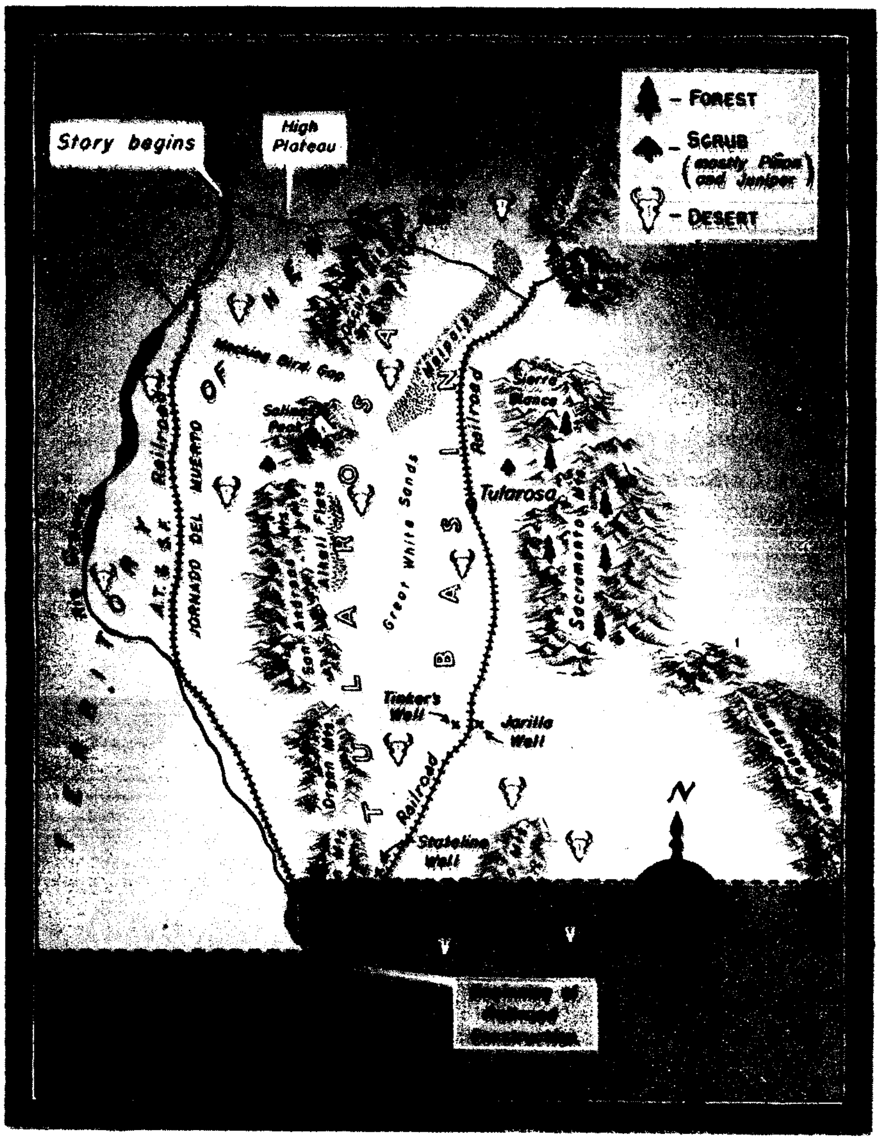
The coach stopped. Edwards stepped out, followed by Ware and Lineer. Jubal Nye emerged last, his long legs stiff and slow. Edwards glanced back at the sun, still high in the west.

"Why are we camping so early?"

"Man, it's fifteen miles to the next water," boomed Ware. He was stamping his thick legs and biting at a fresh cigar. Two days in a dusty coach could not disturb the vitality of this man. "We could never make it today."

Edwards asked, "Is water so far apart everywhere in this country?"

He turned to Lineer for his answer;



Map of the Tularosa region

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1 **egg**
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Add......1 cup **whole kernel corn**, drained

Bake........on hot, lightly greased griddle; turn only once. Serve with **bacon** curls.

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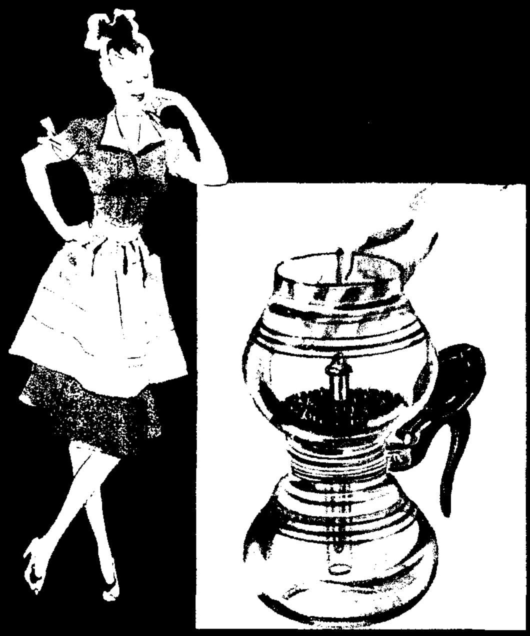
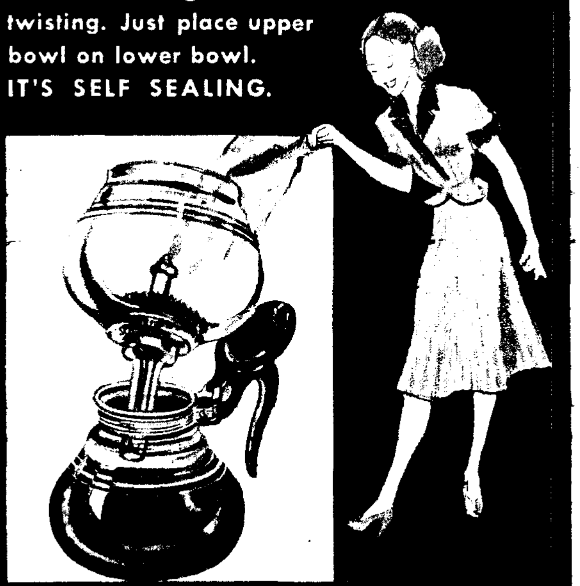


No more forcing—no more twisting. Just place upper bowl on lower bowl. IT'S SELF SEALING.



No more tug-of-war when coffee is finished. Upper bowl lifts off with finger-tip ease.

A **FLAME-TESTED** GLASS COFFEE BREWER THAT HAS NO RUBBER PARTS

ONE GLANCE WILL PROVE that this amazing new Cory revolutionizes coffee brewing. Simpler by far to use! Easier by far to clean! You get rich, full-bodied coffee flavor—every time, with your Cory All-Glass Coffee Brewer.

AT LAST! . . . A glass-to-glass vacuum seal . . . No more flavor tainting, hard-to-clean rubber parts . . . No more exasperating tug-of-war with rubber bushings that stick.

NEVER WEARS OUT . . . No rubber parts to replace . . . No rubber odors to mar pure coffee flavor . . . No place for rancid coffee grounds to hide.

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THE ONLY GLASS COFFEE BREWER OF ITS KIND with new, patented features . . . developed by Cory and exclusive with Cory—Yes, Cory alone! . . . Your guarantee of the world's finest cup of coffee! CORY CORPORATION, CHICAGO 1, ILLINOIS.

Cory Rubberless Models available in 2 to 12 cup sizes . . . $4.75 to $6.75 . . . Standard Cory brewers 4 to 12 cup sizes . . . $4.45 to $6.25 . . . Cory Gift Ensembles to $27.75 . . . Prices slightly higher in Canada . . .

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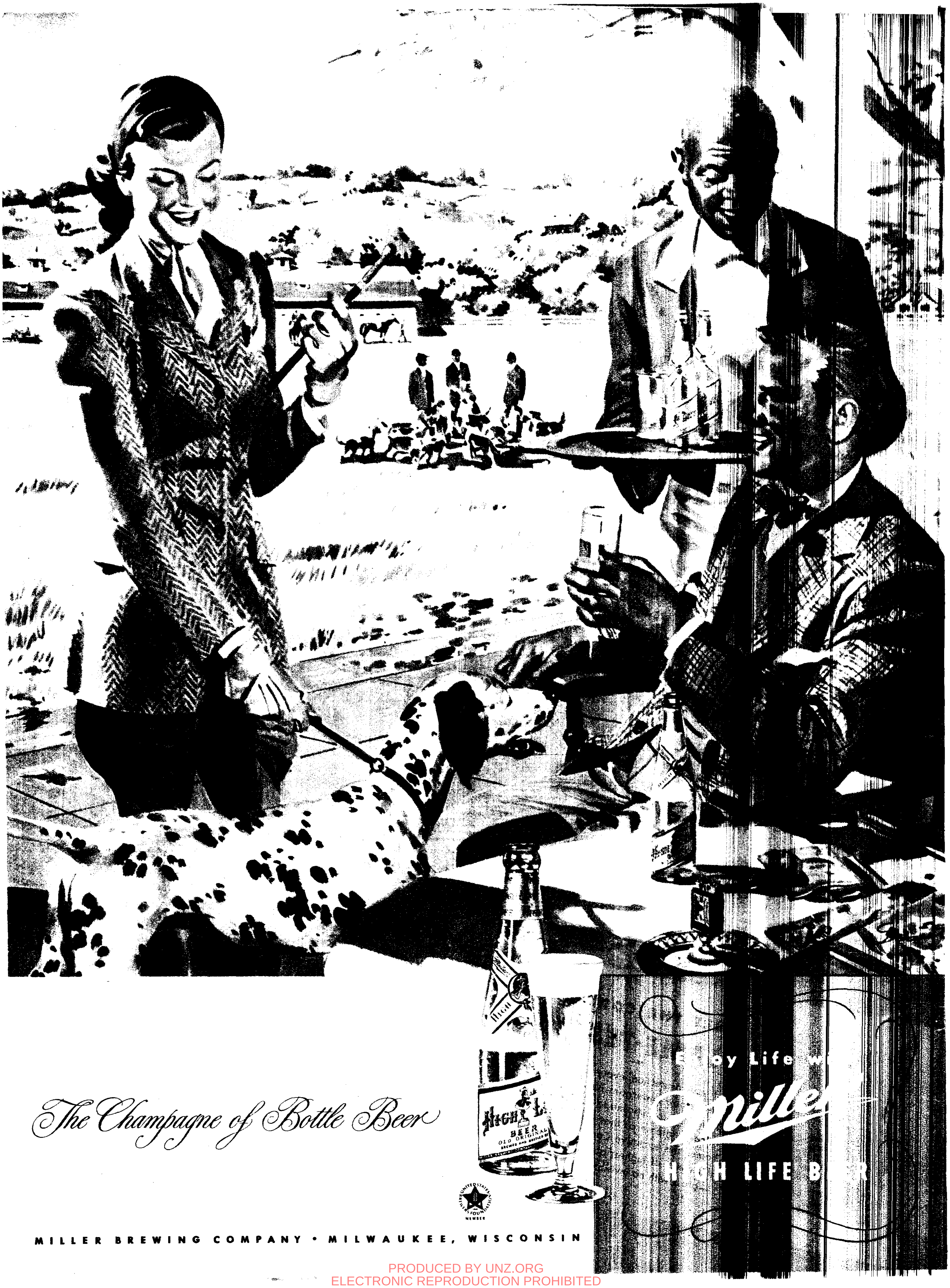
Distinctively hand-striped with platinum.

ONLY THE CORY HAS FLAME-TESTED GLASS!

REG.

For your protection, every Cory glass coffee brewer now undergoes blow torch type factory flame-testing. Exposed to concentrated heat nearly twice as intense as that which you use in your home. This exclusive Cory test is your assurance of highest quality heat-resistant glass —glass with no invisible stresses or strains.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Ware and Nye turned too, giving Lineer their close attention.

"It is," said Lineer.

"What kind of water is it?" Edwards' tone suddenly was sharp. These two days on the road to Tularosa Valley there had been little railroad talk. Edwards had been the affable guest. Now, for reasons not apparent, he was again the president of Great Western, the crisp captain of men and railroads.

"High mineral," said Lineer. "Mostly calcium. Magnesium. Lots of sodium."

"Hard as hell on boilers?"

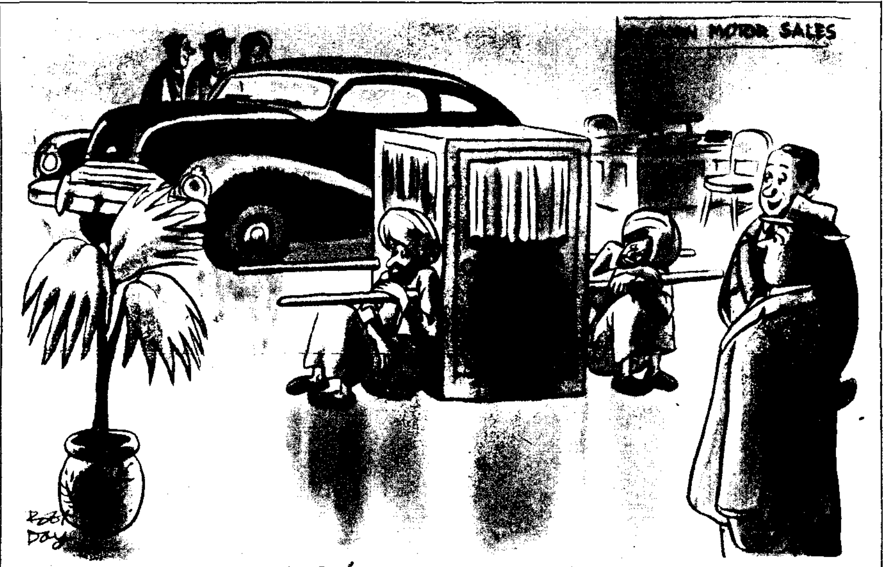
"It would be."

"Can you run a railroad with it?"

"Thomason ordered analyses on it," said Lineer. "When he gets back the reports we'll have a definite answer."

"You know this country, Jim," persisted Edwards. "Give me your best judgment."

Lineer considered his answer, meeting the steady insistence in Edwards' eyes. Ware and Nye waited without expression. He wondered fleetingly if they understood fully how vital was the question put to him. They did know it was important, for they dominated a country where men fought endlessly and died over water. And they were shrewd men who did not miss the inflection of a voice. Did they know that water, just any water, was not enough to run a railroad? It had to be water that would not foam and scale the boilers and blow engines and men to kingdom come.



"Now if you're thinking in terms of immediate delivery . . ."

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

He said finally, "This is part of a disagreement between Thomason and me. Are you taking up that disagreement now?"

"No."

"Then I would say: ground water, no; mountain water, yes."

"You still want to bring it down from the mountains?"

"That is the plan I submitted," said Lineer. "I've heard nothing that would justify changing it."

Edwards nodded and said no more. Old Nye held his eyes on Edwards for a long moment with his lawyer's keen absorption. He sent a speculative glance at Lineer before he turned away wearily, found a blanket and stretched out. Wilse Ware watched Edwards, his black eyes alive with his direct curiosity.

Lineer knew what was in their minds. Colonel Edwards did not do things without reason. He had insisted, in their presence, that Lineer commit himself on something that a chemist's report would settle beyond doubt. He had made public property of Lineer's plan to flume water down from the Sacramentos, and identified it as Lineer's plan. Why?

There was no obvious answer. This was but a part of larger questions that had challenged Lineer these last three days. He still could not understand why a man who controlled a sprawling empire of rails was giving his personal attention to a local coal road through an isolated valley. And there was his spoiled daughter who was to marry Thomason—why was she here where no woman belonged?

Lineer swung restlessly about, watching the second and third coaches stop. Beyond them the horse cavvy was coming up. Tracy Thomason stepped out of the last coach, giving a hand to the two women. Barbara Edwards' cheeks were dusty, but she looked surprisingly fresh.

Wilson Ware's nephew emerged last from the coach. He stood a moment facing Thomason, a trace of anger showing on his round face. The taller Thomason looked down at him with a half-humorous smile. Young Ware walked away, turning once to shoot a puzzled glance at Barbara. She did not notice, for Thomason was speaking frowningly down to her. She answered with a quick impatience. When he offered his arm she turned abruptly from him and walked alone to the group about her father.

Thomason followed, his face stubbornly set, the sudden stiffening of his gait revealing the moment when he became aware that half the party had witnessed the incident.

Barbara spoke to her father, nodded to the others and walked on toward the tent. As she passed close to Lineer she gave him a direct, smiling glance. He saw the faint paleness of anger beneath the curve of her lips and the furious glints in her green eyes.

Thomason stopped at her father's side, his eyes following her for a moment before he met Edwards' inquiring gaze.

"It's nothing," he said easily. "The strain of the day."

Edwards turned to watch his daughter's retreating back. There was bafflement in his expression, and resignation too. Yet it was clear in the way he watched the swing of her erect shoulders until she stooped at the tent flap that he had a father's deep pride in this girl.

Molly Riordan passed them on her way to the tent. Her glance moved over Thomason briefly and without expression. She smiled at Colonel Edwards.

"Like it, Molly?" he asked. Always there was a gentleness in his tone when he spoke to this girl. Seemingly she was a servant. Yet the comradeship between the two girls belied the relationship of mistress and maid. And Edwards treated her with the same affectionate courtesy he showed his daughter.

Molly's eyes swung around at the black juniper rim of the little canyon. "I—I don't know yet, sir," she said. Her head was poised as if to catch some distant, mysterious sound. "It's so faraway like." She dropped her head and hurried on up the slope.

The camp began to take shape. Wagon hands spread more blankets. Wagon tailgates set on blocks became a table. Even snowy linen appeared. Young Ware found bottles and glasses. Molly came out of the tent. The slim, graceful figure of Harry Keck moved around from the wagons. He went directly to her, speaking some word that brought pleasure to her face. He offered his arm. She took it hesitantly.

Off to the left, Jess Folsom's high, rasping voice said, "Now that's right nice." Keck swung half around to give him a long challenging stare. Molly Riordan kept her arm in Keck's, looking up at him uncertainly. Folsom's grin was friendly. His squat body was spread back against a wagon wheel. Yesterday he had shown that same friendly grin to Lineer, and no word had been spoken of the fight. But Keck, when he had ridden by once quite close to Lineer, flashed down at him a glance that held the cold shock of deadliness in it.

Colonel Edwards called to Lineer. He pointed over the valley slope to the southwest, where a black-shouldered peak rose to a rounded white crown of broken limestone. "You could delude yourself that it's a snow-capped peak," he said.

"I think we can see part of the Tularosa country from there," said Lineer. "Want to ride over and take a look?"

"Thanks, no, Jim. My old bones wouldn't stand it today." Edwards turned and walked away.

"I'm game," said the voice of Barbara Edwards.

LINEER turned in surprise, for he had not seen her leave the tent. He said, "It's two hours up to that peak. And rough."

"I'm still game," she said.

Thomason strolled over. "That's no ride for you Barbara," he said.

"I don't see why not." She looked up at Lineer, adding, "If Mr. Lineer will invite me."

Thomason stepped to her side. "Barbara, I don't want you to go."

"There is no good reason for you to take that attitude, Tracy," she said. "I'm going."

The muscles tightened in Thomason's cheeks. "You may not go," he snapped.

Lineer expected sudden temper, and he was not prepared for her smile as she said coldly, "I still go where I please and when I please, Mr. Tracy Thomason."

Thomason bent forward as though he longed to grab her shoulders and shake her. Then he controlled himself, matching her coldness. "Has it occurred to you that maybe you are not wanted?"

They turned expectantly to Lineer. Over Barbara's head Lineer saw that Colonel Edwards, ten yards away, was watching him too, half smiling and oddly intent.

It was an issue now. Created from nothing, it had grown into a quarrel in which Lineer must earn the antagonism of one or the other of them and, in the end, the enmity of both. For he sensed that this was part of a larger clash of wills that, when ultimately decided, would give a pattern to the marriage of these two. His instinct was to side with Thomason. He did not want to ride with this tempestuous girl. But in that moment he met Thomason's eyes, and the pale flakes of them gleamed with a threat that was bare and real and hot.

Lineer called to a Nye hand, "Saddle that big bay and a gentle one." He turned back to Barbara, speaking shortly, "If you have a heavy riding habit, get into it. This brush is no respecter of persons."

Thomason wheeled away without a word and flung himself on a blanket. Colonel Edwards studied Lineer with a long, slow regard. Up near the water tank Molly Riordan smiled at Harry Keck, dropped her arm and followed Barbara swiftly to the tent.

(To be continued next week)

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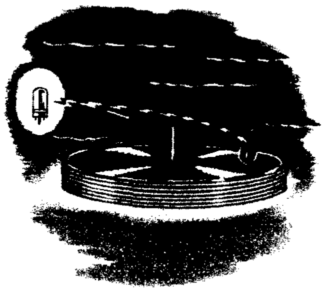

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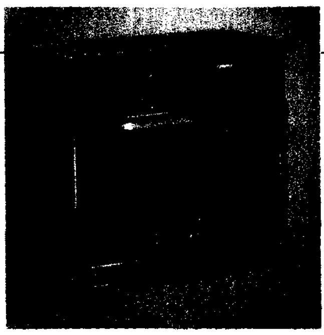

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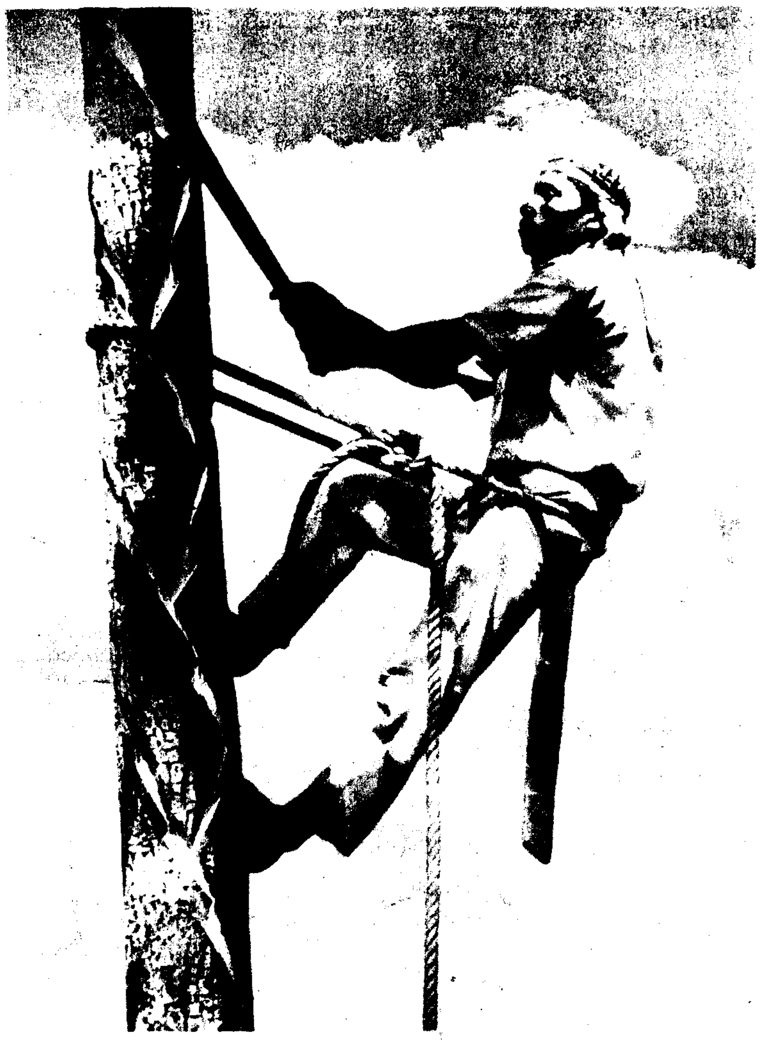
BEHIND YOUR STICK OF GUM

BY FRANK JELLINEK

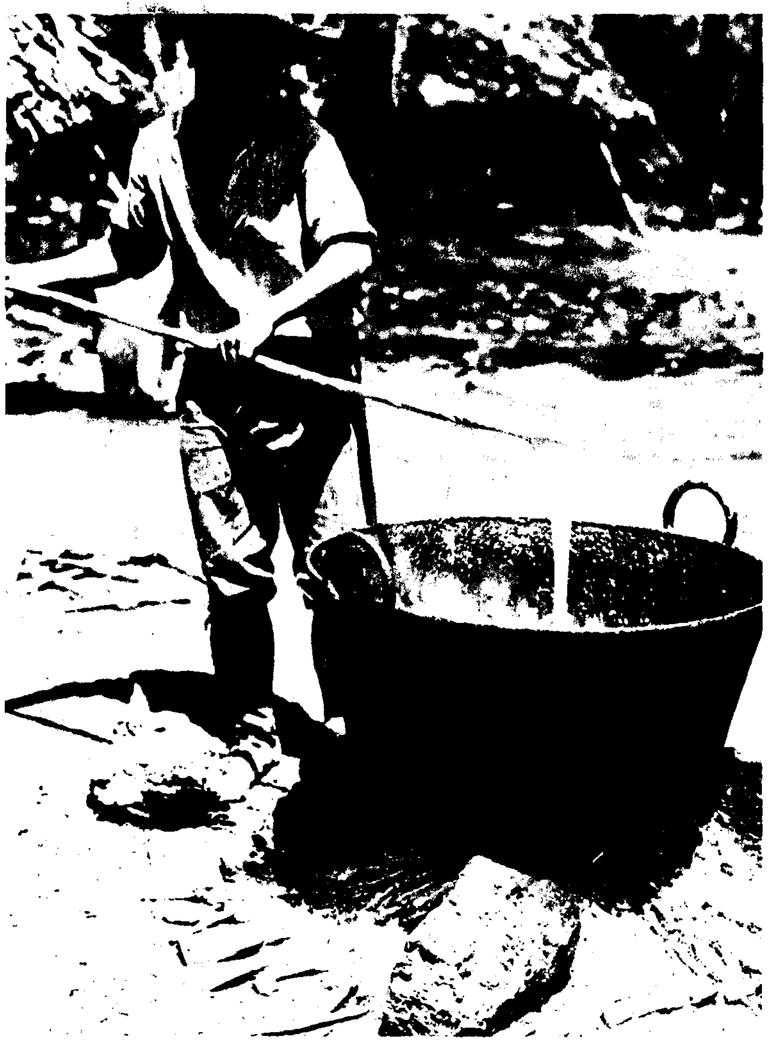
Chicle traverses a grim and dangerous trail—from the steaming jungles of Mexico to the counter of your drugstore



EWING GALLOWAY

A worker (above) climbs a "chico zapote" tree, cutting V-shaped gashes in bark. Sap runs down trunk to waterproof sack, is then boiled (below) to convert it from liquid to solid. Rough gray bars of chicle are shipped to factories

EWING GALLOWAY



IN AN average nonwar year, the people of the United States spend about $100,000,000 on chewing gum. Every day, the City of New York champs its jaws on $12,000. The U.S. manufactures nearly all the chewing gum in the world and consumes nearly all of it. Advertising, manufacture and wrapping cost the manufacturers millions.

Behind these statistics lies the grim story of the jungles of Campeche and Quintana Roo, in Mexico's far south. For reasons not yet fully investigated, only these two sweltering, mainly unexplored regions where the Gulf Stream rises can produce first-class chicle, the gum from which the finished product is made. There are 50 ingredients in a stick of gum, but the basis must always be chicle. And the gathering of chicle is a little-known story.

There are few more hazardous big-scale industries. There are few where working conditions are so dangerous and primitive. Chicle, although it is refined in model factories before it reaches your teeth, traverses a trail of blood, mud, sweat and tears. Even improvements made during the past few years have been able to do little to remedy conditions. Nothing can alter the fact that a good crop depends on rain and a good harvest on the workers' ability to climb a 60-foot *chico zapote* tree with nothing more than a rope and his feet.

No one has yet been able to suggest any feasible method of financing or insurance. The retail price of a package of good gum has always been a nickel. The amount of first-class chicle inside the stick may vary from 8 to 30 per cent. This is the affair of the manufacturers. But down in the city of Campeche, a walled, historic port where the extraordinarily handsome white inhabitants attribute their looks to the pirate raids several generations back, huge fortunes are made and lost purely by the rains.

Seek Chicle Harvest in Steaming Jungles

The tall *chico zapote* tree is scattered about in the jungles, on land which is mainly Mexican state property. There are no stands of trees. The individual gum-rich tree must be sought through jungle which is not in the slightest colorful. In the Campeche and Quintana Roo jungles there is no profusion of orchids or picturesque birds. The jungle is hot, steamy, spiky and dark. Twenty thousand *chicleros* and their families live there ten months in the year.

The actual process of extracting chicle is much like gathering rubber. Groups of ten men and a foreman seek suitable trees. Each man slings a rope over a branch, shins up—climbing irons are now banned in Campeche for fear of ruining the trees—and cuts V-shaped slices in the bark. The bottom of each V joins the cut below, and they drain into a waterproof sack tied to the bottom of the trunk. When it rains the sap flows. When it does not, the tree, thus cut, may die.

It takes a tree five or six years to recover from bleeding, but it has taken at least 50 years to get it into a state to bear. Most of the trees in these jungles are very old indeed and were there long before Columbus discovered America. But in the jungle it is almost impossible to replant young trees. Creeper life stifles the shoots. You cannot—though it has been tried—make a chicle "plantation."

The *chiclero* may spend years in the jungles with only the briefest intervals at the fiestas following the end of the season. But he is an aristocrat of labor. It is a simple question of supply and demand.

The native tribes of these remote regions will not undertake the dangerous work. The *chicleros* come from all over Mexico. They are sought far and wide. It is no work for unemployed bums. It is not every man, not even every Mexican, who can climb the bare trunk of a 60-foot tree, delicately cut the bark—and, above all, live ten months of the year

The Brogue 493

Here's what's afoot for Fall:

Bold detail, new "Golden Turf" shade... for distinction in your Crosby Square Shoes

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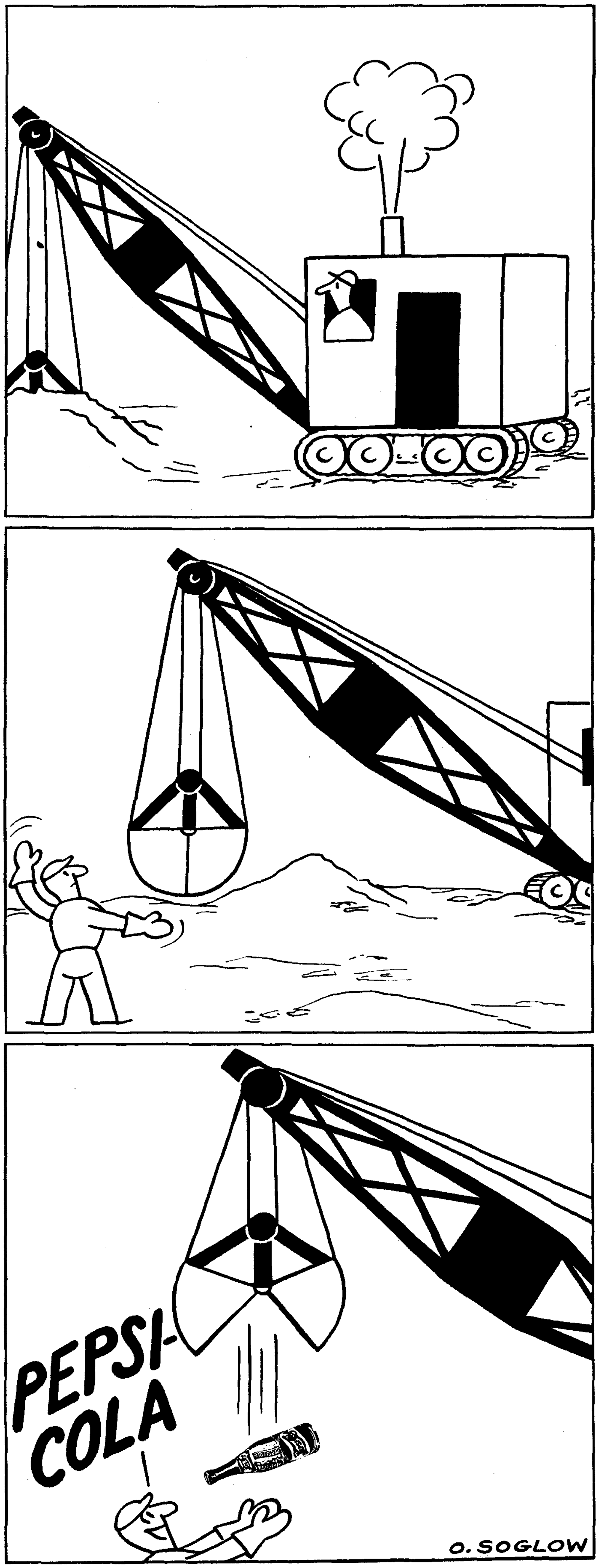
Men who know their footwear have found they can depend on Crosby Square for fashions that are right, comfort that is satisfying, and wear that is long — at prices that are reasonable.

Look over the wide selection of handsome, he-man shoes for Fall your Crosby Square dealer is showing now. And take that "step to distinction." . . . *The House of Crosby Square, Division of Mid-States Shoe Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

Crosby Square
Authentic Fashions
IN MEN'S SHOES

Crosby Square Authentic Fashion grade at medium prices. Pre-Flex and Airfilm Shoes, somewhat higher.



in the jungle without running amuck.

The risk of the whole industry is increased by the system of "advances." The men are recruited by contractors, most of whom live in the city of Campeche. At the great fiestas in May they hire their men. A good *chiclero* can produce about 1,000 pounds of the latex in a season, worth about $260 to him. The workers are paid according to what they bring in. The contractor, who has received cash in advance from the U.S. companies who need the chicle, offers the worker an advance of nearly half.

Nowadays in Campeche and Quintana Roo, there is almost nothing to prevent the worker taking the cash and disappearing. Besides, if the rains do not come, it is not the worker's fault that he cannot deliver his quota. The loss is passed on to the contractor and eventually to the company. It is not permitted to set off a worker's deficiency for one season against the next. The worker starts clean when the season begins each May.

Neither the companies nor the contractors have any method of insuring themselves against this kind of loss. The Mexican government had a scheme by which it collected a fund based on $7 per quintal of 101 pounds—all chicle in the raw state is reckoned in quintales—to pay off arrears to the U.S. companies, but when the rains failed in 1944 and '45, the plan had to be postponed. The companies, Campeche contractors think, lost about $15,000 in 1944, a bad year, on advances to the contractors. Of course, they recouped a great deal during the war, since the armed forces were chewing 600 sticks per head as compared with the usual civilian average of 107.

The contractors who do the companies' work locally, taking concessions from the Mexican government for thousands of jungle acres, finding the workers, appointing the overseers and becoming responsible for the whole process from tapping the trees to delivering the grayish bars of the *quintales* to the company offices in Campeche or the Yucatán capital, Mérida, are usually as tough as they come. Most of the old-timers began as explorers, workers or overseers themselves. Their tough straw-boss characters were forged by years of fighting the jungle.

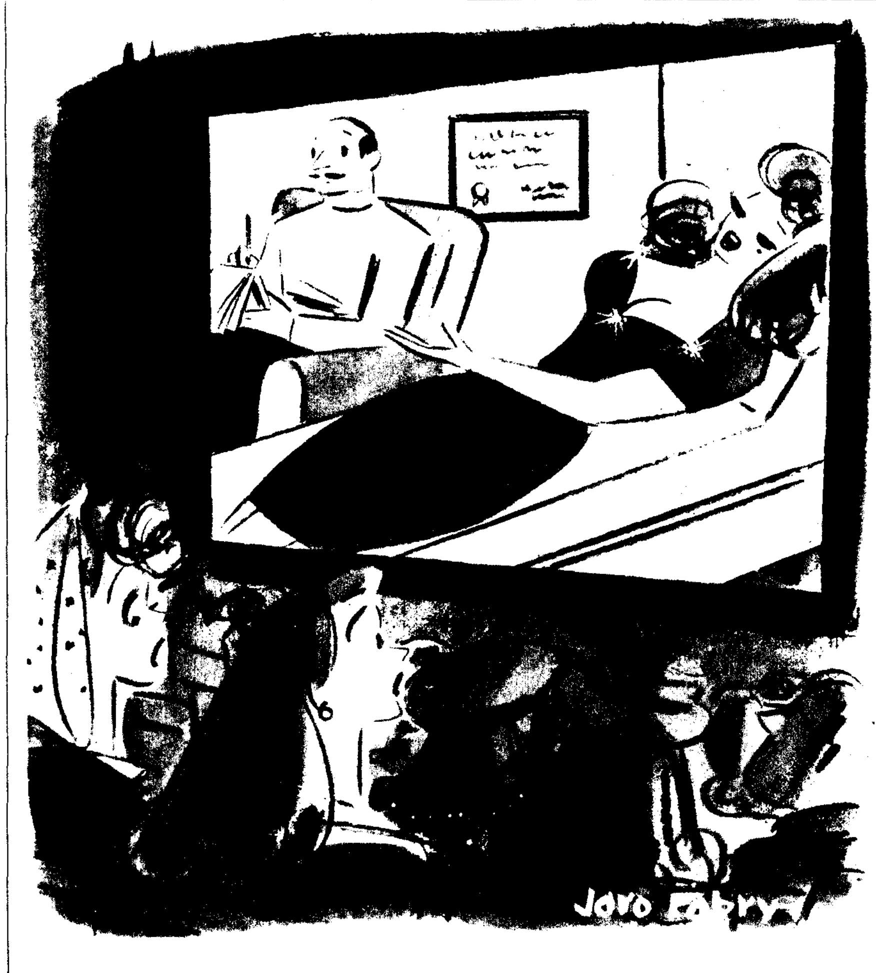
Until a few years ago, only 37 of them exploited millions of acres. Now there are 97 in Campeche. In the old days, they drove their workers into the jungle in May and kept them there, virtual slaves, until the following February. They raided each other's concessions with gun and fire. In Quintana Roo, which is a federal territory, not a state, the contractors are often still war lords and they still raid.

Where Law of the Whip Governs

Both Campeche and Quintana Roo have been unionized and government-controlled for ten years. But in Chiapas, where the second-class reddish latex is produced, there is no union and no government committee. There are only unlimited virgin jungles and the law of the whip, wielded by overseers appointed by the contractors—men to whom Simon Legree would have seemed a sissy.

The big contractors have to be pure gamblers. Some have made fortunes. But if they go bankrupt, they can always return to their old profession as overseers. They often do. They were trained in the old days, when it took 14 days to reach the jungle "centrals" on mule back, and there was no way in or out for ten months except through the "breaches." These were worn transportation paths between the solid walls of the great lianas, behind which lurked the horrors of the unknown. At the breaches stood armed men.

Twenty thousand men, women and children in Campeche and almost as many in neighboring Quintana Roo lead a strange life to provide Americans with chewing gum. In May, there is a great fiesta at Tenosique, on the noble Usumacinta River, where the chicle workers, already given their advances in Campeche, foregather to buy their tools—two cutlasses and collecting bags—and to take leave of civilization. The con-



"In her next picture she loses her mind—then she's going back to musicals"

COLLIER'S JARO FABRY

Own a new DESOTO for one day and you'll say it's remarkable. After one week you'll say it's marvelous. After one month you'll say, "Best car I ever owned, *regardless of price.*"

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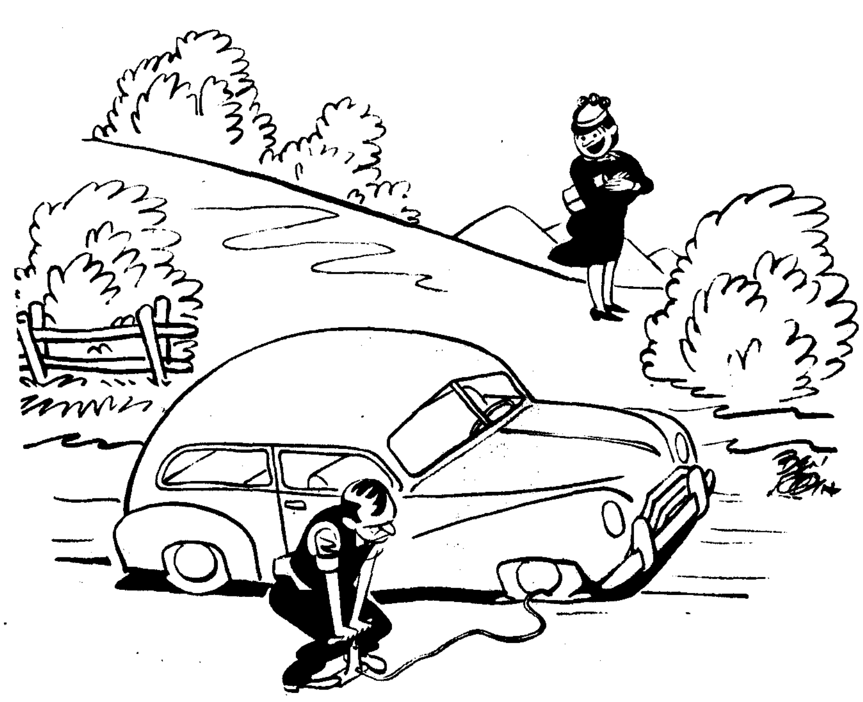
tractors' men slink around the booths, lighted by oil flares, pouncing on the last recruits for their crews. Shotgun rotgut rum is sold illegally. Bedraggled women display the last of their charms, hoping to be taken on as "cooks" in the jungle centrals. Young fliers from the big contractors' outfits wander around the plaza seeking adventure.

The families gather. Some of them will walk through the breaches for days until they reach their workplaces. The more skilled workers will be flown in, with medicines, big boiling pans and ten months' rations bought, by law, at wholesale prices. Whole conglomerations of Indians and half-breeds prepare for ten months in the jungle.

They go up to the *monte*—the scrub country—long before the rains begin. They settle down, clear a space for subsistence crops, often imperiling vast regions of tinder-dry jungle by burning off the undergrowth. They build their "homes"—four bamboo poles and a leaning roof of big flat leaves—against the north wind. The rains will not come before August or September, but before that the jungle must be surveyed. The capricious Gulf Stream, fifty miles away off the coast, may make fast work necessary. Meantime, the crops must be grown, because in remote Campeche, where the airplane is more familiar than the truck or train, food at the company store costs a dollar a day.



COLLIER'S "Why don't you refill all of your tires, Jim? The air seems so fresh and clean here!" BEN ROTH

After the rains come, there is again a wild fiesta in honor of All Souls and All Saints, when the contractors have to bring in genuine rum. Otherwise the workers will always fall for shotgun liquor and bootleg a quintal of chicle—six weeks' pay—for one night of forgetfulness of the jungle obsession.

At the end of February, the season's work is finished. The workers descend again on the towns—Tenosique and Campeche. The contractors pay in cash. The respectable inhabitants of Campeche stay home all day and all night for two weeks. Then the cycle begins again.

Though there is little compulsion, the personnel of the *chicleros* does not vary much from season to season. The advances in cash and the temptations of the fiestas—in which the contractors are often not wholly disinterested commercially—work a sinister attraction. But very few of them understand why they are thus working. They were hired to extract chicle. They have not heard of chewing gum. The more enlightened do chew gum, but they consider it an exotic habit.

The romance of chicle goes back possibly thousands of years. It began, long before Columbus, in the strange civilization of the Mayas. Embedded in the ruins of Uxmal, in Yucatán, is a *chico zapote* tree trunk at least 700 years old. The Mayas made the gum into balls, believing it was a kind of rubber. With these balls they played a game somewhat like basketball.

Three hundred years later, an exiled Mexican general, called Antonio Lopez de Santa Ana, met a New Jersey merchant, Thomas Adams, on Staten Island. Adams noticed that his friend was perpetually chewing on the bark and resin of the *chico zapote* tree, which grew near Santa Ana's estates in Veracruz.

Adams, like the Mayas, thought the gum was a new kind of rubber. But when he realized it was not he flavored some of it with licorice and founded a new folk habit.

The masticating habit has obviously come to stay, but the supply of first-class chicle is dwindling. Campeche old-timers give it 15 years at most. All the trees have been discovered, they say. The jungle has been charted, so far as the *chico zapote* possibilities are concerned.

When the rains failed in 1944 and '45, losses were very considerable. But such disasters may actually prolong the supply of first-class chicle, if everyone concerned in its production does not go bankrupt first.

Chicle has never been of any use for anything except chewing gum, and good chewing gum has never been made without chicle. During World War II, the U.S. Rubber Reserve, the Desmond Company and others tried to revive the ancient Maya idea of making rubber from the *chico zapote* resin. They were not successful.

A black market in chewing gum developed, however. The bulk of the big companies' production was set aside for the U.S. armed forces. Smaller companies sprang up or raised their production for civilian demands. Mexico itself, where chewing gum had hitherto been virtually unknown, began to chew, and small factories were opened. Fifteen per cent of the crop was set aside for "national consumption," but the contractors say that much of this was bootlegged out. They all have stories of suspicious characters haunting the hot cafés of Campeche, where they offered attractive prices and no questions were asked.

There is more than a suspicion that, although the bad seasons of 1943 to 1945 led to official statements that not half the allotted quotas had been filled, a good deal of the chicle was smuggled out of the jungles to unknown destinations. For even the most unscrupulous manufacturer needs at least some chicle in his gum, and transportation difficulties and enemy occupation had cut the supply of second-class gum from Chiapas, Guatemala and the British Malay States.

In recent years, the Mexican government has developed a widespread inspection and supervision service in the jungles. When outside companies tried to buy chicle in midseason, they were refused permits. On the other hand, the government has for years prevented the big companies from monopolizing the whole yield and fixing the price.

In addition, the government, through the Chicle Committee in Campeche, founded in 1939, sees that workers receive a fixed price, known in advance, for a given amount brought in, food at wholesale prices and medical attention. The Chicle Workers Union gets cash contributions from the Committee and has equipped a much-needed hospital in Campeche with 85 beds. It expects to open a larger hospital shortly. Eight thousand of the 12,000 employed are Union members. But the old-time contractors still prefer to recruit their own men.

The contractors do not belong to the all-powerful Committee. They even complain that they are not permitted to enter its offices. They must, however, pay a contribution to its upkeep and they are subject to inspection out at the centrals and *hatos* where the chicle is boiled and collected.

A Losing Battle in the Courts

The reason for government control is that the jungles belong to the state. The one big private concession, the Mexican Gulf Land and Lumber Company, acquired by U.S. investors some 40 years ago and covering half a million acres of uncharted chicle and lumber jungle, was recently expropriated after a five-year struggle in the courts. It had never produced very much chicle.

Despite all modern improvements, the getting of chicle will always remain a hazardous and perilous business. Possibly the very hazards and perils, the easy, though hardly excessive, profits will always attract adventurers until the trees are drained dry.

Men seem likely to go on climbing the 60-foot trees, waiting for the rains, collecting sap and brewing it over the great fires.

Campeche and Chetumal bask in the tropic sun. In the company warehouses, the clerks count the quintales, separating the gray blocks from the red squares that are inferior stuff from Chiapas or Guatemala. In Quintana Roo, colonels with federal concessions plan raids across the borders of their breaches. Over the fires at the centrals, where the bubbling *chico zapote* sap is deprived of its humidity and formed into the rough bars that will be shipped to New Jersey, squatting men tell legends of blood and terror.

In South Bend, Indiana, an irate theatergoer removes gingerly from his pants the gob that has permitted an overworked stenographer to get through the day without succumbing to hysteria. That gob represents the extraordinary risks accepted by a whole series of men thousands of miles away, about which most of South Bend and the rest of America has never conceived even the remotest idea.

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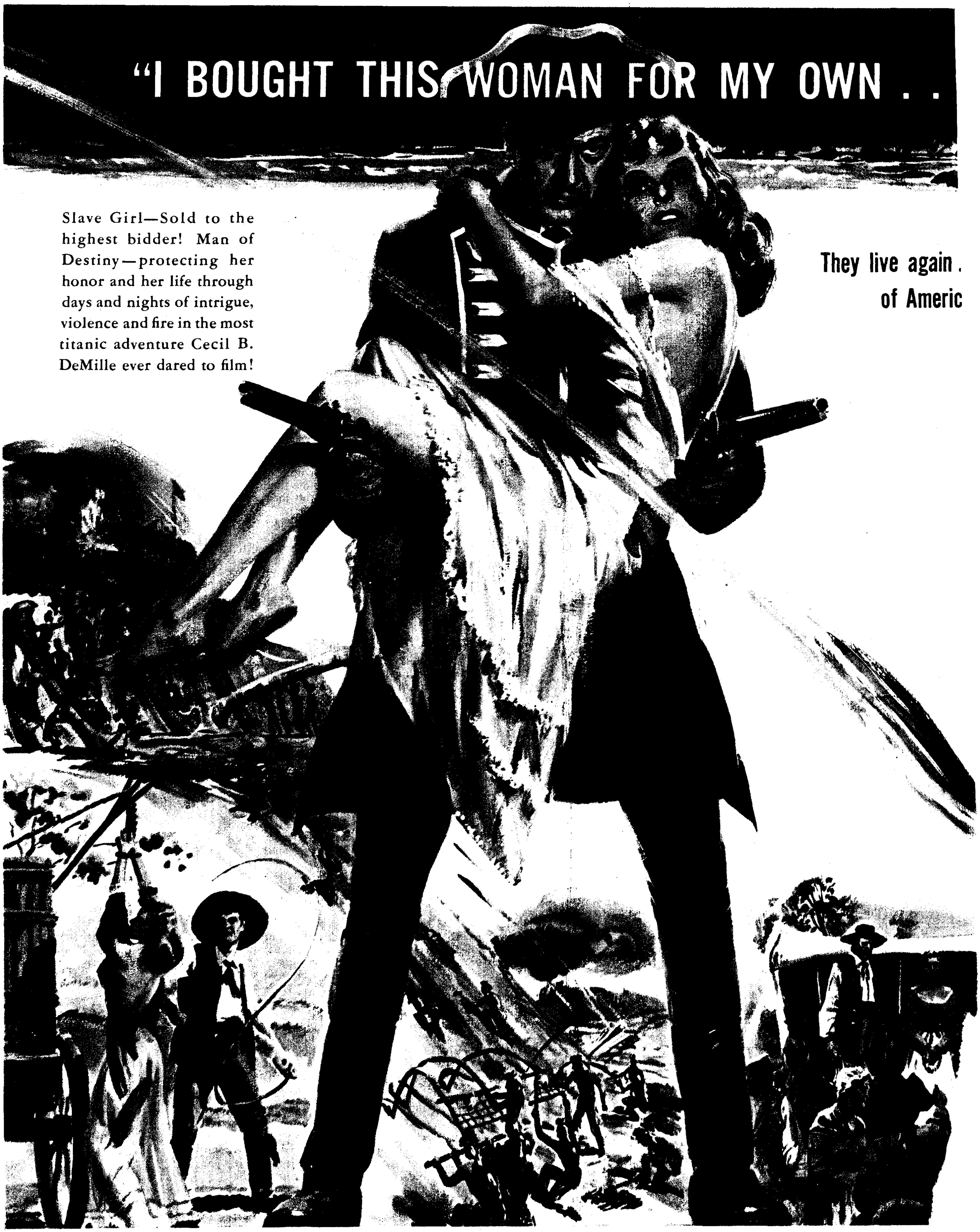

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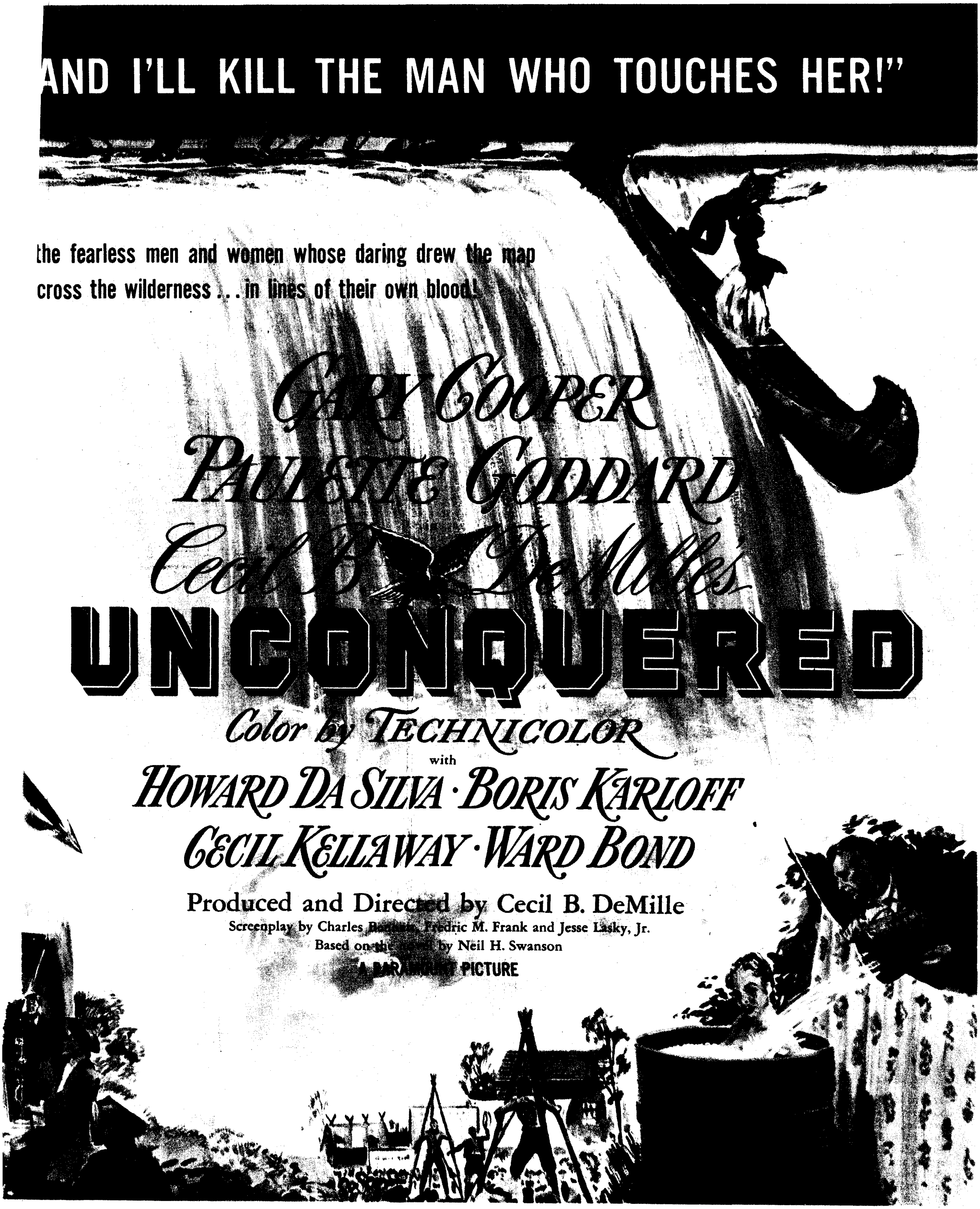

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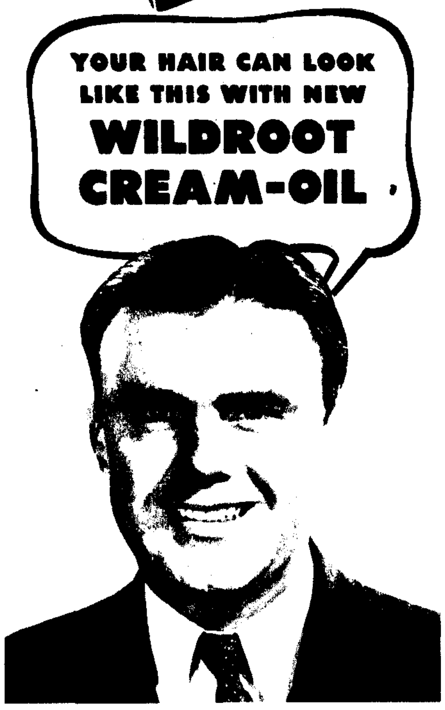

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CHARLIE SQUIRES AND THE SEVEN MARCHETTIS

Continued from page 16

Manufacturers—and, of course, Bert Buell—he's the worst enemy we had."

Mr. Ashcraft shrugged and okayed the cost sheets.

"Maybe you know what you're doing," he said.

"When I get Bert Buell into this little nest," said Charlie, "you'll apologize for doubting me.

By now the Grand Embassy had been dusted, scrubbed, painted, refurnished and the sheets had been laundered. Marble gleamed, chromium glittered and everywhere you looked you could find cordiality, humility and new potted palms. One by one the old customers were beginning to forgive and forget. But it was still a struggle and Charlie was busy and happy. Miss Enright, his secretary, would stagger home on Fridays all but weeping with fatigue.

"Ye Gods, what a live wire!" she said once to Susie. "How do you stand living with him?"

"You see more of him than I do," Susie said.

And that was true. Charlie had a theory that five hours' sleep was all he needed. Day and night he'd come dashing into his suite for thirty-minute cat naps, thus giving the impression of working around the clock. He was an inspiration to the staff.

"Ah, Susie!" he'd cry, throwing himself on the bed. "There's nothing like hotel work to burn up excess energy. No waiting around here, like there is in the Air Corps. Nobody stays forever—they check out sometime, and you have to get 'em back. And think of it! Right under this roof there's love and anger, birth and death, murder and suicide—and hundreds of employees all speaking different languages, most of which I'm planning to learn. Why, this business can keep a man excited his whole life long."

CHARLIE hit hard and got away fast. Conventions that had been abandoned to places like Okinomweok pocketed their pride and signed up again. Lawsuits were settled for a gin and bitters in the Cock 'n' Feather. The Seven Marchetti Brothers, earnest acrobats whom Charlie had first seen leaping about in a USO spotlight at Lingling, were packing the Tiger Room to the walls, twice nightly. The house count began gradually to climb.

Susie, who vaguely sensed the restlessness that came with each success, could always hearten Charlie by reminding him of Bert.

"Ah, yes," he'd say, brightening at once. "*He* won't collapse like some of these other sissies. He'll go down fighting, see if he doesn't!"

H. Bertrand Buell's fury was unabated. He slammed doors, banged down receivers, sent back unopened letters; flowers, bottles and candy were coldly refused.

"They don't come any tougher," Charlie said, admiringly. "Why, I wouldn't be surprised if it took me a coupla years to calm him down."

But one day, after he'd landed the National Association of Glove and Parka Manufacturers, Susie found him in the suite reading a poultry journal. He was very depressed.

"Darling, what's the matter?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm not sure the Cock 'n' Feather was such a hot idea," he said, morosely. "These guys are getting to be pushovers."

Susie aimed her random arrow.

"Well," she said, brightly, "you've still got Bert!"

But this time it didn't cheer him.

"I can outthink H. Bertrand Buell," he said, flipping pages listlessly.

"How do you know?"

"I've been working the angles on him," he said wearily. "Reports are coming in. He's beginning to crack."

"You mean—he's going to *stop* here?"

"Looks like it," sighed Charlie.

"But, Charlie! Even if he does, how'll you get him down to the Cock 'n' Feather? And if you do get him there, will he drink with you?"

Charlie put the magazine down and paced the room. "And then there's *Mrs.* Buell," Susie reminded him.

Charlie lit up.

"That's so!" he said. "Maybe I'll make another trip to Toledo."

He came back from Toledo and sang in the shower and Susie was bewildered but happy again.

And then, one bright August morning, Kenneth Ashcraft bolted into the suite at breakfast time.

"Charlie," he cried, "you've done it!"

Charlie Squires broke off a piece of toast.

"What now?" he asked, indifferently.

"Bert Buell's in the penthouse. I've sent up a basket of bananas and oranges."

Charlie's face went white. "Is Mrs. Buell with him?" he asked.

"No. She's at home in Toledo. He's traveling alone. Go get him, Charlie!"

Charlie reached for the phone. "Mr. Buell?" he said, briskly, in his professional manner. "Anything I can do for you this morning?"

Then a slow grin tugged at his lips; he put the receiver down and gave it an affectionate pat.

"Well?" shouted Ashcraft. "What'd he say?"

"Great guy, H. Bertrand," said Charlie, hitching up his belt. "He's still sore. Hung up on me." He paused in the doorway. "Ever notice Bert's fraternal emblems?"

"What about 'em?" asked Ashcraft.

"I'm gonna use psychology," said Charlie. "I'll hogtie the guy with his own watch chain."

"Hold on!" cried Ashcraft, who always liked to be in on the kill. "Where'll I meet you?"

"Wait in your office," Charlie told hin mysteriously. "And let nothing surpris you." He came back and kissed Susie "This is the World Series, Sweetie Pie,' he said.

H. Bertrand Buell sat in the penthous living room bulging in tweeds and a monogrammed blue shirt. It was saic that he'd been an economics professor before he'd joined the Roadmasters. Bu that wasn't all he'd joined. His watcl chain sagged with emblems of fraterna orders and secret societies, of countr) clubs, luncheon clubs and the Elks. Or his left hand he wore a ring which spelled: BERT in small diamonds and his name, H. BERTRAND BUELL, was traced in gold on the buckle of his belt. Charlie had thought deeply about this brave display of jewelry and had concluded this about him: H. Bertrand Buell was a man who wasn't dead sure he could get in. He joined to find out.

HE WORE pince-nez on a long black cord. When Charlie came in he perched them on his nose and opened his mouth to speak.

But Charlie interrupted.

"Buell, " he said, sharply, "I want to make something clear to you. I asked you here at Mr. Ashcraft's insistence—"

Bert got up.

"Asked me!" he roared. "*Asked* me! Why, damn you, Squires, you've sandbagged me. My banker, my lawyer, the chief of police of Toledo, all of 'em begging me to give you one more chance." He shook a big finger under Charlie's nose. "You tell Ashcraft I control my own convention, I owe no money, I've committed no crimes. I checked in here as a courtesy to three friends of mine and now I'm checking out."

"Good," said Charlie.

Bert's jaw sagged.

"What did you say?"

Charlie looked him over with distaste.

"We're all booked up," he said insultingly. "We don't want you."

Bert's neck swelled.

"Well," he said with heavy sarcasm, "you're quite the salesman, Squires."

Charlie polished his fingernails on his lapel, then looked at them appraisingly.

"Oh, I'm not bad," he said. "I'm just not trying this morning."

He glanced casually into Bert's open mouth and turned to the phone.

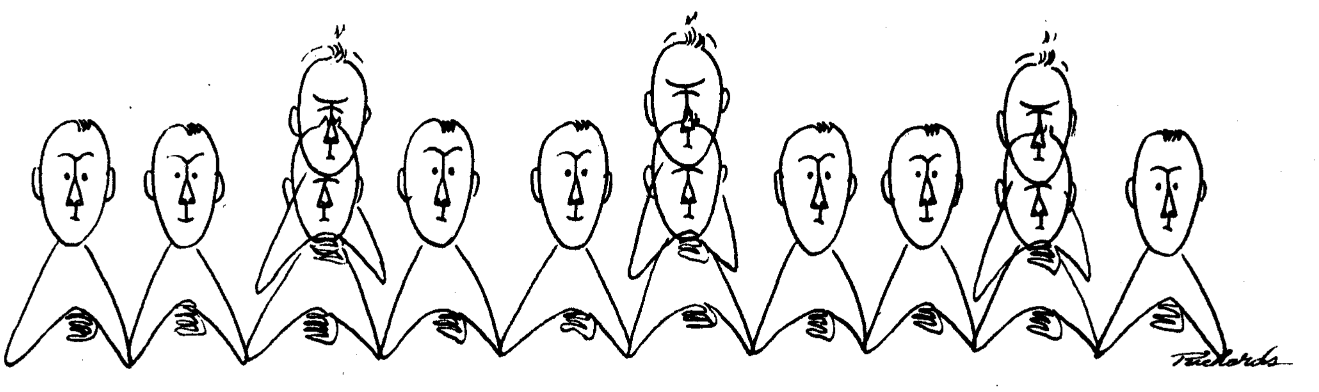
"Send a boy to the penthouse for Mr. Buell's bags," he said, crisply. "And if he comes here again, don't give him a room."

Then he nodded coldly and sauntered out.

Fifteen minutes later he was sipping coffee at his desk when Kenneth Ashcraft came stumbling in, followed by a jingle of emblems.

"Charlie!"

"Yes?"



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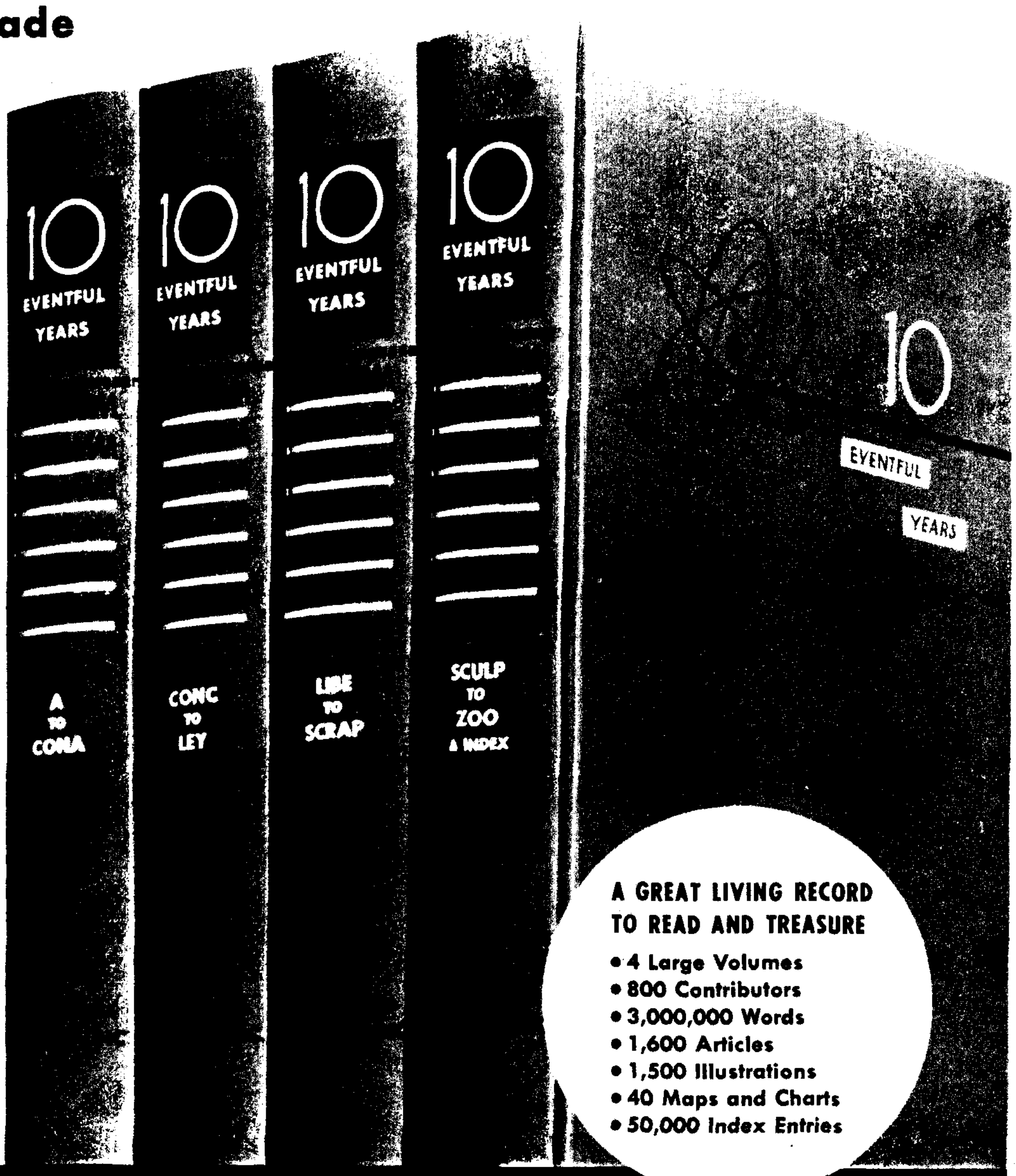

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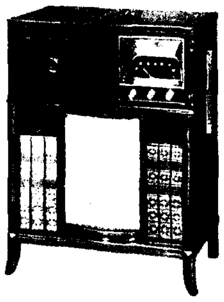

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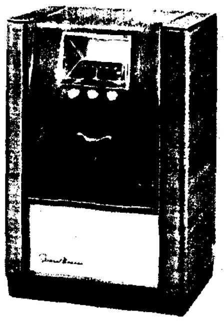

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CHICAGO 14 ILLINOIS

The old man put both hands on the desk.

"I can't believe my ears, Charlie. Mr. Buell says you insulted him!"

"Oh?" Charlie's tone took on a note of surprise. He put his cup down. "He got it, did he?"

Bert Buell arrived and pointed a quivering finger

"That's the way he talked to me upstairs! Fire him!"

Charlie tilted back in his chair, put his feet on the desk.

"Mr. Ashcraft," he said, flicking his cigarette, "if you want Bert Buell in this hotel—you book him. And if you book him—you handle him." He picked up a letter. "And if you don't like what I'm saying, here's my resignation!"

Kenneth Ashcraft was patting the wall trying to find the button.

"Now, boys!" he cried as the panel slid open. "Let's have a friendly little drink in the Cock 'n' Feather." He grabbed Bert's arm and shoved him in. "There's been a misunderstanding. Let's straighten it out."

"Make mine tea," said Charlie. "I'll be damned if I'll drink with him."

But he patted the wall behind him, found the button; the door closed, and H. Bertrand Buell was in the nest.

BREATHING hard, Bert lowered himself into a red-leather arm chair. His cheeks were twitching.

"Now, then," he said, staring nervously at Ashcraft, who was making lightning motions back of the bar. "Look here. Damn it all, I've got a right to know what brought this on!"

Ashcraft missed his aim with the seltzer but managed somehow to pour two jiggers for Bert.

"Speak up, Charlie," the old man cried. "Cards on the table. Bring it out in the open. What's got into you?"

"I'll tell you what's got into me," said Charlie furiously, passing Bert his glass. "I'd slept in a ditch all night in Lingling—cold and miserable—and when the mail came, here was a letter from Susie telling me H. Bertrand Buell had kicked a sailor's seabag across the lobby in a childish burst of temper because he couldn't get a room! Didn't know there was a war on. Why, it made me so cockeyed mad—"

Bert was hammering on the table.

"I had a room," he shouted. "They threw me out of it!"

"Details," stormed Charlie. "Did you kick some poor gob's seabag, or didn't you? That's what I want to know."

"He had his reasons," screamed Mr. Ashcraft.

"They threw my wife and me out of here into a blizzard," roared Bert. "Can you ask for a better reason than that?"

"Why, you knew that, Charlie," protested Mr. Ashcraft. "I told you myself."

"Nothing of the sort," bellowed Charlie. "I didn't find out until this peasant started throwing ash trays at me in Toledo."

But he allowed himself to be persuaded. By then, Bert's glass had been emptied three times and a yearning for approval was warm within him. In the end, Charlie reluctantly agreed to join them for dinner in the Tiger Room. With even greater reluctance he promised to bring Susie. And when Bert finally reeled away toward the elevator Mr. Ashcraft said, admiringly, mopping his brow:

"I'm beginning to see it, Charlie." He dried the inside of his collar. "I'll have to hand it to you. You're a master psychologist, my boy!"

"Tonight's the night," said Charlie, grimly. "Never underestimate H. Bertrand Buell."

He slept three hours, the longest nap he'd had since 1945, and then, at six o'clock, put on his dinner clothes and went downstairs with Susie to meet Bert Buell. He was right. Bert was sober, and when Ashcraft joined them at the table he fired the first gun:

"I called Toledo and consulted Mrs. Buell on the phone this noon, before I took my shower," he said, coldly. "She had an interesting comment to make about this hotel."

"What was that?" asked Ashcraft, politely.

"She wouldn't be found dead in it," Bert said.

MR. ASHCRAFT shot a worried glance at Charlie and found him smiling.

"Now, now," the old man improvised hastily. "Let's have a drink. What'll it be, Bert, old boy?"

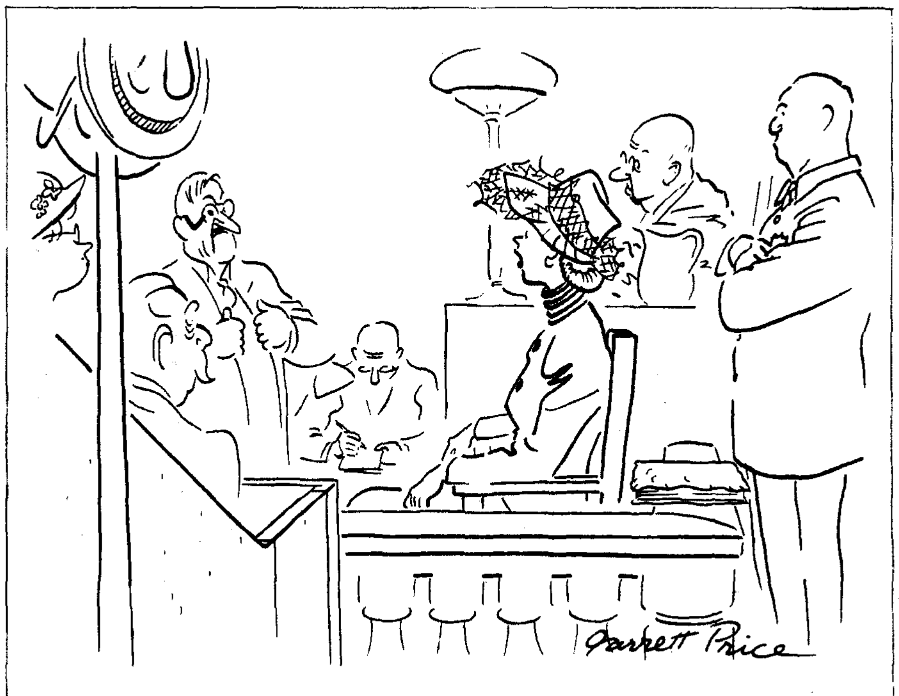
"Tomato juice," said Bert promptly. "It may help the hang-over I've already got. Smart guy, aren't you, Squires?"

Charlie was gazing at Bert in open admiration.

"You're okay, Bertrand," he said, nodding his head. "You're fast on your feet."

"Don't sweet-talk me!" cried Bert. "Come on, Ashcraft, order my dinner and let me get out of here."

Ashcraft nervously called the waiter and it was then that Susie went to work on Bert. All sweet attention and swift



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flashing smiles, she got a Martini down him, and another, and finally a third. She laughed gaily at his tired old jokes, admired his emblems, listened wide-eyed to the story of his life. Then she mellowed him further with onion soup and *poulet à la Stanley* with Château Yquem 1928. Then Cherries Jubilee. And, finally, Ashcraft's last bottle of V.S.O.P. brandy. It was the brandy that won him over.

"Mrs. Buell would like *you,* Susie," said Bert thickly at ten o'clock.

"She can never forgive us, I know," said Susie, fluttering her lashes. Then, appealingly, aiming for Bert's big heart: "Even if you take your convention to another hotel in October, I shall do my best to make her happy. I remember seeing her when you were here last time. She's beautiful."

"Beautiful," echoed Kenneth Ashcraft.

Charlie, sitting gloomily with his chin in his hands, felt a slipper against his shin.

"Yes, yes," he said, joining in. "Beautiful, beautiful."

Bert warmed a big brandy snifter between his palms and drank it down. His eyes were like marbles now. He fixed them on Susie.

"When I tell Mrs.—" Bert paused.

"Buell," said Susie, helpfuly.

"Yes. When I tell Mrs. Buell about you, Susie, everything's going to be all right." He splashed more brandy into his glass. "Af'er the floor show," he said owlishly, "let's all get together and set the dates."

"Hear that?" cried Mr. Ashcraft, patting some spilled wine with his napkin. "Hear that, Charlie?"

Susie signaled the roving photographer to take their picture. A beaming group—all but Charlie, who was sadly drawing a map of Lingling on the tablecloth.

Susie nudged him again.

"What's the matter?" she formed with her lips. "What is it?"

Charlie glared at Bert. "Quitter," he said, under his breath.

It was at the roll of the drum announcing the floor show that an idea struck him, spiraling into his mind from something Bert had said. He'd had drink for drink with Bertrand but his head was clear as a bell. It seemed to him that with this final conquest the best challenge in the hotel business was gone forever, the last beckoning light had fluttered out. But now he sat straight, his interest returning.

Bert had said, "I was an acrobat for a while, when I was a boy."

"Not really!" Susie had been surprised.

"I know it's hard to believe," Bert told her, patting her hand. "I've put on so much weight and all. But I wasn't bad. Toured a whole season with a circus once."

Charlie pushed his glass aside. "Excuse me a minute," he said, getting up.

He ducked under the spotlight, circled through the darkness behind the orchestra platform and hurried to a dressing room.

THE Seven Marchettis were flexing their big muscles, wriggling the toes of their large bare feet, doing bends. They were astonishingly healthy considering that they never breathed fresh air except when riding in cabs to railway stations.

"Our frien' Charles!" Tony Marchetti cried, flashing his white teeth. "You have a ringside table, no? Tonight we dedicate our act to Mrs. Squires."

"You'll do better than that," Charlie said, waving them into a huddle. He whispered earnestly until Tony suddenly backed away.

"You have had some quantities of wine, yes, my frien'?"

"What of it?"

"But this, that you are asking, is very onusual, yes?"

"Who got you your job here?" demanded Charlie. "If it wasn't for me you'd be playing Kenosha."

The brothers looked at one another doubtfully. Then they all shrugged.

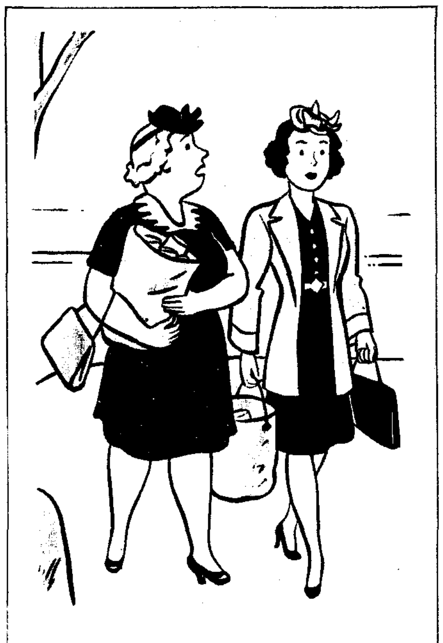
"We will do our best, Signor," Tony said. "The Seven Marchettis never forget a frien'."

When Charlie came back to the table he was once again all affability and charm; Susie was relieved.

BUT when the Seven Marchettis returned to take their bow at the end of the performance they suddenly broke ranks and stormed Charlie's table uttering wild cries of delight.

"H. Bertrand Buell!" they cried. "Bert Buell! Allez-oop!"

There was a tumbling instant of confusion, an interlacing of arms and legs and then Bert Buell, pince-nez dangling, was sitting in the middle of the dance floor on the upraised feet of Tony Marchetti. Six other Marchettis on their backs in a circle lifted their paddlelike feet in unison and presently Bert was sailing through the spotlight beam with the greatest of ease. The Marchettis were exact and gentle; their precision was a pretty thing to see.



"Yes, I know your husband is a schoolteacher, but what does he do for a living?"

COLLIER'S JOHN JARVIS

But then something happened.

A shower of silver cascaded to the dance floor from Bert's gaping pockets and a roaring upsweep of laughter ran into the veins of the Seven Marchettis like liquid fire. This was their first taste of stormy applause; never had they heard open palms banging in delight on night-club tables, nor knives hammering against highball glasses; never had they seen an audience helpless with laughter; it was heady wine. A latent sense of comedy welled up in them, and ignoring the piteous, surprised bleats that came from the whirling figure of H. Bertrand Buell they tossed him higher and spun him about in intricate patterns until his shoes, one by one, came off and his necktie snapped and fluttered to the floor.

When the audience could laugh no harder the Seven Marchettis carried his limp form away. But then the house came down in shrieks and whistles and Bert's sagging body was back for an encore. No sound came from Bert, though. No protest. No movement, whatever. And once again they carried him off.

"He's fainted," Susie cried.

"If this is a practical joke, Squires," Mr. Ashcraft thundered, "it's your last."

Charlie rose with dignity.

"Now," he said, "I'll straighten everything out. Just leave it to me."

"I'll handle this," snapped Ashcraft, hurrying away.

They found Bert lying red-faced on a couch in the dressing room, his broken glasses dangling near the floor. Like the Marchettis he, too, was barefoot, having lost his socks during the encore. Mr. Ashcraft propped him up and called loudly for water. The acrobats cringed in a corner. Sobbing, Susie brought a glass. In that crowded room only Charlie was calm.

"Mr. Buell," said Ashcraft, humbly. "I apologize. My lawyers will be glad to talk to yours any time you say."

Bert struggled to an elbow.

"Did that photographer get a picture of it?" he gasped.

"Certainly not!" said Mr. Ashcraft, horrified.

Bert staggered to his feet.

"Well, why the hell not?" he demanded. "Get him in here!" Then he spotted Charlie and staggered across the room to embrace him. "Good old Charlie!" he cried, slapping him on the back. "Your idea, they tell me." He crushed Charlie's disgusted face against his shirt front. "Fulfilled a lifelong ambition," he babbled, shaking hands with everybody. "Nobody ever believed I once was an acrobat. Not even my wife. Get that photographer in here!"

Mr. Ashcraft looked on dazedly as Bert climbed to the top of a pyramid on the broad backs of the Seven Marchettis. A flash bulb exploded. Bert waved down to them.

"Book me up, Charlie," he called. "And, Susie, you be nice to Mrs. Buell during the convention."

Charlie stalked across to Kenneth Ashcraft.

"Well, why don't you fire me?" he demanded.

Ashcraft jerked his eyes from Charlie to Bert Buell on the pyramid and back again.

"Never mind," said Charlie, bitterly. "I quit. I'm going to look around for a business with a little competition in it."

WHEN he'd finished telling me this story, Susie said, "And we found it, too. All our turkeys got pneumonia. It was dreadful. But now veterinarians come from everywhere just to talk to Charlie. We're making a fortune, aren't we, dear?"

He was pacing the room. She followed him around, trying to kiss him.

"How's hotel business in Chicago these days?" he asked.

"Falling off," I said.

"Heard anything about the Grand Embassy?"

"Down forty per cent," I told him.

He stopped. His eyes brightened.

"How about Bert Buell?" he asked.

"His gang is all booked to meet in Toledo next October."

"Is that so?" said Charlie. He was looking gayer by the minute. "And old man Ashcraft? Suppose he'd put me on the old job again?"

I had to say it. You don't lie to a pal.

"Not a chance, Charlie," I told him. "From all I hear he wouldn't let you get past the revolving doors."

Susie was watching him apprehensively. He was pacing again, his face aglow.

"Hell, kid," he said to her, "turkey raising is too damned easy. I was right about the hotel business in the first place. Come on, Susie—on your feet. Chicago needs us, gal! Let's pack."

There were tears in her eyes as she looked slowly around that lovely room. But then she lifted her lips, smiling at him mistily. She loves the guy. But I don't think she'll ever understand him.

THE END

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AA

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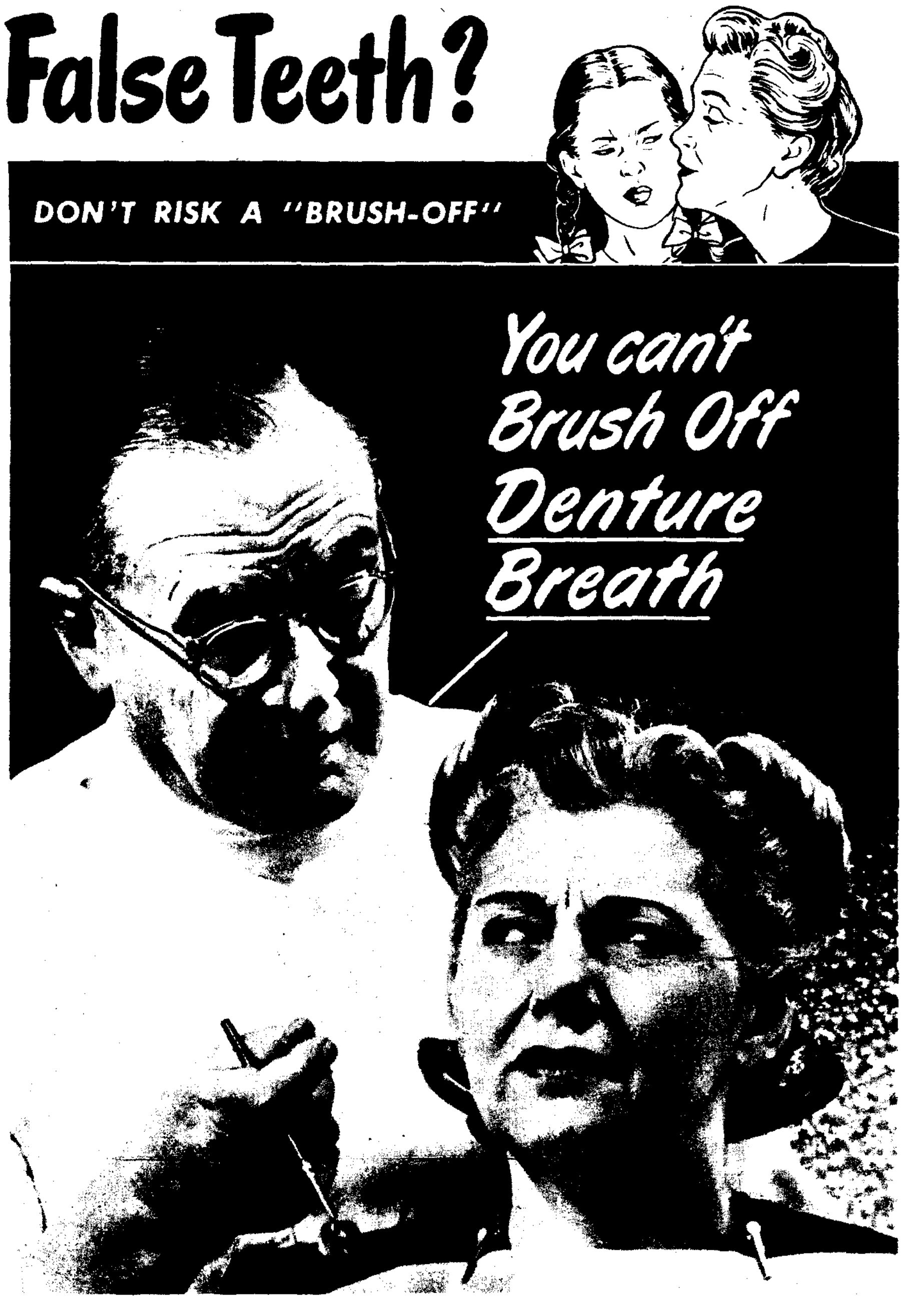
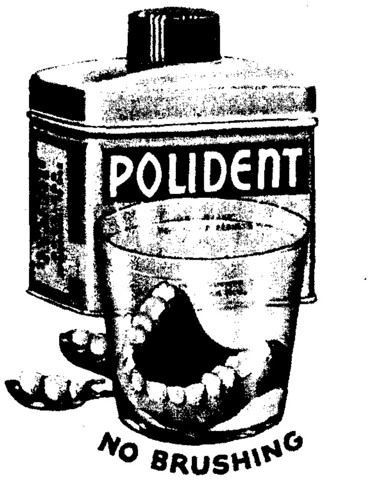
False Teeth?

DON'T RISK A "BRUSH-OFF"


You can't Brush Off Denture Breath

Soak your plate or bridge in Polident to keep it hygienically clean, odor-free



Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

MOST DENTISTS agree that brushing cannot cure the unpleasant offense known as DENTURE BREATH.

To keep dental plates clean, pure, free of tell-tale odors, more dentists recommend Polident than any other denture cleanser. Gentle, easy soaking in a solution of Polident and water every day is a safe, sure way to avoid DENTURE BREATH—and to keep your false teeth sparkling bright with their original natural look.

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LOOSE FALSE TEETH?

Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you ever tried or double your money back

POLI·GRIP Made and Guaranteed by POLIDENT

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

What would I do about it? Just go out and ask the average everyday workman or businessman who has not been hypnotized by a lot of high-sounding mumbo-jumbo put out by the psychiatric medicine men to fortify their own jobs.

First—Make punishment swift, certain and severe for both parents and hell-raising brats alike.

Second—Put a bounty (about 50 cents per head) on all the career-boy psychiatrists.

Third—Have the parents of the decent kids demand that their offspring receive at least their proportionate share of money spent for public education.

WILLIAM D. YOUNG, Bishop, Cal.

CAME THE DAWN

DEAR SIRS: According to Mr. Jim Marshall (Life with Mr. Powell, Aug. 16th) I quote: "Bill was born July 29, 1892, in Pittsburgh. He first saw the light of day fifteen years later, when his family moved to Kansas City." I presume from this Mr. Powell was born blind, but recovered his sight when he arrived in Kansas City. Or is Pittsburgh such a Smoky City?

J. ELLIOTT, Banff, Alberta

To see the light, sir, we suggest you move to Pittsburgh.

ZZYDD CORP.

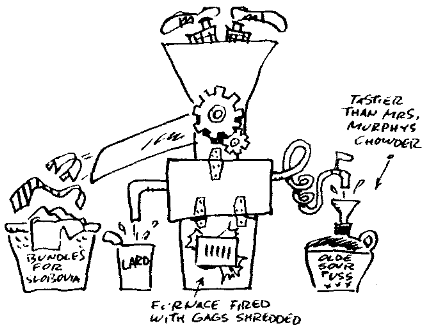
DEAR SIRS: Might I toss in a couple of items for the Zzydd Corp. formed by that Sarasota screwball Bandel Linn (The Week's Work, June 21st): I have (1) a Double-spring Padlock for those who like to bolt their food, and (2) a Bottomless Drawer in which to hide one's emotions.

FRANK COLE, Garden City, L. I.

GAGOMETER

DEAR SIRS: Note your infernal machine, the Gurney Gagometer, designed to reject cartoons automatically (The Week's Work, July 26th). Beware! I've thrown together a countermeasure of loose bobby pins, a hot plate, some old bedsprings and a lawn mower. Completely automatic, it starts at the drop of an editorial NO!; is patented as the Lichty Gag-Fired-Joke-Editor-Mincer & Distillation Plant; is collapsible, and can be carried handily from editor lair to e.l. in a steamer trunk. If cartoonist dies of overrejection on the way, he can be buried in the trunk—and be rejected wherever he goes.

GEORGE LICHTY, Chicago, Ill.


TASTIER THAN MRS. MURPHYS CHOWDER
BUNDLES FOR SLOBOVIA
LARD
OLDE SOUR PUSS
FURNACE FIRED WITH GAGS SHREDDED BY GAG-O-METER

BLUE BABIES

DEAR EDITOR: A short time ago I met Ray West, a stanch citizen of Corpus Christi, and learned that his son had just recovered from a "blue baby" operation at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore.

[Collier's published an account of Dr. Alfred Blalock's new technique for operating on so-called "blue" babies in A Gift of Life, Apr. 6th, '46.]

In Auckland, New Zealand, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. W. Rose read the Collier's article and subsequently brought their daughter, Marie Stewart, five, to Johns Hopkins. She was operated on last May and released in June, a healthy, mischievous child.

The day after, Roy James, a boy from Australia, was admitted, operated on in June and released the first week of August, a healthy specimen of boyhood.

During the last year, how many "blue" babies have come to Johns Hopkins as a result of the Collier's article is not known. But Dr. Blalock has discharged 80 per cent of his patients as healthy, normal children.

BOB WILKINSON, New York, N. Y.

OUT TO LYNCH

DEAR EDITOR: Concerning your editorial One Cure for Lynching (Aug. 2d) I wish to quote: "Anyway, here's to Hurtsboro's Mayor Vann. He's a man."

Why make Mayor Vann a national hero? Why not give the Negro maid, who helped my sister fight the Negro and prevent him from carrying out his criminal attack until help could be obtained, equal credit for a job well done? Here's to Hurtsboro's Negro maid Pecola. She's the real hero.

JOHN M. CADE, JR., Tuscaloosa, Ala.

. . . From the security of his skyscraper office, the average editor cannot comprehend the ungovernable, despairing, compelling rage underlying the lynching of a rural rapist.

His womenfolk have never been isolated hours on hours, day in and day out, in an unprotected farmhouse. Nor have they day after day hurried fearfully down a lonely country lane at dusky-dark for the cows. When legal processes, unhampered by outside erratic societies and individuals, make punishment of rapists certain, lynching will go the way of the old-time protective practice of stringing up cattle thieves.

H. Y. NOBLE, Shreveport, La.

. . . It seems difficult to achieve unbiased judgment where color enters in. If only there could be some way that one's color could be hidden until the trial had ended this might be possible. We are responsible for our citizens, and if the helping hand is not given those born into unfortunate homes we should not mete out the same punishment to those less handicapped.

NORMA WILLIAMS, Santa Monica, Cal.

WAR PAINT

DEAR SIRS: If the girls are going to fool us, then let them fool us, but I, for one, resent their turning the world into a giant powder room as they do on the cover of August 16th, preparing for the School for Charm article in the same issue. Why can't the girls keep the unpleasant facts in the beauty parlor—you know, the place where the average girl spends half her time and two thirds of her money so she won't look like the average girl—but usually does.

GEORGE BELLAGAMBA, Bronx, N. Y.

BUNNYISMS

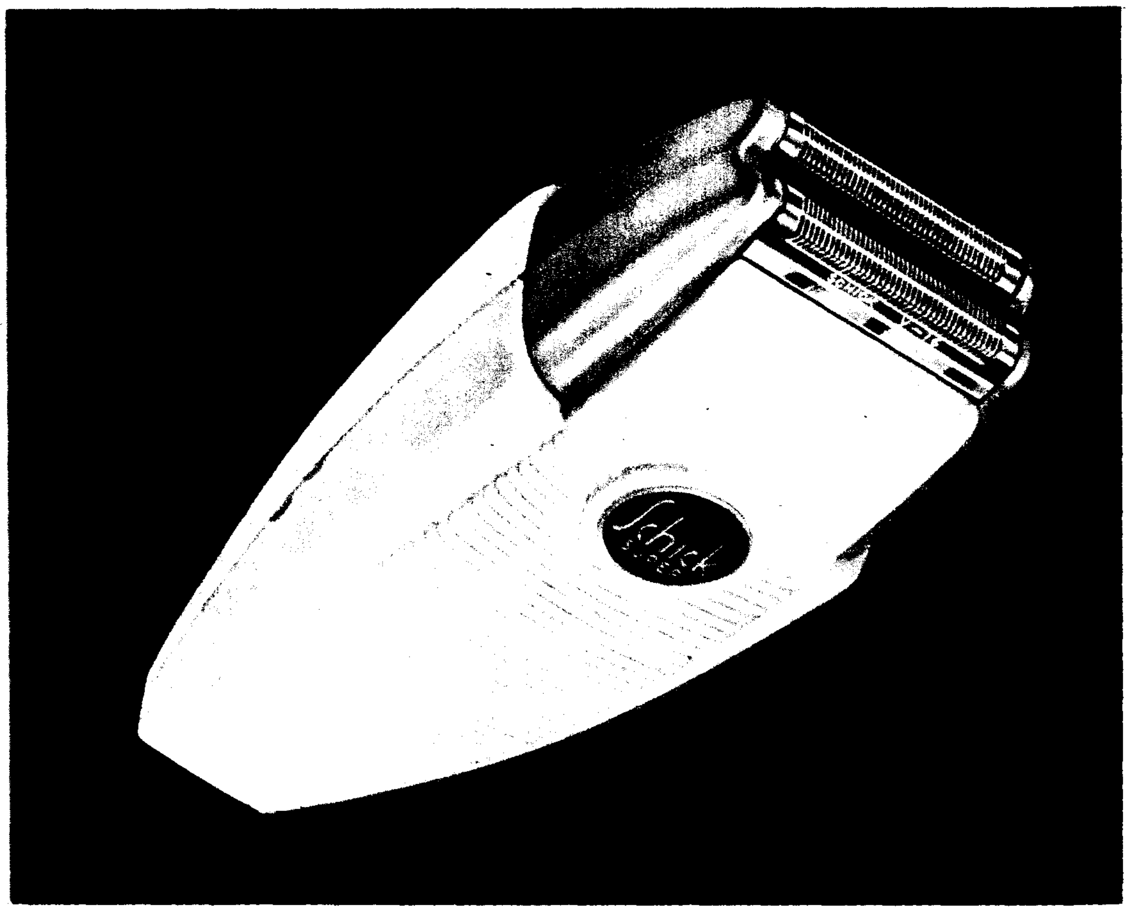
DEAR SIRS: It's tough to top the malapropisms of Bunny McLeod (The Week's Work, Aug. 16th) but I have heard a few mental lapses in my day. "Why don't you come see me never? I live where the car bends!" a vaudeville acquaintance of mine once said. On our way home from a party she summed up sagely, "Well, so much for the social annuities!" But I loved her most dearly when she observed: "I guess I'm using the correct tick-tacks." Maybe *I* wasn't because she later said, "You must be psychopathic, you read my mind."

These are male-aprops I have heard: "Let me meditate it over!" "He must be all muscle, no superstitious flesh on him!" "I can make a mistake, I'm not inflammable!" Of course, you probably know Dave Clark once advised everyone, "Don't miss my show if you can!" and Jack Norworth cried: "I very don't like her!" We're still trying to figure out what he meant.

JOE LAURIE, JR., Jackson Heights, N. Y.

Mr. Laurie's contributions, while hilarious, are not the McQue except for Dave Clark's enjoinder which is a genuine Bunnyism.

PROMISES NEVER WHIPPED A WHISKER



10-DAY TRIAL BUY—Here's the Schick Super we're talking about. Tidy, neat, compact, with two close-cropping, non-nicking, fast-working heads that give you double shaving action on every stroke. Complete in handsome traveling case, ready to plug into any socket, AC or DC, at $18.00. Buy one—try it for 10 days—and if it's not the finest way to shave you ever found, *return it and get your money back in full.* Or—trial-buy the famous Schick Colonel for only $15.00.

Cut through the talk and get down to facts! This Schick Electric Shaver has to prove—in 10 days—on your own face—that it's the finest shaving instrument ever—or you get your money back!

When it comes to *promises,* we can make more than most people.

After all, we've worked for 17 years to make shaving almost as easy as flicking a light switch. And in the Schick Super we honestly believe we've turned out the shaving instrument that beats them all.

But packing this ad with promises wouldn't *prove* a thing to you.

Instead we say this:

Put a Schick Super next to your face—and *see what it does for you.*

Watch those heads give you double-action on every stroke—watch your face come out from behind the toughest whiskers bare and beardless, slick and nickless.

Find out how Schick takes work and worry, cuts and scrapes, out of shaving. Try out some fast pre-date shaves. Shave with your shirt on when time is short.

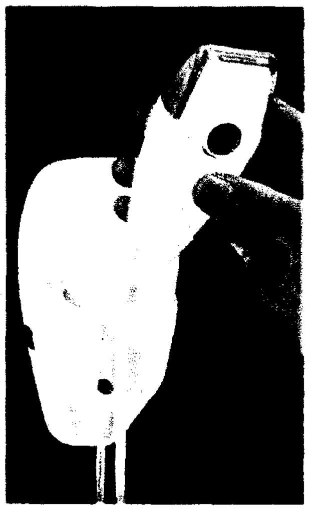
Do it all for *10 full days.* And then—

If you don't feel that the Schick Super tops everything for shaving ease—bring it to your dealer's and take all your money back!

So what do you say? How about starting the 10-day trial right *now* by heading for the nearest Schick dealer?

SCHICK INCORPORATED, STAMFORD, CONN.

SCHICK *Electric* SHAVER
and SHAVEREST



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Handy automatic wall-holder, handsome in any bathroom. Fits any Schick ever built (Colonel shown here). Holds it safe, finger-tip handy next to mirror. Stops current automatically. Zips up the cord. $7.95

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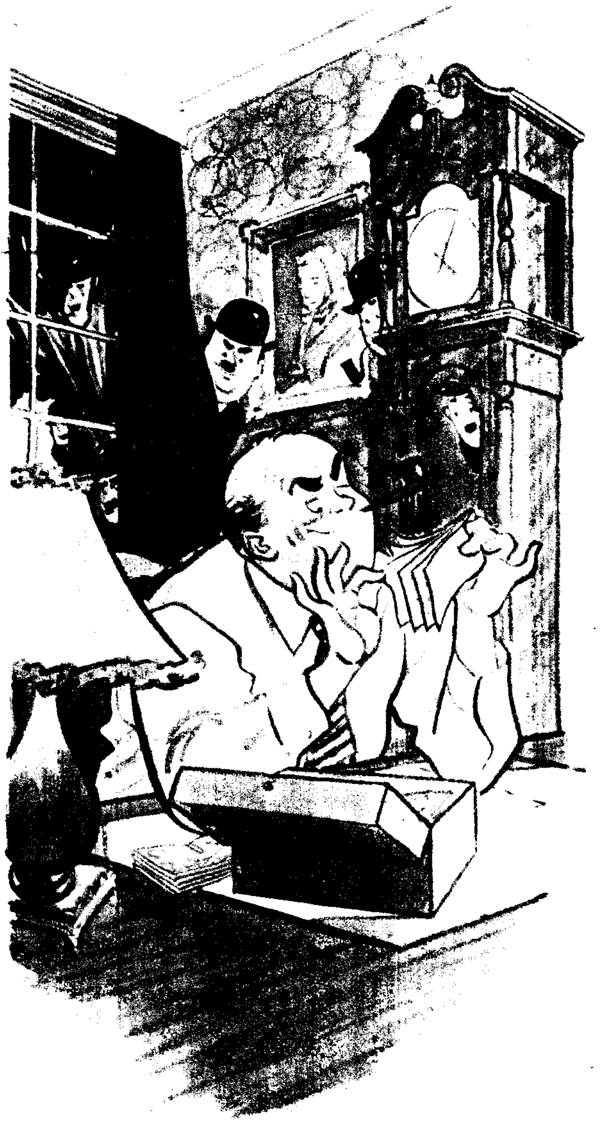
PORTIS HATS, CHICAGO 10, ILL.

THEY CAN'T FOOL THE REVENUE MAN

BY A. L. M. WIGGINS

The tax evader who juggles with his return may think he's fooling Uncle Sam but he's only piling up a load of grief for himself. Here's why, as told by the Undersecretary of the Treasury



THE boy at the bank teller's window was small and nondescript, and no one paid any attention to him until he produced a big bundle of currency and slipped it under the grill for deposit. As the teller counted the money several $1,000 bills were disclosed.

Then the man next in line began to take notice; he was a field agent of the United States Treasury, waiting to deposit his regular pay check. And a Treasury tax man reacts to a $1,000 bill like a member of the homicide squad does to a bloodstained garment; he wants to know where it came from and who owned it and where the owner got it. To him a $1,000 bill usually means there's a tax evader in the woodpile. The agent turned to the boy and said, "Son, that's a lot of money you're depositing. Where do you work?"

"I'm a clerk for an insurance company," the boy said. When the boy left, the agent followed and spotted the firm.

This agent was not an income-tax man, but he reported what he had seen, and investigators immediately took the trail of the $1,000 bills. It was a very simple and productive inquiry. From the insurance company they learned that the big bills had come from a manufacturer of automobile trailers; he customarily paid his insurance premiums in cash, and often with very large bills. So the investigators swooped down upon the manufacturer, examined his books, compared the figures in them with his bank deposits, expenses and other items, and wound up with claims against him and his business associates for delinquent income taxes. With penalties, the amount collected was almost $2,000,000.

This manufacturer had entered in his books all payments made to him or to his company by check, while cash payments, which were encouraged, were not entered. He thought he had dreamed up an original scheme that would fool the Treasury's income-tax experts; actually, he had tried one of the oldest tax-evasion dodges, one that rarely works. He had forgotten, among other things, that if a man is to get anything for his money it must be passed around, and passing big bills in secret is well-nigh impossible. Invariably somebody sees them, and almost always somebody talks about what he has seen. And eventually the news gets to the income-tax people, who have very sharp ears.

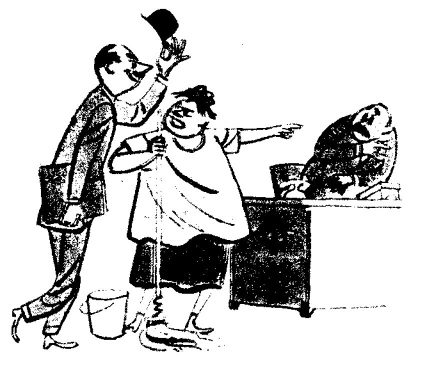
I told the story of this tax evader to a friend, and he said: "Oh, yes, I know you get most of the big boys. But how about the little fellows? There must be thousands of them who get away with murder every year."

Well, my friend was wrong. We get the little evaders as well as the big ones, but the little cases seldom get into the papers, and the general public doesn't hear of them. Take the case of the man who ran a filling station and lunch counter on the outskirts of a sizable city. He made a good living from his business, but he was distinctly a small operator. He figured that he could chisel a few hundred dollars in income taxes without running any risk. He operated on a cash basis; how could anyone know how much he took in? So what finally happened? He paid the $300 he had tried to evade and a 50 per cent penalty besides. In addition, he hired a lawyer, and the lawyer didn't work for nothing. I estimated that it cost this man about $1,000 to try to evade $300 in taxes.

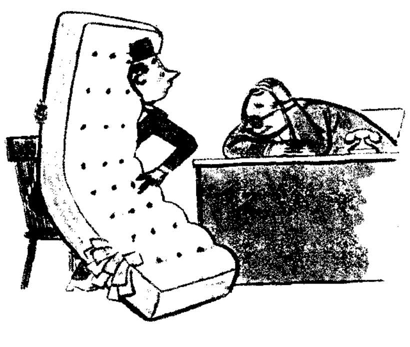
Why was this man suspected? Simply because his reported income did not fit the pattern of other operators of the same kind of business in the same territory.

Another small evader, whom we caught, was a fuel contractor; he sold several thousand cords of wood to the Army. In his tax return he reported correctly the price he had received, and most of the other items of his return were likewise correct. But he made one mistake. He claimed that before he sold the wood to the Army he had bought it from neighboring landowners. One of our local agents happened to know that a great deal of the wood came from a site that was being cleared for an airfield, and had cost the contractor nothing but the labor of cutting and hauling. This made a big difference in his profit and, of course, in his true tax bill; and the fact that he had attempted to evade taxes made an even bigger difference.

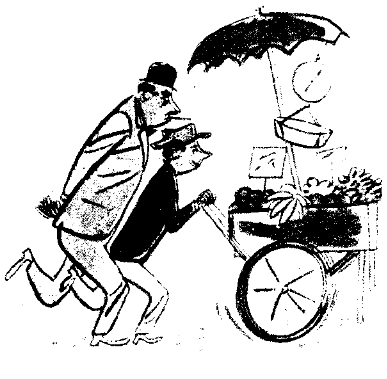
The fact is that over a stretch of years an income-tax evader has almost no chance to escape paying what the government's income-tax division says is due, plus penalties if the evasion has been willful. And on top of that, if there is fraud, there may be a jail sentence. An evader should not think he is safe merely because he doesn't hear from us for a few years. Under the law we have six years in which to catch the man who makes a false return and to recommend criminal action against him. But additional taxes may be assessed at any time a deficiency due to fraud is found, no



Disgruntled or underpaid employees are a fruitful source of tax tips



Every year thousands of taxpayers voluntarily disclose unpaid taxes

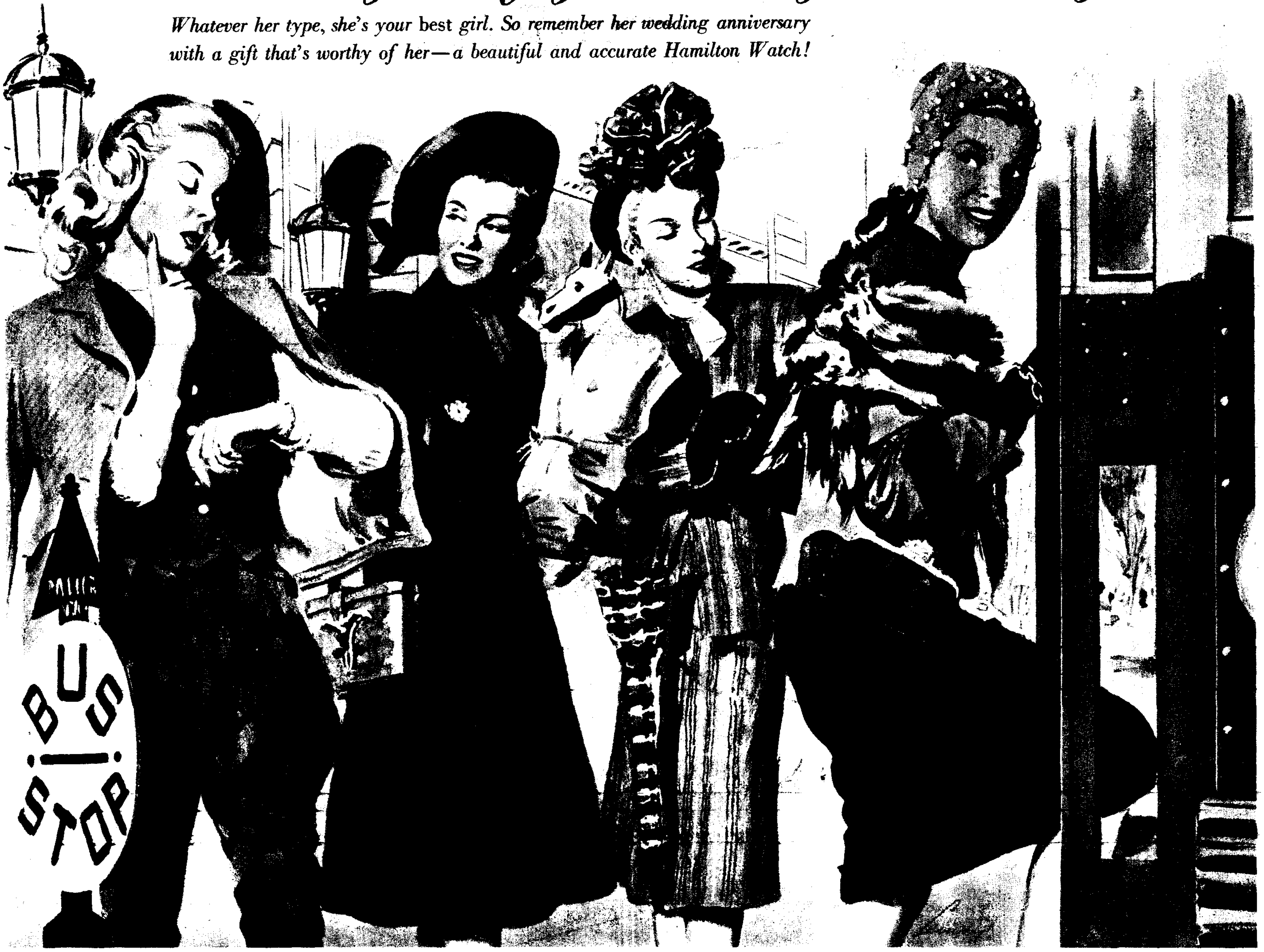


Treasury men get to know the business of even the smallest offender

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL TARA

What type of girl did you marry?

Whatever her type, she's your best girl. So remember her wedding anniversary with a gift that's worthy of her—a beautiful and accurate Hamilton Watch!



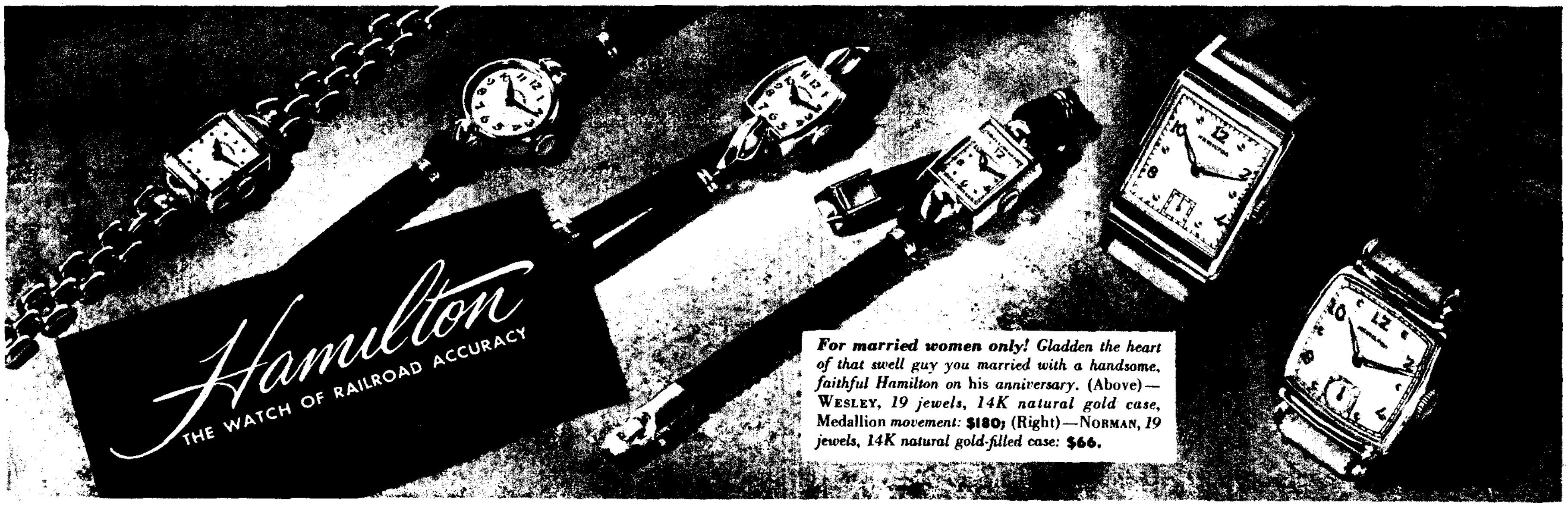
OUTDOOR TYPE. Does she like sports as much as you do? And do you even take her along on hunting trips? She'll love a stunning Hamilton like the FL-6 (below). 17 jewels, 14K natural gold case and link bracelet with Hamilton's finest *Medallion* movement: **$210.**

HOMEBODY. Is she cute as a button, neat as a pin? And does she surprise you with dinners that taste even better than those your mother used to make? Surprise her with a lovely Hamilton like the LYNN (below). 17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold case: **$71.50.**

UTTERLY FEMININE. Is she still as young-looking as the girl you proposed to—even though she's the mother of three husky children? She'll be even more beautiful wearing the graceful and accurate LANA (3rd from left, below). 17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold case: **$71.50.**

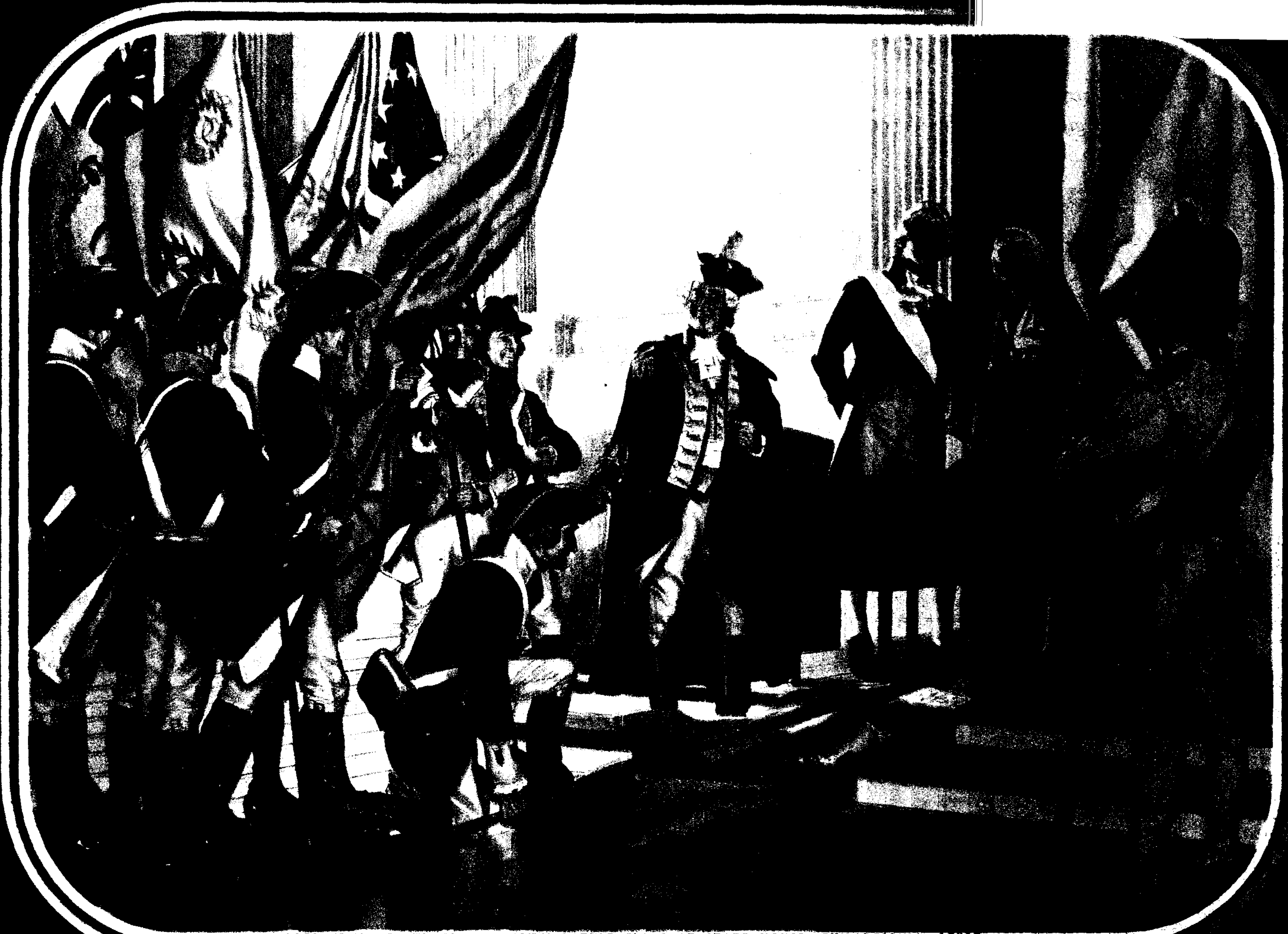
GLAMOUR GIRL. Is she such a wonderful dancer that she makes even *you* look smooth on a dance floor? She'll be thrilled speechless by the breathtaking beauty of the graceful GRETA (4th from left, below). 17 jewels, 14K natural or white gold case and heavy silk cord: **$100.**

The watches below were picked to suggest Hamilton's wide variety of styles and prices. See your jeweler for many other appropriate Hamilton gift watches from ***$52.75*** *up.*



For married women only! *Gladden the heart of that swell guy you married with a handsome, faithful Hamilton on* his *anniversary.* (Above)—WESLEY, *19 jewels, 14K natural gold case,* Medallion *movement:* **$180;** (Right)—NORMAN, *19 jewels, 14K natural gold-filled case:* **$66.**

The finest hairspring ever developed! It's the exclusive *Hamilton Elinvar Extra*—non-magnetic, rust-proof, true at all temperatures. First used in Hamilton Railroad Watches, then in Hamilton war timepieces, it now assures greatest accuracy in every Hamilton made. Prices include Fed. Tax. Send for FREE catalog and revealing booklet, "What Makes a Fine Watch Fine?" Hamilton Watch Co., Dept. D-5, Lancaster, Penna.



PRESENTING CAPTURED YORKTOWN BATTLE FLAGS AT STATE HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, 1781*

Philadelphia

BLENDED WHISKY

The Heritage Whisky

A HERITAGE TO REMEMBER

> *"... twenty-four standards, taken at the same time, are ready to be laid before Congress."*
>
> — LETTER FROM GENL. WASHINGTON TO THOMAS MCKEAN, PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS, OCTOBER 27, 1781

Sweet indeed, after anxious years, was America's victory at Yorktown. And nowhere was it celebrated more heartily than in Colonial Philadelphia. Today, those early traditions of hospitality are nobly sustained in Philadelphia, The Heritage Whisky. An exceptional whisky, so rich yet mild, you might reserve it for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend, regularly and often.

Famous since 1894
Philadelphia
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*From a Series of Historic Paintings Designed for "Philadelphia"—*The Heritage Whisky*—Famous Since 1894

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matter how long after the filing of the return.

At this moment the Treasury has in its files more than 30,000 leads—they come to us from every imaginable source—which will undoubtedly turn up hundreds of millions of dollars in hitherto evaded taxes. So far in 1947 we have collected delinquent taxes as high as $200,000,000 in a single month. During the current fiscal year, which ends next June 30th, we expect to bring into the Treasury about $2,500,000,000 through our enforcement activities. We estimate the cost of enforcement to effect collection at not more than one dollar for every twenty collected.

We are determined to get every dollar that's due the government, with penalties and interest, and are prepared to recommend criminal action in every case that seems to justify it.

No other policy would be fair to the preponderant proportion of the American citizens who pay their full and proper taxes.

Source of Income Is Immaterial

When it comes to tax money the government is not interested in whether you earn your income by preaching the Gospel or by engaging in a disreputable occupation; we want our share and we're determined to get it.

A man may be a gambler, a bookmaker, a blackmailer or a burglar, but if he doesn't give the government part of his take, we step in. And one way or another we usually manage to find out what the take is. In order to learn what the revenues of the numbers game were, we had mathematical experts calculate probabilities; and operating on the basis of his figures we have collected enormous sums from numbers operators in the big cities. We did the same with bookmakers.

And how do we catch all these people, and other evaders with more honorable occupations? Well, there are thousands of ways of doing it, and our agents know them all. Since the federal income-tax law became effective in 1913, approximately 388,000,000 returns have been filed, and in the process of examining them over the years all the tricks of would-be evaders have been encountered so often that a skilled examiner can spot an intentional error almost at a glance. And we have plenty of skilled examiners.

Scattered over the country are more than 1,000 Treasury offices, and out of them about 22,000 men and women work at the business of collecting taxes. And these agents are not snoopers, although some disgruntled taxpayers may claim that they are. They do no improper prying into your affairs. But they do examine your tax figures. If there is an error, they are just as anxious to refund an overpayment as to assess an underpayment.

They are observant, and they know the areas in which they live and work. They read the newspapers. They make periodic studies of real-estate transactions. They learn about unusual currency transactions. They look into sudden displays of wealth. The purchase of mink coats, for example, has started many a successful tax hunt. If a man buys a home notably finer than his economic position would seem to justify, we investigate. We investigate hat-check receipts, tips to waiters, earnings of cabdrivers and others to get a line on average income. Some of our agents have even worked at these occupations to get this information.

Once one of our agents in Chicago saw an advertisement of an auction sale of jewelry and thought it might be interesting to find out who bought what. One buyer, he learned, bought a ring for $12,000. Another paid $19,000 for a necklace. A third bought three rings, the cheapest for $3,500, the most expensive for $13,500. Their tax returns were examined to see if their reported income indicated such spending power. I am glad to say that most of the buyers were shown to be in the clear, but several were not, and after an investigation we levied and collected additional taxes, with penalties.

Even money hidden away may trap the tax evader. Recently, twenty-dollar bills that had a musty odor began to circulate in a small city. A revenue agent traced the bills to the original owner and found them to be part of a treasure that had been buried in a damp spot. It proved to be income on which no tax had been paid.

Death, too, may play the role of detective. When a man dies, his estate is usually subject to an estate tax. If the inventory shows hidden wealth on which income taxes have not been paid, the estate is assessed the tax plus the penalties.

In addition to the evaders uncovered by routine checking of returns a great many are turned up every year by informers. Government agents receive no additional compensation for taxes recovered, but the informant may be paid a reward as high as ten per cent of the delinquent tax collected. These informers, whose names are not revealed without their consent, are of many kinds. The estranged and angry wife of a doctor secretly gave evidence that caused her husband to pay more than $100,000 in delinquent tax, interest and penalty. A three-cent stamp brought information from Alaska about a construction worker who had won more than $200,000 gambling, and had reported none of it. We took $160,000 from him in tax, penalty and interest.

Discharged or underpaid employees are a fruitful source of hot tax tips. Recently a bookkeeper brought to the Treasury two sets of books used by his employer, one for income-tax purposes, the other the true income record. They cost the employer the evaded taxes and penalties plus a jail sentence, and the informant received a substantial reward.

Checking Up on the Farmers

For years it has been common talk that many farmers paid little or no income taxes. There was some truth in this, because farm incomes were small, many farmers kept no books, and farmers have never been expected to do much paper work.

The Treasury tax experts finally decided that the current high income on farms seemed to justify more income-tax returns than were being received from the rural population. So a team of 128 agents were sent to a typical farm community and told to get the facts and, if the facts warranted, the delinquent taxes. These agents studied the AAA benefit payments and other government subsidies. They examined bank accounts, store accounts, yields per acre, and land values based on acreage yields.

In general, they studied the standard of living in the test area, and searched the records of grain buyers, cattle buyers and others who buy farm products. The agents worked an average of six weeks each, and the cost of the study was $88,142.29. But as a result of the investigation the Treasury collected from the several hundred farmers in the test area a total of $5,359,589.56 in taxes, penalties and interest.

Similar studies are planned for other farm communities throughout the United States.

Every year there are thousands of voluntary disclosures of unpaid taxes made by the taxpayers themselves. Such a voluntary action usually avoids humiliation and prosecution. If you have a friend who has temporarily gypped Uncle Sam on his income tax, give him a tip. He can't get away with it.

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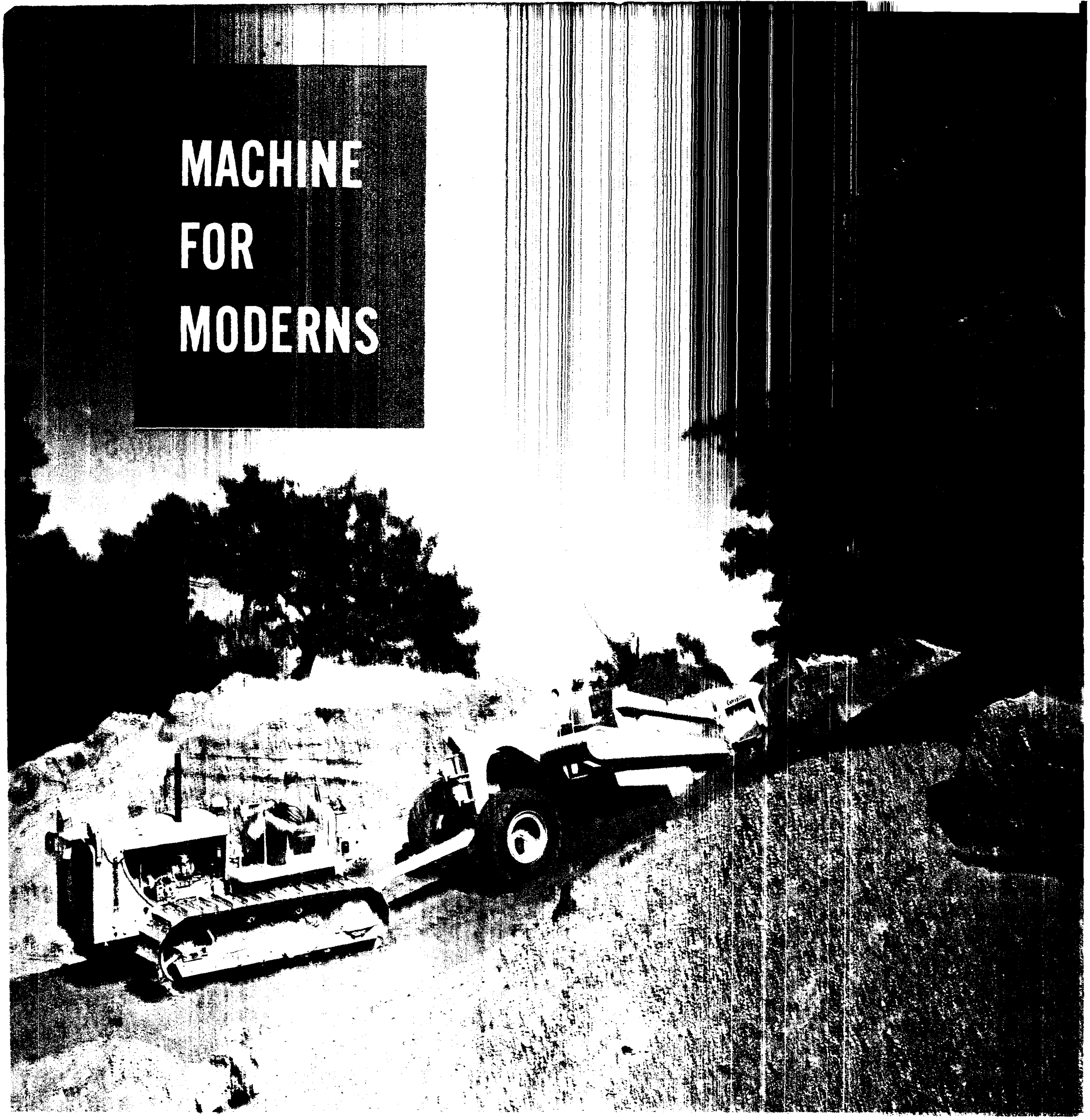

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BANNER OVER FIRST

Continued from page 22

were not classic, but they were clean-cut and his jaw was good. He did not look like most New Yorkers, with his deep tan and stubby haircut. . . .

The Eagles were again in the field and the Sox were up for their last raps. It was the head of their batting order and in the bull pen the Eagle reserve hurlers were working furiously, for a one-run lead is nothing against a wild base-running team like the slugging Sox.

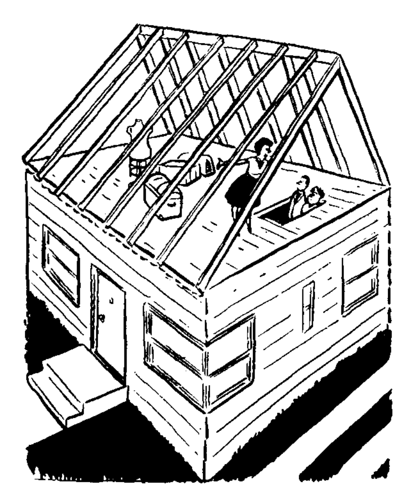
The Sox lead-off popped. But the second hitter choked up and slapped one between first and second, nearer to first. Hap Fite could not get to it. Kelley, the hitter, was safe on a doubtful single.

Patsy said, "You see that? Kelley pushed that one at Fite. They're playin' his bum leg!"

The girl said, "Smart baseball. . . ." The green kerchief was a rag in her fists.

Morgan, the next Sox batter, laid back as though to hit away. Then he crouched suddenly and laid a bunt down the first-base line.

Fite, of course, held the bag as Egg Lorimer rushed to cover the bunt. Egg was able to throw out the runner at first. But Kelley, starting fast, turned second and slid into third under Fite's hasty throw. The tying run was set up.



"... and this is our unfinished attic!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

Hearst, the giant Sox left fielder, was at the plate. Gudgeon buzzed for a relief pitcher, but allowed Egg to throw to Hearst. Egg threw one ball. There was a tremendous shout as Hearst picked on the first one and slammed it on a line past the luckless Fite.

Kelley scored. Hearst went to second. The next man banged a single off the relief pitcher and the ball game was ended so suddenly that the girl in the third-base box did not seem to realize that it was in the bag.

THE Sox got two more runs before it ended. The Eagles could not get a hit in their half of the ninth.

Patsy sighed, looking at the brown girl. She had slim legs and did not look like a night-club singer was supposed to look, he thought with some surprise.

She said, "Poor Hap. He'll die all through dinner."

Patsy said, "He'll die worse tomorrow. . . . I shouldn't say that, but Mr. Moore—I mean I'll be in there tomorrow." He had to tell someone.

"So soon? Without practice, or anything?" Her eyebrows went up. "You think you can step in there and take Hap's place?"

He stood up to leave. He had to meet Mr. Moore and Joe Gudgeon. He said, "I can't tell you any more right now. But I'll be in there."

"Why, you're too short," she exclaimed. Then she said quickly, "But I wish you luck. I've been an Eagles fan all my life. I inherited it from Daddy."

He said, "Thank you, ma'am."

Patsy felt the friendliness of the girl; it was funny, because the column had said she was always around with Hap Fite. He supposed she was a dyed-in-the-wool fan. He knew about them. They kept baseball going, made it the national game. He watched her go from the box and suddenly he felt terribly alone and inadequate. He hurried to send a telegram to his mother, who had that tremendous faith in him.

JOE GUDGEON was old and gnarled and tough. He was piloting the Eagles through a rocky season, against terrific odds, and his seamy face showed it. He held Patsy Dealer by the elbow in a grip of iron, and his face was a mask from a grim pageant. The silent, grouped Eagles stared back at him.

Gudgeon said, "This here is Patsy Dealer, up from Florida. He plays first today."

Hap Fite kept his head down, tying his shoelace. It was Mike Holman, the fiery second baseman, who snapped, "What's this, Joe, college stuff?"

Someone laughed on a harsh note. Yesterday's loss had rankled; none of the home club was in good humor.

Gudgeon said, "I say he plays first. He's got the signs; he bats second. Dorn goes into clean-up. Hap'll be ready to pinch-hit. I got no use for sorehead ballplayers. Now go out there and take the lead in this league where you damn' well belong." His voice was quiet but he wore his toughness like a cloak. The veteran ballplayers got up and went out.

Gudgeon said to Patsy, "You wanted it this way."

"Sure," said Patsy. "I'll be all right."

"We *all* better be right," said Gudgeon. They walked out the runway together. The crowd matched yesterday's and the field seemed enormous after the cramped little stadiums down home. Patsy swallowed and looked at the third-base box.

He saw her at once because of the green kerchief. He did not waste any time staring. He went on and sat on the bench and watched the Sox work their allotted warmup time.

The Sox were cocky today. They were even in the standings; they had Elbows MacNeal to pitch. Even Fite had never hit freely off MacNeal. In baseball there is always this fateful series between the two leaders, somewhere along the line of August or September. The Sox knew and everyone knew that this could be the breaking point, that the veteran Eagles could fold today and let the Sox run away from them.

The Sox came in. Gudgeon growled, "Snap out there!"

Patsy Dealer, five feet ten inches tall, one hundred and seventy pounds, rolled a little as he trotted. He had heavy legs, slender ankles, but not too slender, not like Babe Ruth's ankles. He took his old fish-net glove to first base.

Then the roar went up. It was astounding—it was shocking. The resentment came out on the field like a cloud of poison gas. It rolled over him, stifling him. A leather-lunged fan transcended the noise with a shriek, "Who's the little bitty clown? We want Fite!"

Holman tossed the ball to him. It plopped out of Patsy's glove, rolled on the grass. He was fixed as a statue, his mouth open.

Abruptly his chin came out, his teeth went together. He walked over and deliberately picked up the ball, examined it, threw it to the bat boy, calling, "Save that for me."

Holman said, "What's the idea, busher?"

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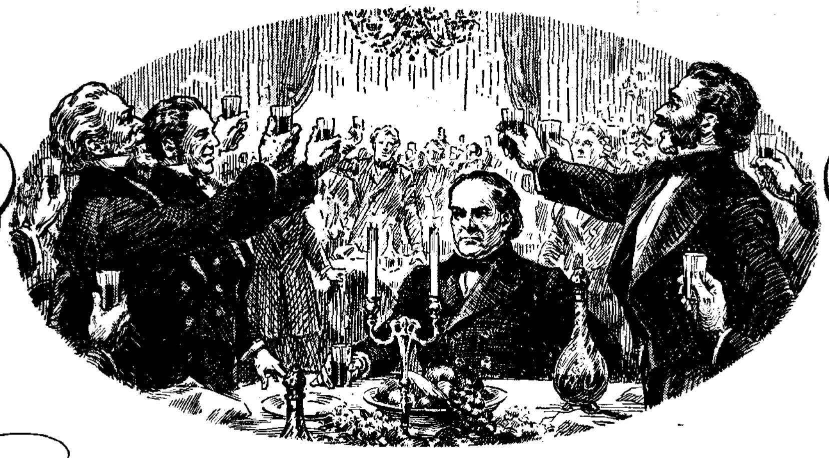

They drank to Daniel Webster... who had spread the fame of James Crow's whiskey

A dinner was given to honor Daniel Webster, in 1837, at Versailles, Ky.—not many miles from where James Crow distilled his famous whiskey. Crow's whiskey was especially appropriate for this occasion, for it is known that Webster held it in the highest esteem.

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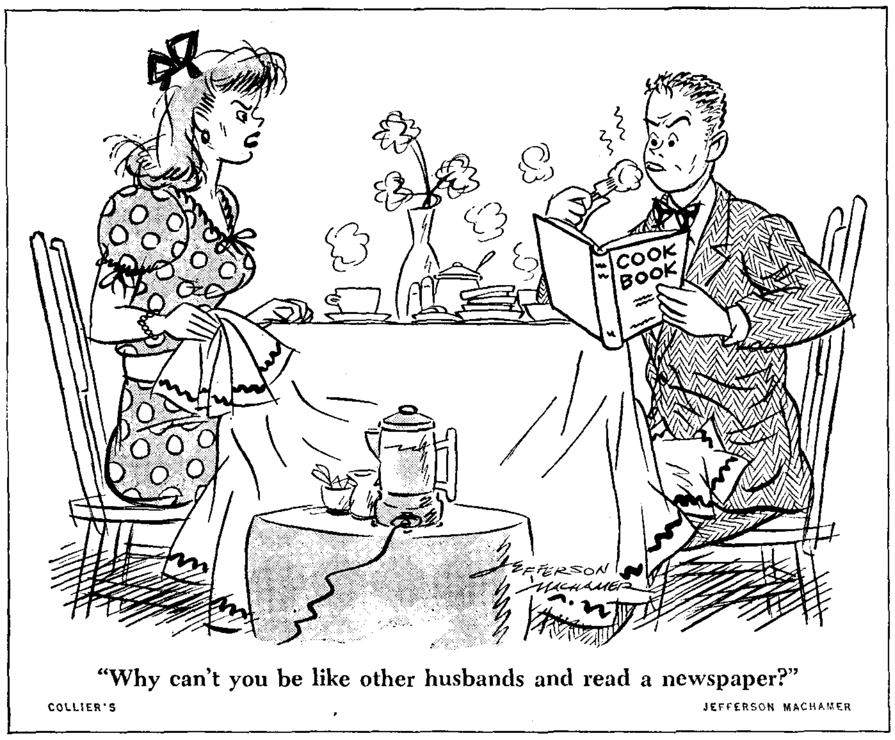
"It'll be a museum piece," said Patsy gravely. "I never drop one."

Holman said, "You better not." He was holding back, Patsy knew, seething at the installment of a busher in Fite's place, but determined to play it out. They all felt the same, because they did not know. It was a revolutionary experiment and only Mr. Moore's belief and insistence had put it over.

Patsy said, "You see that *you're* in there." His voice was harsh, and he scarcely recognized it as his own. The churning inside him lessened, steadied to a drumming beat. This was his life's mission, this was his battle to win or lose. That it steadied him, that he was all right, was only slightly amazing because he had prepared for it.

He fielded the fungos carefully, without flashiness. His seeming awkwardness became a flow of efficiency around first base. Holman said no more and Patsy finished the infield practice with a quick pickup and throw to the plate and ran off the field in his high-kneed, rolling stride. Behind first base the jeers rose and the man with the voice, a little, wizened man whose mouth was a braying trumpet, howled, "We want Fite!"



"Why can't you be like other husbands and read a newspaper?"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"Fight is what you'll get," Patsy snapped. The fans saw him look up and saw his lips move and the time-honored shout went up:

"Rabbit ears! Itty boy's got rabbit ears!"

At the dugout, Patsy paused, glancing up at the box. Marge Marlowe sat hunched, a small figure. She knew what "Rabbit ears" meant—a ballplayer who cannot take the riding of the opposition or the fans. He wondered if she despised him already. . . .

ELBOWS MAC NEAL was very great. He had a grandeur of presence to go with his pitching. Patsy selected a bat from the three light sticks he had brought from Florida. He held it lightly, feeling eyes upon him. He looked up into the face of Hap Fite.

The lame first baseman's countenance was impassive. Patsy started to speak, checked himself. Fite said in a low voice, "Watch his hooks."

"Yeah," said Patsy. "Thanks." He went into the on-deck box, squatting, fondling the bat. He never swung two, he just played with the stick he had selected, stretching his arms, loosening the muscles. Mike Holman, leading off for the Eagles, fanned.

The second baseman came back, stomping, glaring, heaving his bat ahead. Patsy rolled to the plate, tugging at his cap. His stomach contracted once as he glanced down at Gudgeon coaching on third. He got the "no orders" sign and the lump departed and his stomach was all right. Gudgeon was giving him his chance to hit the way he wanted.

He had a narrow stance which seemed unnatural and faced him toward the pitcher. The little fan shrieked, "Itty boy's got a foot inna bucket!" Patsy tugged at his cap.

MacNeal, a master of curves, was cautious, pitching to a strange busher in a crucial series. The Sox poised, darting sharp glances at the batter's box. Patsy relaxed as he had been taught, every muscle loose as ashes. MacNeal missed the corner on a couple of teaser throws.

IT WAS two and none when the good ball came in. It was slightly outside, from a left-handed pitcher to a left-handed batsman.

Patsy's stance widened as he strode. His bat slid around. He used only his wrists when he punched the ball.

It rang convincingly off the stick. It slid past the diving second baseman. It rolled on the grass, short in right field. Patsy was running.

No one hooted when Patsy Dealer ran. The heavy legs became a blur, the sturdy body hurtled through air. Morgan, the Sox fielder, coming in to play safe on a palpable single, was one step slow.

Patsy, burning the paths, hit first base with his left foot, seemed to soar through the air. Nearing second he took off in the dirt, a perfect hook slide. Ball, runner, and shortstop of the Sox went into a cloud of dust and then a blue-uniformed arbiter was spreading his hands, his dour countenance split in a cynical grin. The busher had stretched a single into a double.

Patsy arose and hitched at his pants, then his hand crept in that habitual gesture to his cap peak. He held the bag, looking expressionlessly down at Gudgeon. His demeanor proclaimed with insolence that this was all in the game.

Inside him, however, was a churning; not lighthearted, not happy; the excitement as of a fight just ahead.

Ken Older was at bat, staring at Patsy, then at the pitcher. MacNeal was conferring with his infield, glancing askance at Patsy. The Sox could not play in on the grass, not with hard-hitting Older up. Yet there was a new speed demon on second with one out. They ate up time until the umpire called play.

MacNeal threw one pitchout. Patsy took a generous lead, slid back. MacNeal steadied and went back to his curveballing. The incident had upset some delicate balance, the thing which distinguished him from other good hurlers and made him great, and he could not get the second curve exactly where he wanted it.

Older pounced, swinging. Gudgeon gave Patsy the signal to run. The ball went into right field, as was proper. Patsy rounded third. The dirt flew beneath his shining spikes. He hurled himself at the precious rubber which was home plate.

He had scored a run on his first appearance in the big leagues. Instinctively, as he climbed to his feet, he touched his cap. The crowd behind first base was silent amid the cheers.

The brazen-lunged one howled, "So itty bitty's a speed boy. Who wants him? We want Fite!"

Patsy trotted to the bench. He slowed for one look. The green kerchief fluttered. He ducked beneath the awning of the dugout. There was a murmur of congratulations, that was all.

Then a big, tobacco-chewing man sitting next to Hap Fite drawled, "Okay, busher. You gimme a run. Let's see what these soreheads kin do about holdin' the lead."

That was Charley Prince, who was pitching that day. Hap Fite patted Prince's shoulder. The next two Eagle batters went down, stranding Older. Patsy got up and hustled onto the field. He had not expected anything but resentment from the Eagles. Fite properly thought himself a better first baseman on one leg than any busher with two swift ones.

Patsy had to do more than flit on the base paths, he knew. The Eagles were slipping, they were old and tired, they needed a boost, a moral lift.

Again the green kerchief fluttered at him. He took his infield throws in a slight haze. He knew he could not afford to think of the small, brown girl. He grimly thrust her from his mind.

THE game settled down behind Prince's fast-ball pitching and MacNeal's curves. The Sox connected a lot, but the fielding was tight. Patsy had putouts galore and every throw he took increased his ease. The innings sped by like magic little eras of time.

The single run began to loom. The tension was terrific. It seemed as though the Eagles sat atop a volcano from which at any moment Sox power would explode. It went all the way through to the ninth inning, with the Sox at bat and the score one to nothing against them and Charley Prince still throwing his hard, high one bravely down the middle.

Patsy had never been able to see another good ball off MacNeal. He had walked once, but no other hit was vouchsafed him that day. In the field he had accepted his chances without spectacular incident. The leather-throated fan had fallen into a dull monotone of invective for sheer lack of material. Patsy had showed himself to be a speed boy, an acceptable, rather small first baseman—certainly not the successor of the great Hap Fite.

It was not enough. Patsy almost begged for trouble, silently aching to prove himself. He was torn between his desire to have the game safe for the Eagles and to complete the mission he had undertaken in coming here. Inside him the churning mounted as the last half of the ninth opened.

Charley Prince was strong, but the Sox were aroused to fever pitch. Anderson, Sox lead-off man, rapped at a bad ball. It skidded into left field for a lucky single. The Sox began to shout and howl like Indians, scenting a rally.

Anderson, a good base runner, took a big lead. Prince threw to first in an attempt to pick him off. A groan ascended from the stands.

It was a rotten throw. It was too high

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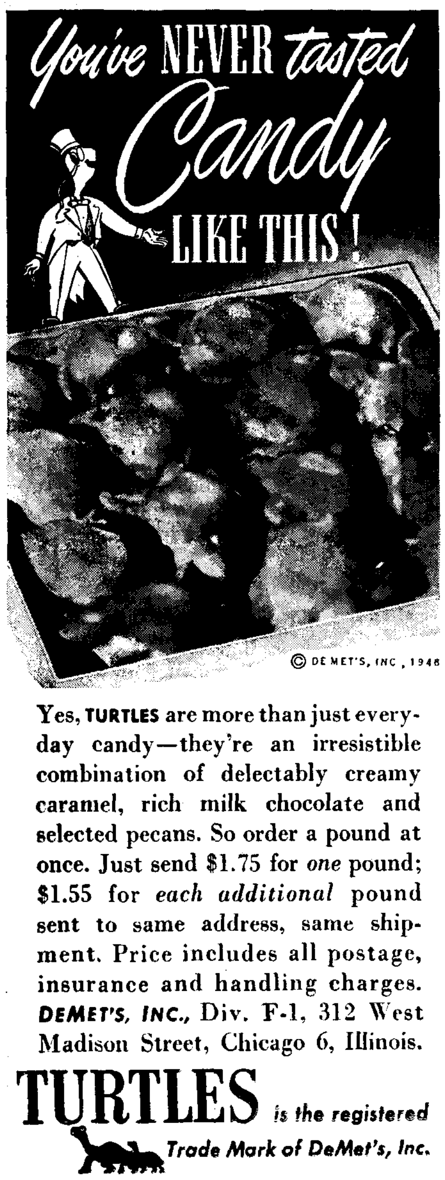

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almost for Hap Fite, much less an undersized busher. It seemed destined for the stands. . . .

Patsy's legs uncoiled. He stretched. Like India rubber, he seemed, growing a foot, then leaping. The big glove snatched. Patsy came down to earth, diving for Anderson, but that worthy had sensed the play and was safe back on the sack.

Patsy walked to the mound. He grinned and said, "Okay, Charley, ol' boy. 'At's the way to hold him there."

The color was just beginning to return to Prince's cheeks. He said, "Kid, you're a fielder."

Holman, scowling, had come in also. He took the ball from Patsy and molded it in gnarled, strong hands. He gave it to Prince, stared at Patsy and said, "Let's play some ball."

PATSY went back to his position. The crowd was suddenly silent, waiting. Kelley was up. Kelley choked his bat and laid one down the first-base line. It was the only chance in that game Patsy had had to cover a bunt.

Patsy went in like a coursing rabbit, chased by hounds. He snared the ball in his bare hand, spun. He had ample time, thanks to his speed, to get Anderson at second. He threw underhand, snapping the ball, aiming it at second base.

Holman was not there. He had run to back up Prince, who covered first. Hill, the Eagles shortstop, made a dive and trapped the ball, holding Anderson to second. But everyone was safe.

Patsy started to yell, "You dummies, can't you cover?" Then he closed his mouth like a steel trap and walked toward Prince.

The pitcher said, "Kid, we never played that one."

"Yeah." Patsy took a deep breath. Holman was coming in. Patsy said, "I booted that one. I'm damn' sorry. I shoulda played Kelley."

Holman still said nothing. Prince went back to the box. The Sox were rattling the bats in front of the dugout, screaming themselves hoarse. The runty fan behind first bawled, "I knew he'd kick it around! *We want Fite!*"

Patsy did not dare look for the green kerchief. He crouched, watching the hitter. Prince struck out Morgan with great courage, and Hearst, the big Sox slugger, came up. The Eagles infield backed up, expecting anything from Hearst to be hot and heavy.

This was the moment. Hearst could break up any ball game. The tying run was on second, the winning run on first. Prince, his jaw hard, took a lot of time to make his pitch.

Patsy set himself, watching the third-base coach, watching Hearst. He took a quick look at the poised base runners. He made up his mind.

Prince fogged his high hard one through, attempting to get past Hearst for an initial strike. The Sox slugger, using perfect strategy, suddenly faced around and loosened his bat. He bunted, and he laid it down the third-base line, where Prince himself, a slow man, would have to field it.

Patsy shouted and moved. The magic speed of his legs carried him onto the grass. He crossed in front of the amazed Prince, bisecting the diamond.

He was in the third-base path. He scooped the ball from the dirt. He slung it, underhand, to third, shouting as he did so, "Second, Owen, second!"

Owen, the Eagles third sacker, tagged Anderson. He fired the ball to second base.

Kelley, unsuspecting, had rounded second two steps. It was Holman who came in behind Kelley and took Owen's perfect peg. It was Holman who shoved the ball at Kelley. It was the perfect play, except Kelley had come awake and was under Holman in a wriggle and slide which saved him by a hair.

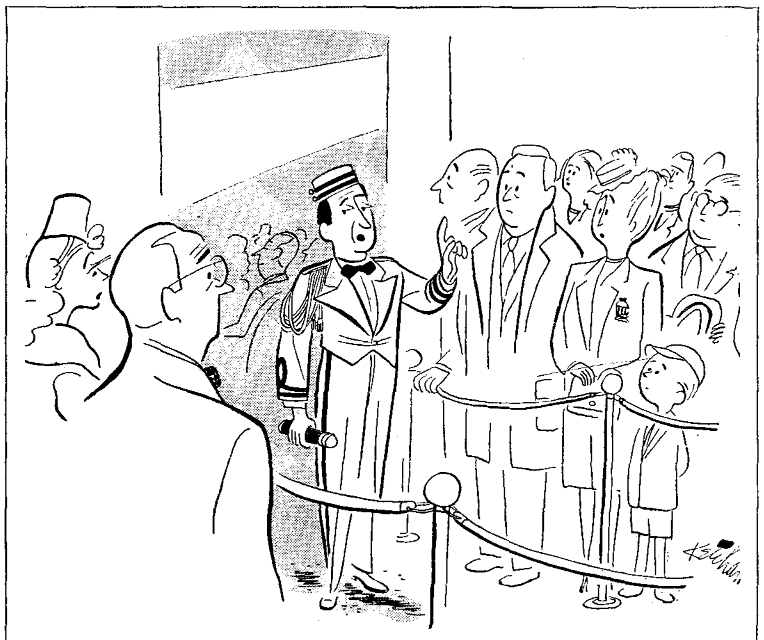
Holman came to the box with the ball. There was fire in his eyes. He said, "Charley, this busher's been trained. Charley, he almost got the side for you."

Prince said, "And I know who trained him—"

Holman said, "Charley, pitch to these monkeys!"

Patsy was back on first. Kelley had made a great play, getting back safely to second. Oliver was up, a good Sox hitter. Patsy bit his lip. The strain was getting too great. He had to steal a look at the third-base box.

The handkerchief was flying, all right, like a small flag. The girl was no longer sitting down. She was standing, leaning forward. The tension had got to her, all right. It eased him to know it.



"There's a single next to a man eating potato chips"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

Prince threw to Oliver. The Sox hitter swung, but the ball glanced off the top of the bat. It lofted high, going foul. It was dropping into the stand behind first base. . . . The little loudmouthed man was jumping, stretching, eager to grab the souvenir—

An arm knocked the prancing fan sideways under the seats. A bare hand struck the railing and Patsy Dealer climbed an invisible ladder. Worn, brown fish net swept, as though catching insects. Patsy fell into the stands alongside his tormentor. Like rubber he bounded back, gesticulating with the glove for the umpires to see. The ball reposed therein.

The ball game was over. The Eagles had won. Patsy dug the vociferous little fan out from under the seats. He said politely, "I hope you enjoyed the game, sir." Then he vaulted the railing and ran for the tunnel.

IT WAS a small, curiously silent victory gathering, in the clubhouse, nestled in deep left field. Mr. Hal Moore had called them there—Joe Gudgeon, Holman, who was field captain, Hap Fite. Patsy gaped when the girl came in with Fite, but everyone seemed to accept her presence and he wondered with a sudden sinking feeling if she and Fite—if they were engaged or anything.

Mr. Moore said, "I guess you all recognized Dealer's style out there today. I guess you know we've got the greatest fielding first baseman since Doc Frayme—"

"An' Doc Frayme taught him," said Holman. "Nobody else could have."

Joe Gudgeon took a deep breath. He said, "When Doc took Patsy—his sister's kid—an' told me he was goin' to train him for me, I knew someday it would come true. Doc Frayme was my pal—"

"*Was?*" Holman frowned. "Why, Doc's livin' down in Florida . . ."

Patsy was staring at the girl. She kept her eyes down, listening.

JOE was saying in his honest, tough voice, "Doc died last week. They kept it quiet down there, Patsy and his mother. Doc sent Patsy to me from his deathbed. And if that's corny, okay . . . You saw what happened. Them Sox'll never catch us now, with Hap pinch-hittin' homers an' the kid fieldin' like he does."

Holman said, "I'm satisfied. I give in. You're right, Joe."

But then Patsy had to speak. He got up and stepped near them. He said, "There's more'n that. Doc Frayme was supposed to be a crook. He got run outa baseball. The greatest player ever lived, he would've proved, if they hadn't run him out. Why, they couldn't get him out—he could place-hit into any field, off Alexander, off Mathewson, off Bender . . ."

Mr. Moore said, "Another player died recently. He left a statement. It was positive proof that he was the guilty man. Frayme never threw a game. He liked to bet, he liked to drink beer, he was a happy character. But he was honest, as Joe always claimed, and as many another player claimed." The owner of the club said softly, "But Doc wouldn't give it out that this other man was guilty. He was content, in Florida, on his orange grove. He just wanted Patsy Dealer to come up to his old team, the Eagles. I think I'm as tough-minded as any of you. But I'd like to be able to shake the hand of Doc Frayme—and tell him I'm sorry."

They were silent, then they all talked at once. Patsy's heart swelled under it—this was what he had worked for. The genial, grinning face of the great man who had died swam before him. . . .

Then the green kerchief was before him, twisted and rent, but green as ever.

"Are you Hap Fite's girl?" he asked.

She said, "Hap's girl? Why—Hap's engaged to my sister. You see, I'm Monty Fulheimer's daughter. My daddy played with Doc Frayme. You can't sing in night clubs under the name of Fulheimer."

The bull session was going strong; the baseball elders were yapping, heads together. Mr. Moore had produced a discreet bottle of Scotch. Fite said loudly, "I'll teach that kid to slug one sometimes, so they don't figure his play—"

Patsy said, "I've never been in a night club. Do they serve steaks?"

"Omigosh," she despaired. "Just another hungry ballplayer? All my life, nothing but base hits and rare steaks?"

He was gently taking the green scarf from her small brown hands. He was folding it and placing it in his breast pocket. He looked at her long and hard.

She said, "We-ell. Maybe I'm wrong . . . so sue me!"

They laughed together and then they were slipping away from the clubhouse, running for the taxi stand.

THE END

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HOLLYWOOD HEADACHE

Continued from page 19

An important independent producer had a different view.

"Don't let them kid you about that," he said. "What they have in the vault can give them a headache. The picture is made, the money is tied up and the studio costs go merrily along. No matter how you cut those costs, studio overhead can chew you right up. If you're making only a few pictures, the studio overhead is distributed over fewer films. Instead of the overhead figure being 30 per cent, it is now 60 per cent on some films. That brings them in at such a figure that only the biggest ones have a chance of getting the money back. You put 60 per cent overhead on a modest little stinker and it goes down without leaving a trace."

However, it is true that the big studios are holding back films which may stir up the paying patrons in the fall. Twentieth Century-Fox has Captain from Castile ready to charge out in October. Enterprise has Arch of Triumph. Charles Chaplin withdrew Monsieur Verdoux after six weeks' try in New York, but distributors feel it may do better now.

What will probably be the best test of all is Forever Amber, into which 20th Century-Fox has thrown everybody but its last vice-president. They started with Peggy Cummins, dropped her, spent a few millions fooling around and then hurled Linda Darnell into the breach. It may end by being one of the costliest films ever made. If it makes a profit, Hollywood will consider that God's in His Heaven and all's right with the world. If it makes a profit without the English revenue, it will be a miracle.

Being bemused by the whole proposition, the producers occupied the summer months in putting out reissues of old film. That old perennial Gone With the Wind did well, but Alexander's Ragtime Band was strangled immediately on rebirth and others crept miserably back to their lairs.

"What were the gentlemen trying to do?" asked an acid-minded observer. "Drive the audiences out of the theaters permanently? When the slump came, instead of leading with their aces they trotted out the third team."

David O. Selznick *did* give the public a chance to gaze at his Duel in the Sun epic but this was considered a doubtful boon by the industry. "When the kids come home from a movie and start doing burlesque of it," said a Hollywood figure, "that's not good."

The big grossers were The Best Years of Our Lives, The Egg and I, and The Farmer's Daughter. The experience of the latter picture was heartening because the public resented the title and the picture never drew well anywhere in its first week. It took word-of-mouth comment to get it started.

What really worried the producers was the squeeze between falling receipts and the cost of making pictures. There was general agreement that something would have to be done about costs, but what? The big studios were cutting heads off right and left (M-G-M fired in the thousands, including producers, directors and writers) but still million-dollar pictures were costing two million.

"Lousy carpenters getting $2.58 an hour," said one grumbling producer.

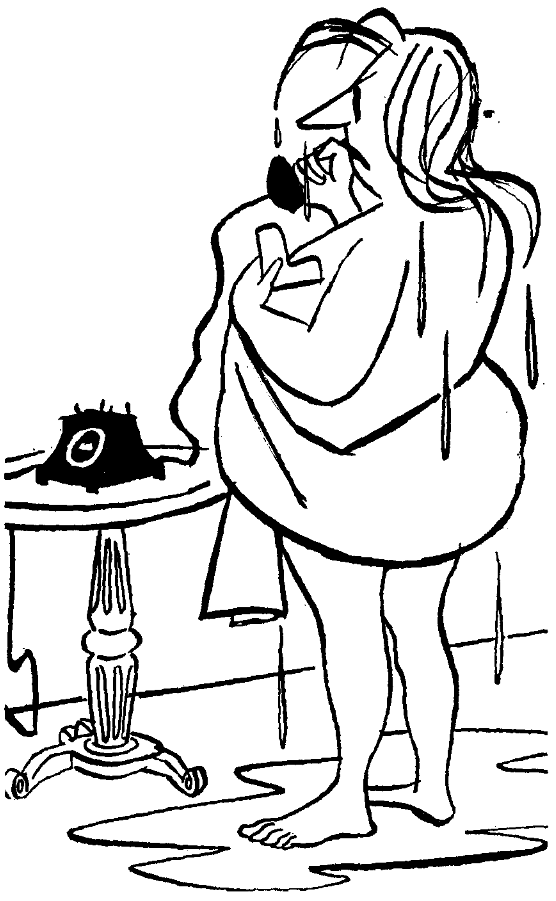
There was a general tendency to take a wallop at the hired hands but little criticism of actors, who were getting as much as $250,000 a picture. One producer reported that a star had graciously lowered her price to $200,000 but he was not hopeful of a permanent change.

"Now that business is off," said the producer, "we simply *have* to use a big name in our pictures. That means they can demand more in bad times than in good."

It was said openly that Cary Grant would draw down between $400,000 and $500,000 from Samuel Goldwyn for his work in The Bishop's Wife. Much of this excess, however, was caused by a delay when the ebullient Samuel tossed out the original script after two weeks of shooting and had the cast sit around expensively while a new one was being hatched.

This small exercise in patience cost M. Goldwyn $800,000. On that basis the final picture would probably run between three and four million.

And all this was before the British bombshell. If labor was a problem then, what will it be now that the foreign market has dried up? Will labor give up the gains it has made or will it insist that cuts be made everywhere else first? Will the stars come docilely forward and ask that their stipends be sliced or will they cast a glowering eye on the upholstered producers and ask when they are going to take the pauper's oath?



"This is the Youthbloom Soap Company. What brand of soap are you using?"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

As if that weren't bad enough, they've been carrying on a jurisdictional strike in Hollywood for the past year that has torn the town apart. It is a complicated matter which we shall not attempt to unravel, but the carpenters, painters and set designers who originally went out on strike are still out and have been replaced by other workers. This has raised costs immensely.

"We needed a set for a picture," one producer told us, "which our old carpenters would have done in three days. The new ones took three weeks on it and then the painters did such an awful job that we couldn't shoot the scene. The set cost $30,000 and we had to throw it away."

Nobody knows if the strike will ever be settled. In the meantime, men who made Hollywood a miracle of technical efficiency are walking the streets unemployed and the cost of making pictures continues to soar.

There have been attempts to beat this game by making pictures in foreign countries but nothing much has come of it. RKO has the Churubusco Studios in Mexico City but according to Dore Schary, production head of the studio in Hollywood, there is nothing to be achieved by making pictures there except novel outdoor settings.

"What you gain in lower wages, you lose in efficiency and time," Mr. Schary says. "The same thing is true of England. Eddie Dmytryk has just made a picture for us over there that cost $1,100,000. He has done Crossfire for us here for $560,000. We can still do moderate-priced pictures here if the work on them is done long before the shooting starts, but when you get into a big spectacle, like the Ivanhoe we'll do in England next year, it will run you into four million no matter where it's shot."

Dmytryk has definite ideas on the British films and asks us not to worry about the threat of competition. One of the strengths of their pictures is that the studios are near London and use stage actors. However, this is also a drawback because the actors are back on the stage at night.

"And the technical men can't compare with ours," says Dmytryk. "It's a cliché to say it but they take their time and they also take their tea. That's why they're lucky to make fifty pictures a year while we're making four hundred. We see only their best; you should see the others, whew!"

The same point is made by I. Goldsmith, a former English producer (The Stars Look Down, etc.), who is now with Eagle-Lion in Hollywood. The quality of the present English pictures, he says, lies in the importance granted the writer. "But that's something that can be done only when you're making few pictures," says Mr. Goldsmith. "When England begins making them in the hundreds it will become a business, as it is in Hollywood, and they'll have the same problems. You'll soon find that the general quality becomes better but that the peaks will be fewer."

Another business that has everybody in Hollywood groggy is censorship. As the attacks continue the tendency is to stick even closer to "pure" entertainment, meaning escape films of the most innocuous type. At a time when audiences are finding foreign films exciting because they tackle human problems, Hollywood is retiring into a cave.

Dr. John Lechner of the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals denounced the following pictures as containing "Communistic or subversive propaganda: Margie, The Strange Loves of Martha Ivers, Boomerang, The Best Years of Our Lives, A Medal for Benny, Watch on the Rhine, The Searching Wind, Pride of the Marines, The North Star, and Mission to Moscow." William Mooring, film critic of Tidings, official organ of the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Los Angeles, characterized The Farmer's Daughter as Communistic.

There can be no doubt that these persistent whackings are having an effect. Warner Brothers, who made a reputation with their hard-hitting films on contro-

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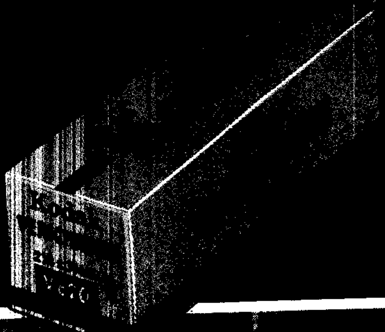

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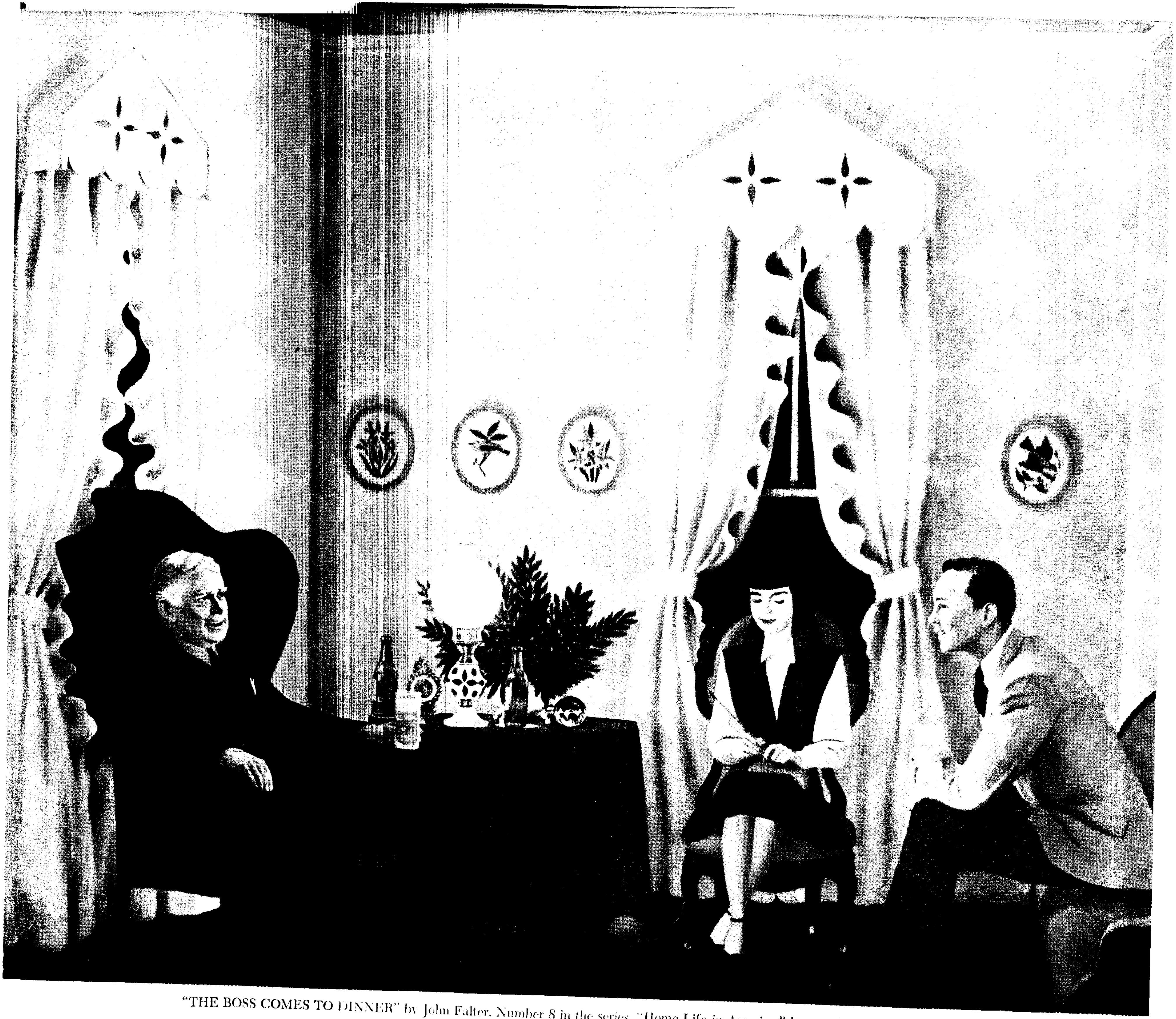

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versial subjects, have rapidly retreated to safer themes. They seem to have full confidence that this will bring in the shekels because they have bought back 105,380 shares of their own stock since May and have a little thing called Life With Father to dally with.

Dore Schary at RKO has refused to be stampeded, M-G-M took a whack at radio in The Hucksters and there are half a dozen anti-Semitic pictures in production, so perhaps a few ideas will be presented after all.

Censorship is not the only concern of the artistic unions. They got their start during the depression when the studio moguls cut salaries 50 per cent but forgot to include their own.

The lesson has not been forgotten. The actors are as strongly organized and as conservative as a bankers' association.

How Unions Feel About Reissues

The writers are aggressive union men and the directors are the most amazing of all. Their union is small and it contains dozens of men who think nothing of asking a quarter of a million dollars to do a picture. There is a good possibility that these three organizations will make the studios think twice on the reissues. Since the showing of old films obviously cuts down the number of new ones being made, the unions are going to demand additional payment for their work on the old ones.

The only solution for cheaper good pictures seems to be clearer thinking and better organization. Dmytryk brought Crossfire in for RKO in twenty-four days' shooting at a cost of $560,000. Orson Welles is doing Macbeth in twenty-one days. He first tried the streamlined version of the play at Salt Lake City with the full cast. He then spent several weeks making a sound track of the dialogue; then he started shooting.

If the "Boy Wonder" can get away with it, he may be giving Hollywood another shot in the arm. Naturally the same method won't work with large musicals or spectacles but there are serious students who believe the ordinary movie can be made at half the present cost if proper preparation is made. Others are not so sure.

"Look what you're faced with before you start," the latter say. "Your star will cost you at least $200,000. If you get a name director that's another $150,000. Stories don't grow on vines and you need a good writer and maybe two of them to get a script in shape. You're into five hundred thousand before you even nail up a slab of wood on a set."

On the face of things there would seem to be serious problems, but not all of Hollywood is worrying. We went in to see Mr. Goldwyn, who was happily chewing his gums as if the money wasted on The Bishop's Wife were mere lettuce.

"Bad times are when I do best," said Mr. Goldwyn. "When people start shopping around they want good pictures and that's the kind I make. I made the most money in my life during the depression."

Darryl Zanuck sent word that all was best in the best possible of worlds. All we needed to do was work hard and keep a stiff upper lip. At that time, however, Mr. Zanuck had not heard from Mr. Attlee.

On the other hand Enterprise Pictures shut up shop for the summer months, and most of the independents were treading water and waiting to see which way the tide turned. Liberty Films (Frank Capra, William Wyler and George Stevens) had thrown in the sponge, taken a few millions in profit and tied themselves up with Paramount as working stiffs.

Other directors, however, are going ahead with independent production. John Ford has announced three pictures starting immediately with War Party. Lewis Milestone is finishing Red Pony. Howard Hawks has done Red River and will have another picture in production soon. Leo McCarey is starting Good Sam.

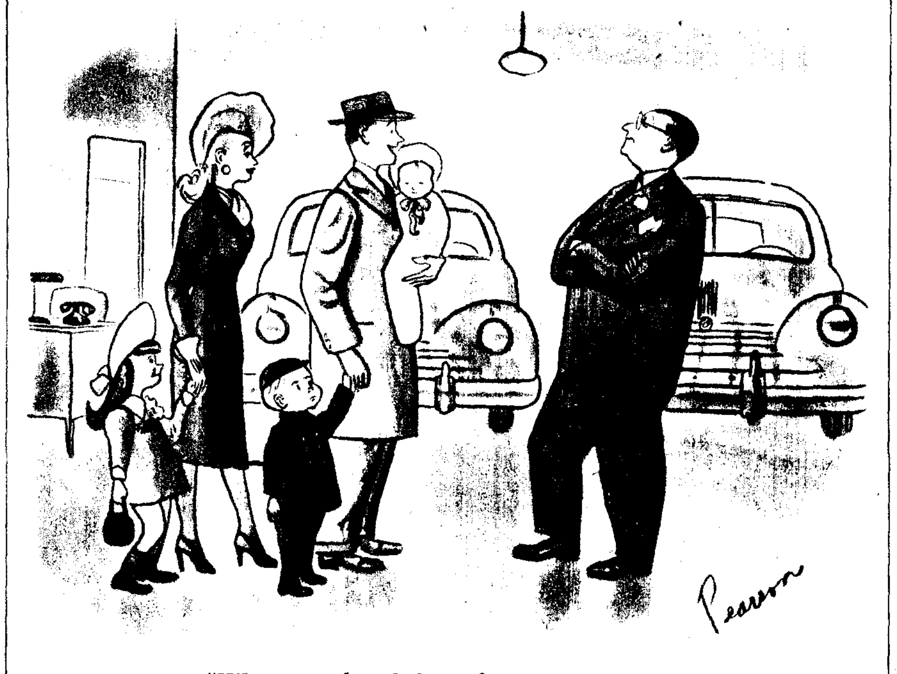
However, there was one symbolic scene when we were interviewing an important executive. The intercommunication thing buzzed, he listened attentively, cried yessir and leaped up. It seems that an even more important executive had suggested that he hop right down to the parking lot and meet him in his car. They were going to the races. We are informed that Mr. Attlee never goes to the races.

We got another impression of things while talking with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., on the set of The Exile, a picture in which he was acting, directing and producing—the latter with much of his own dough. We asked him how he felt about things.

"Merely terrified," said Mr. Fairbanks grimly.

This, also, was before Mr. Attlee had spoken in a quiet, dull voice. There will be a moment's pause while we change reels. The last scene will be that of a Hollywood producer sitting with his head in his hands. All he is saying is "Oh . . . oh!"

THE END



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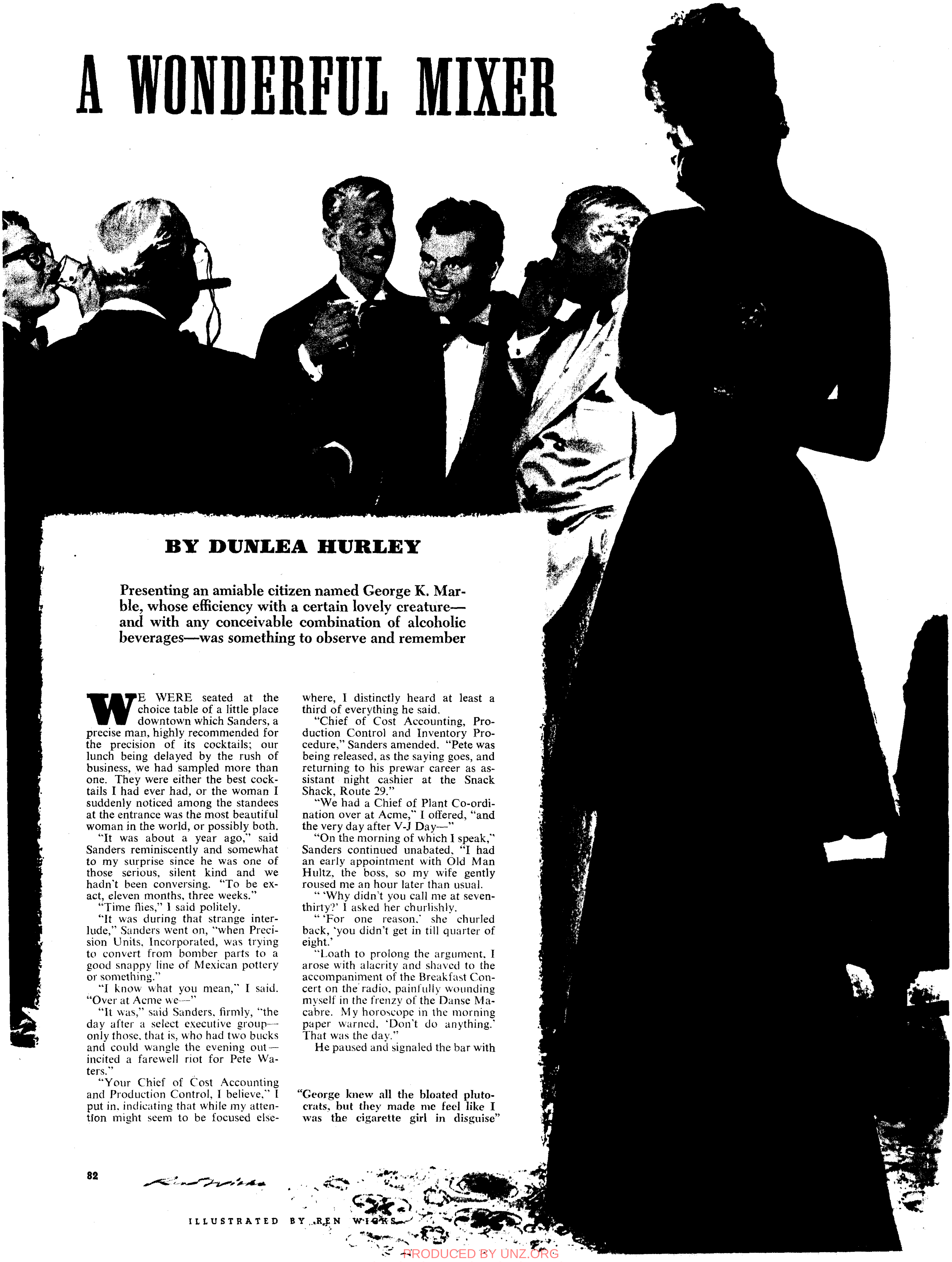

BY DUNLEA HURLEY

Presenting an amiable citizen named George K. Marble, whose efficiency with a certain lovely creature—and with any conceivable combination of alcoholic beverages—was something to observe and remember

WE WERE seated at the choice table of a little place downtown which Sanders, a precise man, highly recommended for the precision of its cocktails; our lunch being delayed by the rush of business, we had sampled more than one. They were either the best cocktails I had ever had, or the woman I suddenly noticed among the standees at the entrance was the most beautiful woman in the world, or possibly both.

"It was about a year ago," said Sanders reminiscently and somewhat to my surprise since he was one of those serious, silent kind and we hadn't been conversing. "To be exact, eleven months, three weeks."

"Time flies," I said politely.

"It was during that strange interlude," Sanders went on, "when Precision Units, Incorporated, was trying to convert from bomber parts to a good snappy line of Mexican pottery or something."

"I know what you mean," I said. "Over at Acme we—"

"It was," said Sanders, firmly, "the day after a select executive group—only those, that is, who had two bucks and could wangle the evening out—incited a farewell riot for Pete Waters."

"Your Chief of Cost Accounting and Production Control, I believe," I put in, indicating that while my attention might seem to be focused elsewhere, I distinctly heard at least a third of everything he said.

"Chief of Cost Accounting, Production Control and Inventory Procedure," Sanders amended. "Pete was being released, as the saying goes, and returning to his prewar career as assistant night cashier at the Snack Shack, Route 29."

"We had a Chief of Plant Co-ordination over at Acme," I offered, "and the very day after V-J Day—"

"On the morning of which I speak," Sanders continued unabated, "I had an early appointment with Old Man Hultz, the boss, so my wife gently roused me an hour later than usual.

"'Why didn't you call me at seven-thirty?' I asked her churlishly.

"'For one reason,' she churled back, 'you didn't get in till quarter of eight.'

"Loath to prolong the argument, I arose with alacrity and shaved to the accompaniment of the Breakfast Concert on the radio, painfully wounding myself in the frenzy of the Danse Macabre. My horoscope in the morning paper warned, 'Don't do anything.' That was the day."

He paused and signaled the bar with

"George knew all the bloated plutocrats, but they made me feel like I was the cigarette girl in disguise"

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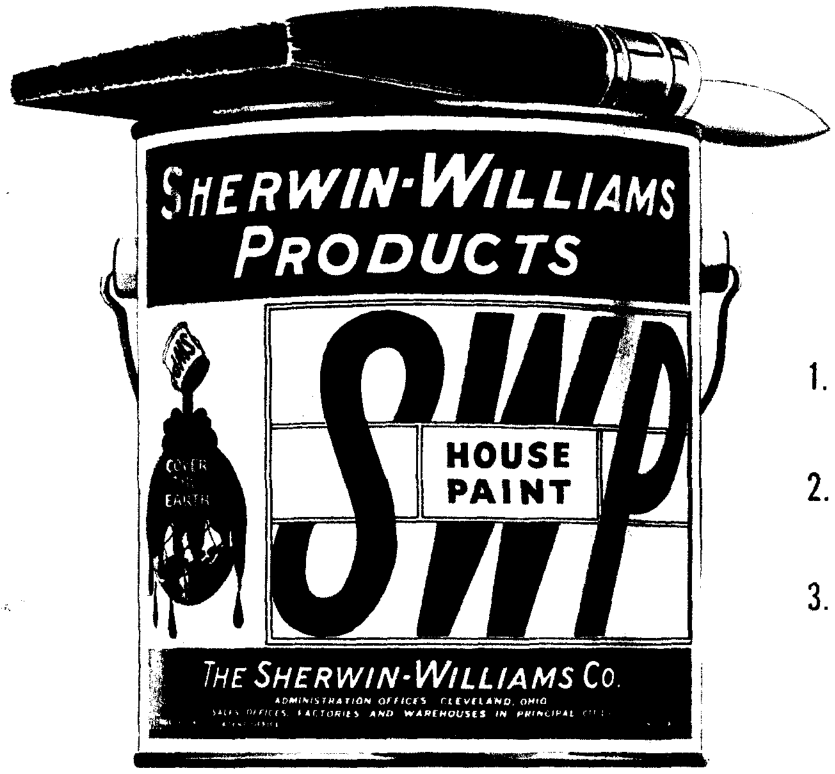
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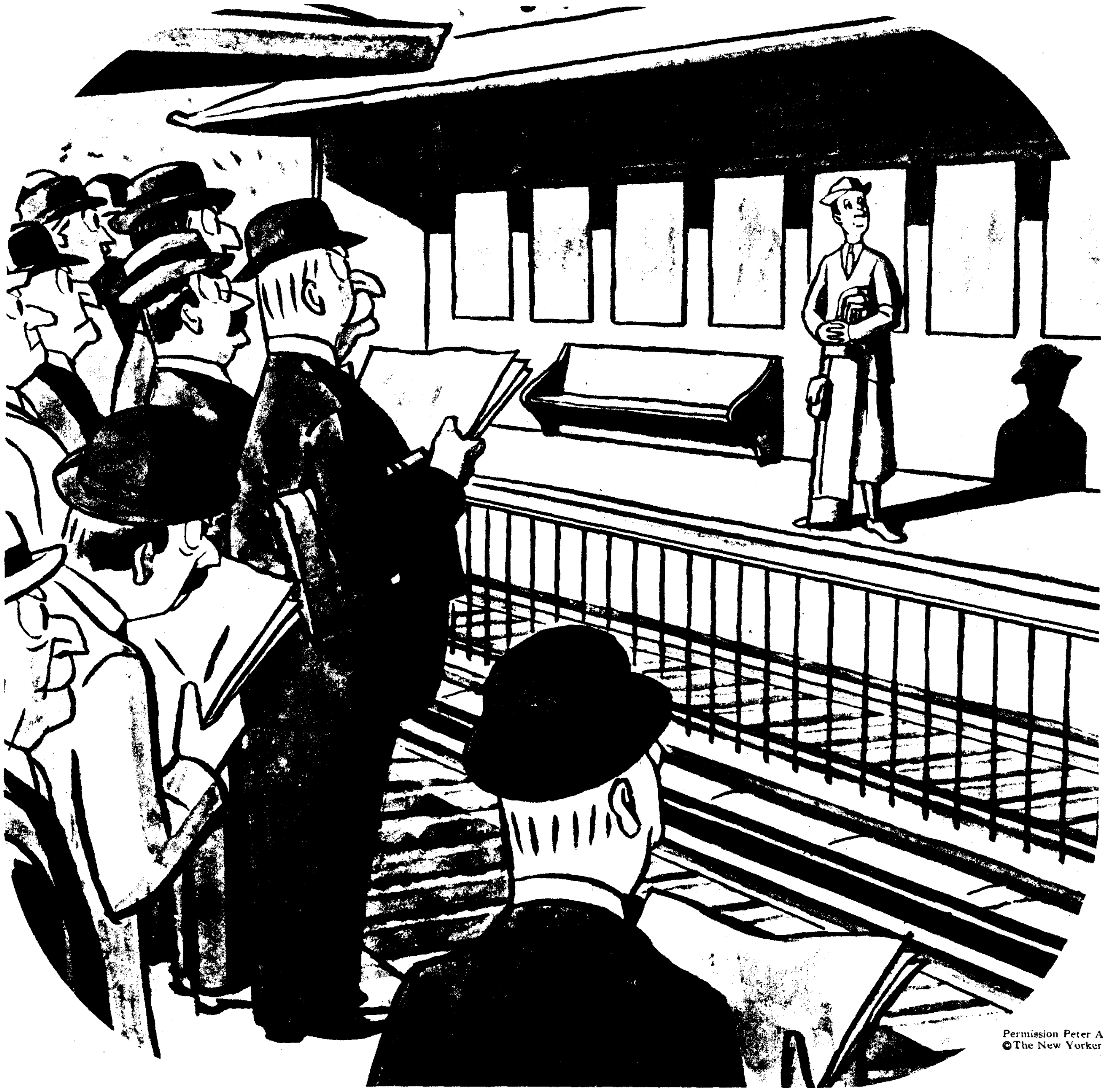

Permission Peter Arno
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PUZZLE:

STATION SCENE, 1957. Find the man who is getting a steady income from U. S. Savings Bonds. He was smart enough to start buying, back in 1947.

Of all the ways of saving up a tidy sum of money, one of the *easiest* and *safest* ways is to invest your money in U. S. Bonds.

You can buy Bonds either through the Payroll Savings Plan at your place of business—or if the Payroll Plan is not available to you, but you *do* have a checking account, through the Bond-a-Month Plan at your local bank.

Both ways repay you $4 for every $3 you save, by the time your Bonds mature. Choose the sum you can afford—from the chart on the right—and start saving today!

Ten years from now, you'll be mighty, mighty glad you did!

SAVE EACH WEEK	AND YOU WILL HAVE		
	In 1 Year	In 5 Years	In 10 Years
2.50	130.00	668.97	1,440.84
3.75	195.00	1,004.20	2,163.45
7.50	390.00	2,009.02	4,329.02
12.50	650.00	3,348.95	7,217.20
18.75	975.00	5,024.24	10,828.74

Save the easy, automatic way . . . with U.S. Savings Bonds

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two fingers. Embracing this opportunity to inject a bit of adrenalin into the conversation, I nodded toward the vision up front.

"What would you say a wonderful creature like that was doing in a place like this unescorted? True to somebody in the army of occupation? Stood up?"

"Neither," said Sanders with certainty.

"You *know* her?"

"What the devil do you think I've been talking about for the last five minutes?" he demanded.

Two new drinks were placed before us. He studied them reverently.

"Behind that bar," said Sanders, "stands the leader of his profession, the greatest chemist of his kind in the world."

I discreetly held my tongue. Sanders tasted, approved and continued his story.

As I grappled with the mail at the office that morning (Sanders said) a peculiar sense of frustration came over me. I felt left-handed and all thumbs. I began to wonder if perhaps this atomic activity wasn't already doing things to us.

Gradually, I realized that something had happened to my office, itself. The back wall with the creeping cactus languishing on the window sill appeared to be up where the front wall should have been and the front wall, with our loving cup for Neatest Floor of Any Department, 1939, was at the back. I was trying to figure out how the view beyond the cactus was still Gutzler Boulevard, when I came upon the memo.

It was addressed, "To All Department Heads and Supervisors," and said: "Effective immediately all desks in the offices and shops shall be turned in the opposite direction from which they have been facing." It was signed, "George K. Marble, Assistant to the President."

I had never before heard of the man and, furthermore couldn't see how Old Man Hultz, who doesn't do anything anyway and is very good at it, could use any assistance, but then, of course, I am only Director of Personnel in Charge of All Hiring.

"Who in heaven's name is George K. Marble?" I asked, turning to my beautiful secretary, a feat which under the new desk arrangement put a severe strain on the sacroiliac.

"Just another genius," she said, emitting a beautiful sigh. "The Old Man picked him up at the shore. Washed up on the beach, I wouldn't be surprised."

"What's the dizzy idea turning the desks around?" I demanded.

"Mr. Marble feels it will give everybody a new perspective," she said. "Now, isn't that cute?"

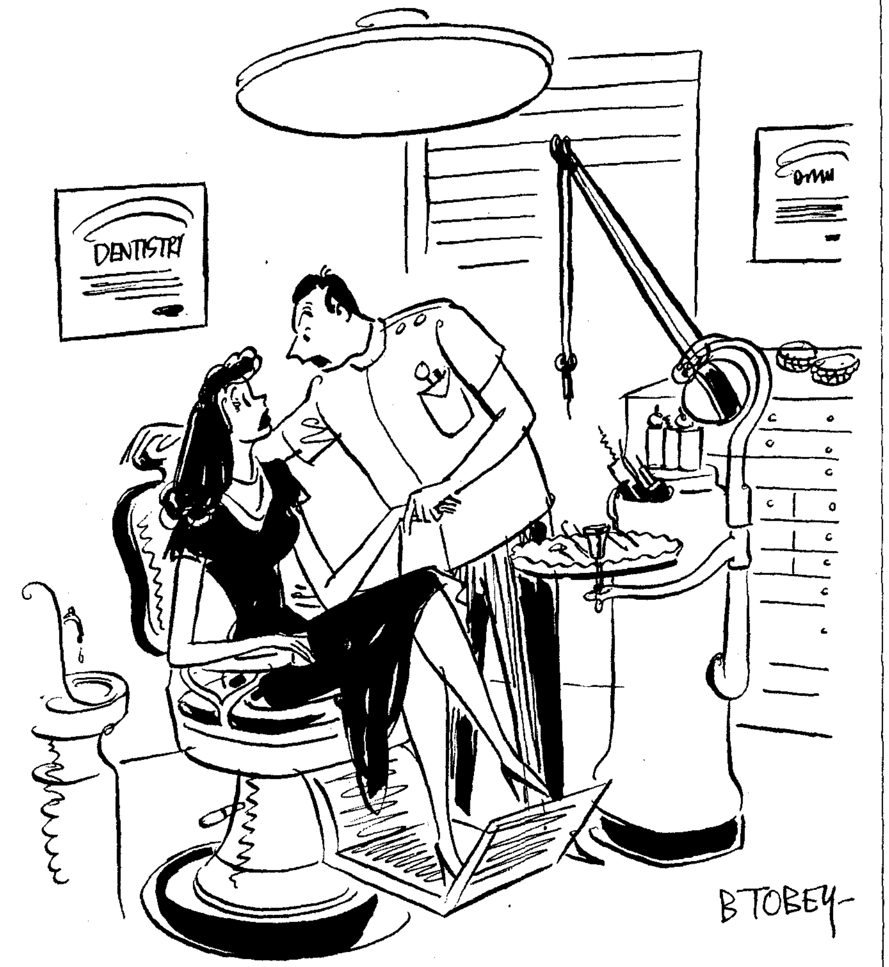
So after burning out the best years of my life for old PU, as we happy co-workers affectionately refer to the grand old company, I wind up trading a southern exposure of my beautiful secretary, ash-blond Mary Murphy, who has just now attracted your attention at the door, for an uninterrupted view of the Screw Machine Department photographed in the sack race on their annual picnic to Ditweiler's Happyland Park.

"That does it," I said. I got up and after several futile stabs for my hat which for ten years had dangled behind my desk but now hung in front, located its whereabouts and put it on, backward. "It's been wonderful knowing you, Murph," I said, simply. "If anybody ever asks, I retired to Texas and am happy among my pineapples."

The Chief Engineer, Chief Draftsman, Chief Messenger Boy and the rest of the chiefs were down the street at Rappy's Luncheonette, chiefing at the bit. I joined the powwow, a daring move for a personnel director considering the ugly frame of mind the boys had developed over our newest employee.

Silvers, the Safety Chief, while working that morning on his month's report which, if there was no accident by five P.M., would have set an all-time state record, scurried joyfully from the wrong side of his desk and was felled in his tracks by the wall. Hullerman, our near-sighted purchasing agent, was completely unstrung after consistently issuing orders to the water cooler and beckoning to the Ladies' Room when he wanted the office boy. Little things like that, but they mounted up.

I talked fast to assure the lads I knew



"I'm nuts about you, Sally, but you let me see you only twice a year"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

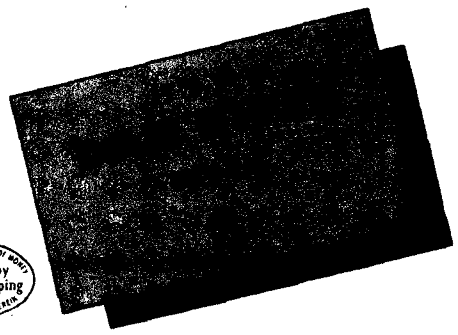
Better fabric...
Better shirt

Prince Oxford fabric makes the kind of shirt that always looks good and feels good. That's because it is beautifully woven of long staple premium cotton and has the heft and body you expect from America's favorite oxford cloth. Equally correct for business or leisure, it comes in clear, clean, fast colors that won't ever fade. Sanforized* for permanent, comfortable fit. At good stores everywhere.

Dan River Mills, Inc., Danville, Va.

*Fabric shrinkage less than 1%

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



TO WAKE UP
"Bright-Eyed"

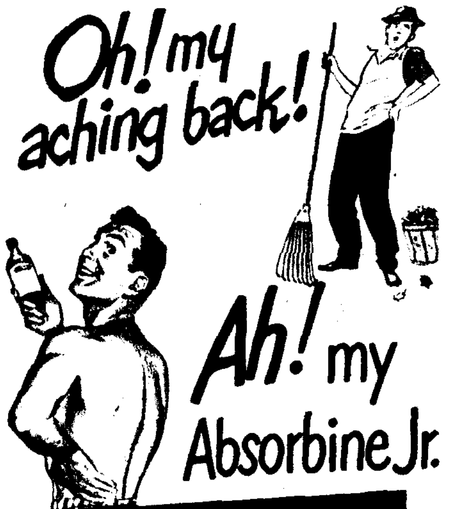
Try this Tonight for Morning Freshness!

It's a plan that's bringing peppier, happier mornings to thousands! Here's all you do—just drink a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime each night.

Taken warm at bedtime, Ovaltine promotes sound sleep. It also supplies specially processed food elements to restore vigor and drive while you sleep. What's more, it furnishes extra amounts of vitamins and minerals most people should have—in a better, more natural way to get them.

So why not give Ovaltine a trial—you've a lot to gain, and nothing to lose but your sleepless nights and listless mornings!

OVALTINE


Oh! my aching back!
Ah! my Absorbine Jr.

For FAST RELIEF, help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!

When your back muscles feel as stiff as a board after unusual exertion, get busy! Rub on Absorbine Jr. and help those aching muscles limber up *fast!*

Tired muscles are often *famished* muscles. Your strenuous activity has burned up their nourishment. But rub on Absorbine Jr. and you help step up your local circulation. Fresh invigorating blood supplies fresh nourishment! Then tired back muscles relax, become supple again, the pain fairly floats away!

Ask your druggist today for Absorbine Jr.—50-year-famous formula of rare medicinal herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients. A long-lasting bottle, $1.25. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

nothing more about George Marble than the obvious fact that he held a paid-up card in the pixies; I convinced them of the inadvisability of dropping him from some high place just at this time and returned to talk it over calmly with the boss—but Marble had canceled my date with the Old Man to take him golfing. . . .

I found Marble next day up on the third floor, embalmed in the beautiful mausoleum that had been originally laid out for an Army liaison officer long since gone back to the kohlrabi department of a supermarket in Lower Upcong, New Jersey. He looked virtually normal, aside from the super zoot, or jet propulsion, mode of his ensemble. He was a solid young man of medium height and innocent baby-blue eyes that gave him an air of hanging on your every word.

As we went along, however, I gathered an impression that he didn't hear half I said and arbitrarily disregarded the other half as sheer nonsense. He had an attitude of standing back, as if humoring the mad world in its foibles. He began to remind me of somebody or something that I was trying to place when I was struck by the unorthodox situation of his wastebasket. It was perched on top of his desk, perhaps two inches to the left of center.

"Handy, I suppose, when you get used to it," I suggested.

George plucked it off the desk and returned it to the floor.

"Just been studying the situation," he said. "What do you think of this idea? Call in half the wastebaskets. Reduce the company's over-all incentive to error by fifty per cent."

Before I could answer, he jumped happily on the interoffice phone and hurled the order down its throat. For this he was being remunerated in money.

Handing me one of the boss' special cigars, he himself put a light to a pipe which had no tobacco in it. At least, although he puffed in noisy satisfaction, no smoke appeared and the careful rings he blew from time to time were entirely invisible.

"Only way to beat the habit," he said. "Little trick I learned from J. P. Thorganheim. You know J. P.?"

I AM as close to J. P. Thorganheim as I am to Harry Truman. I voted for Dewey but have a cousin in Missouri. And I would have bet any one of Thorganheim's millions that George wasn't any closer.

"Great little old fella, J. P.," said George. "Haven't seen him around lately. Guess he's been laid up with that trick tummy. I tell J. P. if he'd cut out all the plum-stuffed duck and junk he'd be better off."

To hear George tell it, he was thicker than thieves with a cross section of the biggest big shots.

"By the way," he said, "what's your objection, if any, to employing a married woman for your secretary?"

"Some of my best friends are married," I told him, "but it just so happens I'm well satisfied with the secretary I have."

"That's the one I mean," said George.

"To the best of my knowledge," I said, "Miss Murphy is living in single bliss."

"A situation," he said, "which I mean to altar very shortly. That's a-l-t-a-r—get it?"

He admitted that while a man could scarcely be accused of trifling with a girl's affections if, having seen her for the first time in his life that morning, he hadn't got around to declaring his intentions by noon, still he knew almost as much about Mary Murphy as he ever would, he felt, and more than some husbands learned of their wives in a lifetime.

He was aware, for instance, that she liked historical novels and Ping-pong, had lost her appendix, took two years of Spanish in high school, quit her place of previous employment for self-advancement, owed allegiance to no foreign power, had never been arrested for a felony and could be positively identified by a small mole three inches above her left knee. He had gleaned these and other statistics from a once-over of her application in the file.

As I left in a dazed state, George limped me to the door. He had a bad case of corns and had kicked his shoes off under his desk. He wore purple socks.

At the door, suddenly confidential, he dropped his voice and whispered hoarsely, "Keep punchin', kid. To hell with 'em all, and don't spread yourself too thin."

Somewhat self-consciously I returned to my beautiful secretary with the positive identification mark three inches above her left knee. I suppose at some time or another I must have glanced over her application, but I'd never really thought of her before in just that way.

She had both phones off the hook, a waiting room full of excited people and was beautifully distraught. It appeared, she informed me, that the Revolution had come; it was led by our Mr. Viznitski, whose subterfuge for opening hostilities was a ridiculous claim that wastebaskets were disappearing from the bookkeeping department.

And the mail room wanted to know if it would be permissible, since the desks were turned around, to use the outgoing desk for the incoming mail and the incoming mail, or rather, desk, for the outcoming—well, you see how it could get.

And the shop committee had been looking for me with that grievance glint in the collective eye. Early that morning George had found himself in the inspection division—lost, no doubt, on his way to the rest room—and had taken a look at one of our arcometers. Somebody was fool enough to advise him he was holding it backward. "Only way to inspect them!" George said crisply and ordered all inspectors to follow suit from there on. He called it the uninhibited approach. The union called it un-American.

"The guy's a character all right," I told Murph.

"Character?" she steamed. "He's a past grand international leprechaun."

GENTLY, I broke the news to her, picturing her with a little leprechaun or two lisping its night prayers at her knee, the knee with the mole.

"Murph," I said, "Marble is really crazy about you."

"He's crazy period," she said. Then she laughed. She laughed until I threatened to call First Aid for smelling salts. On second thought, the way things were stacking up, I called anyway, had a bottle delivered for my personal use in case of emergency, and bearded the boss in his den.

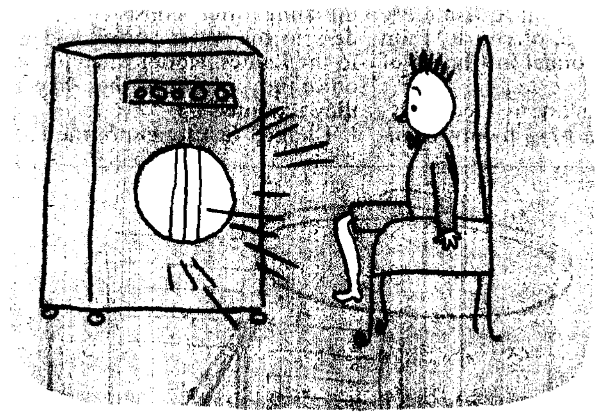
You've seen Old Man Hultz in our ads. He makes a nice trade-mark. The grandfatherly type. Silvery hair, a shy, old-fashioned smile and a heart of sheet metal. He was busy catching cold in the draft that his reversed desk exposed him to, and chewing an unlighted cigar.

"Little trick of J. P. Thorganheim's," he explained confidentially. "Healthy and economical. Great little fella, J. P."

"Yeah," I said, "he ought to go far if he just watches out that plum-stuffed duck doesn't sneak up on him."

The boss, I found, had run afoul of George on annual guest day in the lobby of the Boat and Game Club, one of those big haunted beach houses smelling of

THE NEW FREEDOM PRIMER



THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Ned is sit-ting by the ra-di-o.
Is he in a cold sweat?
Good-ness no! Ned is de-vel-op-ing his mind.
He is lis-ten-ing to the Chil-dren's Hour pro-
gram "Hap-py Jack Hack-saw."
The he-ro has just va-por-ized ten hap-less
vic-tims with an AT-OM-iz-er and is a-bout
to bash in the brains of three oth-ers with
an old-fash-ioned ma-che-te.
But where are Ma-ma and Pa-pa?
Ma-ma is play-ing gin rum-my o-ver at
Mrs. Do-lit-tle's house.
Pa-pa is out in the fresh air bet-ting his o-ver-time
bo-nus on a horse that is run-ning the wrong way.
Ned does not frit-ter a-way his time.
When he is six-teen he will be a-ble to han-dle a
ma-che-te with skill and he will be much sought
af-ter in e-ver-y state in A-mer-i-ca.

—Alan Foster

BING CROSBY shows BARRY FITZGERALD the modern way to shave in "WELCOME STRANGER" a Paramount picture

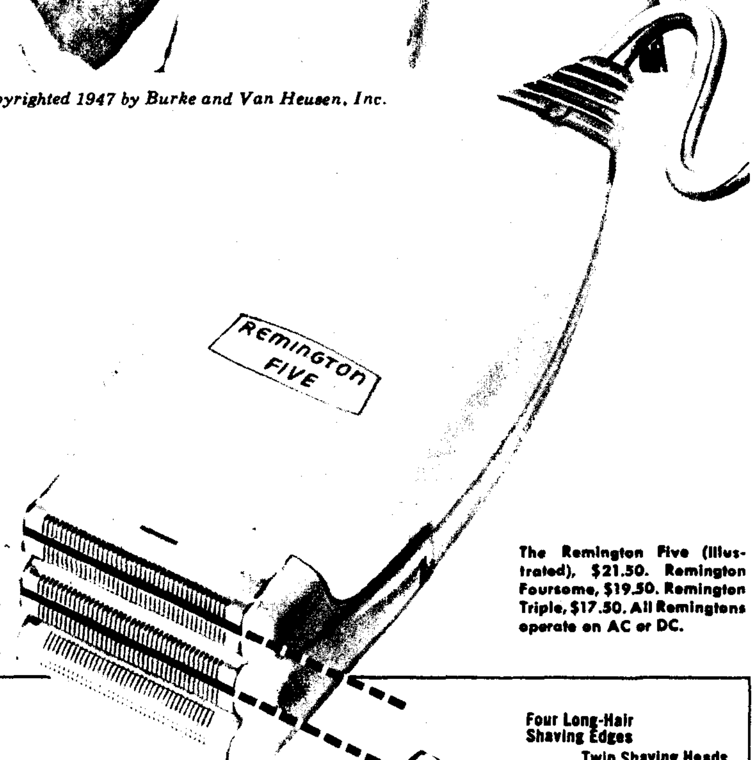
"Waking up can be fun"* when you shave with a Remington

Start your day on a high note with a fast, clean Remington shave. No lather—no blades—no muss. Just run the business end of your Remington over your face and watch the whiskers vanish. The combination of Blue Streak *twin* heads—with their long-hair cutting edges—and the smooth, round heads is more than a match for any beard. *For a penny's worth of electricity a year* you can enjoy a Remington dry shave every morning, the comfortable kind of shave that helps you start off your day with a smile. There are three Remington models to choose from: The Five, the Foursome, and the Triple. See all three at leading stores or at one of Remington's ninety-seven shaver headquarters. Remington Rand Inc., Electric Shaver Division, Bridgeport, Conn.

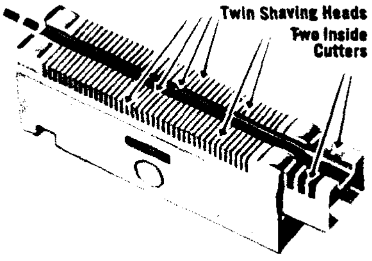
REMINGTON ELECTRIC SHAVERS

A product of Remington Rand

More Remingtons have been sold since 1940 than all other makes combined



The Remington Five (Illustrated), $21.50. Remington Foursome, $19.50. Remington Triple, $17.50. All Remingtons operate on AC or DC.

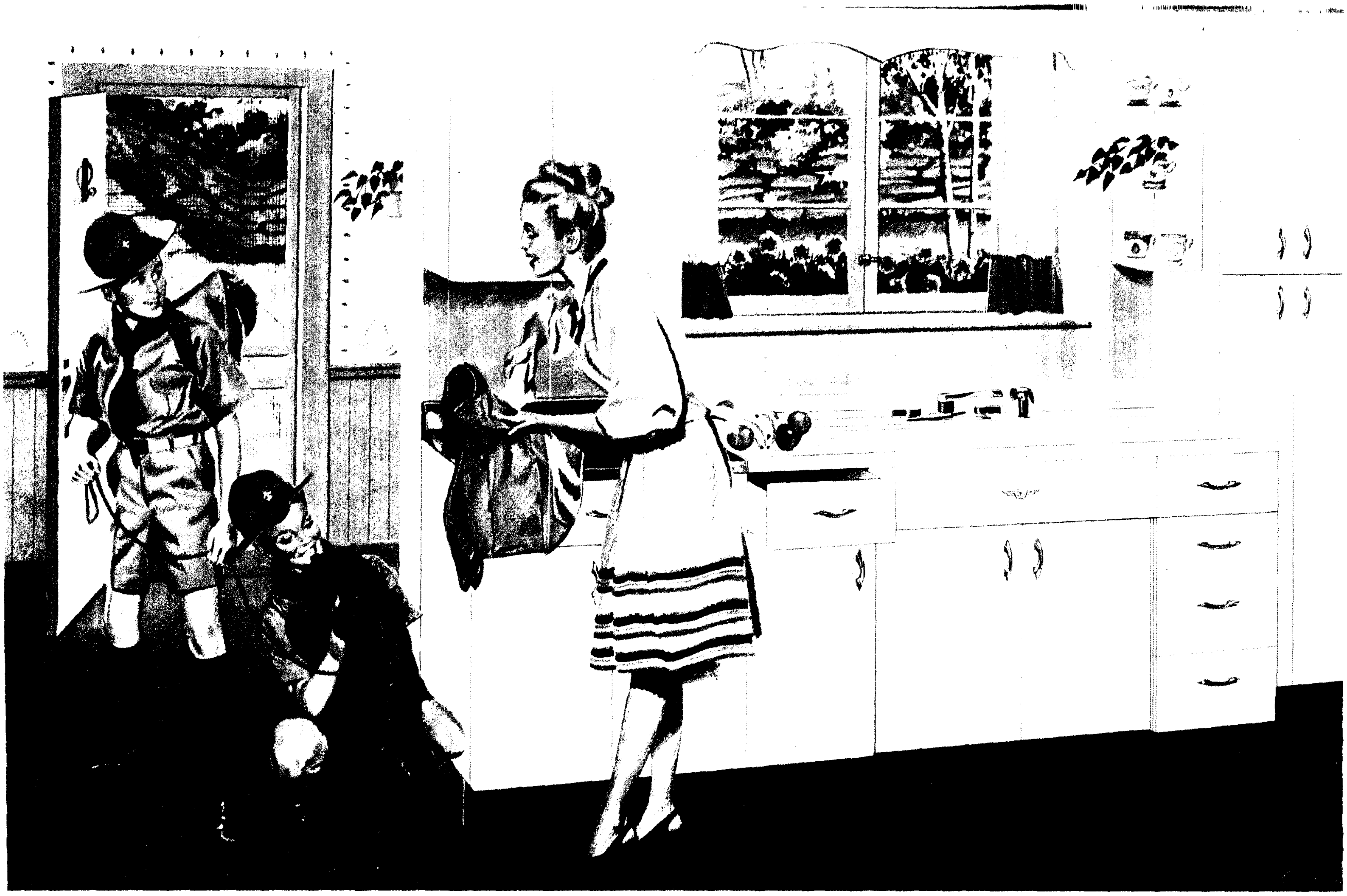


GOOD NEWS FOR REMINGTON OWNERS

Modernize your shaver with a Blue Streak Head—All new Remingtons are equipped with one or more of these sensational heads that have four long-hair cutting edges and two shaving surfaces. Any Remington shaver headquarters can install a Blue Streak on any Remington multiple-head shaver. Only $3.50.

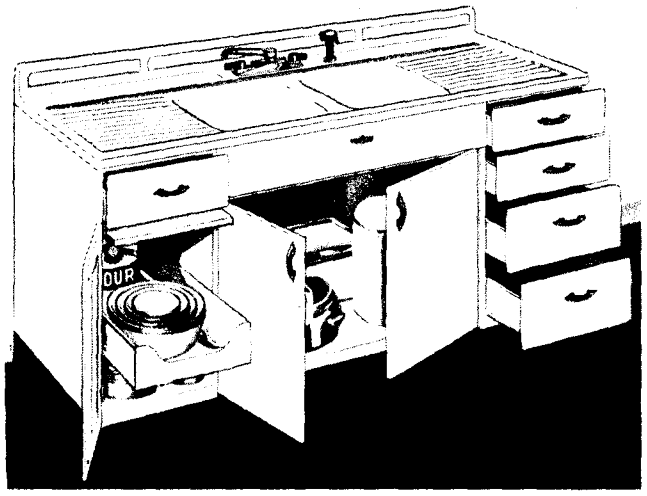
SHAVE DRY **NO LATHER** **NO BLADES**

From the song "Smile Right Back at the Sun" copyrighted 1947 by Burke and Van Heusen, Inc.



Talk about a housewife's heaven! Look at those *gleaming* Youngstown wall and base cabinets, so deep they'll take every pot and pan in the place . . . and at that wife-saving Kitchenaider sink, flanked by a work surface big as a boulevard.

All snugly arranged to cut down cross-kitchen hikes! This *dazzling* all-steel Youngstown Kitchen runs as little as $11.50 a month on most budget plans . . . installed complete! And those Youngstown honeys below are all priced proportionately!



Watch sink chores go zip! zip! at this trim, labor-saving Kitchenaider cabinet sink with its no-splash twin bowls, speedy rinse spray and huge *huge* storage areas. Big one-piece top is acid-resisting porcelain enamel. If you wish, get a Kitchenaider first, add your matching wall and base cabinets later. As low as $4.45 a month for model shown!

ALL NEW! Exciting 20-page booklet featuring 22 gorgeous Youngstown Kitchens in full color, plus planning tips! Send coupon with 25c (sorry, no stamps). You'll also get 51 cut-outs of Youngstown units to make miniature kitchen arrangements.

Youngstown Kitchens
Mullins Mfg. Corp.
Dept. C-947, Warren, Ohio

Send me your new book on Youngstown Kitchens and the 51 cut-outs. I enclose 25c in cash.

I plan to remodel ☐
☐ I live in town

I plan to build ☐
☐ I live on a farm

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE

COUNTY STATE

Luxury kitchens at piggy-bank prices

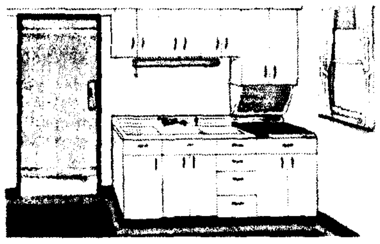
Did you ever see such shining beauties?

They're even handsomer than in your fondest dreams. So satiny-smooth, so snowy-white . . . so gorgeous!

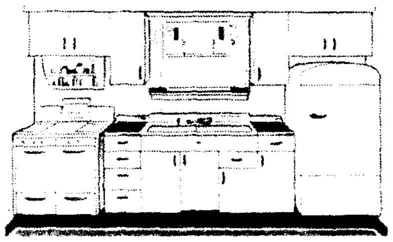
Ah, but wait! These luxurious arrangements are only a *hint* of the kitchen magic you can perform with stunning steel Youngstown units. Your Youngstown Kitchen dealer can show you schemes and schemes that you can almost swing on piggy-bank savings. Scoot right down and see for yourself . . . *today!*

MULLINS MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
WARREN, OHIO
Porcelain Enameled Products, Large Pressed Metal Parts, Design Engineering Service

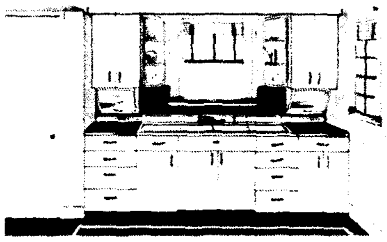
Youngstown Kitchens
BY MULLINS



Like it? It's yours for a song, installed complete in new house or old, without fuss or costly remodeling. Units go beautifully with any range, refrigerator; stay shining clean with swish of damp cloth.



Why jump through hoops doing kitchen duty? Sleek Youngstown units end kitchen chaos, let work flow smooth as can be. It's kitchen bliss the live-long day . . . and constant envy from all your friends.



Remember, your Youngstown Kitchen dealer can help work out a dream scheme for any kitchen . . . even that pet arrangement you've been wanting. Hie yourself down to that Youngstown showroom now.

yesterday's fish and old currency, minimum membership requirement about $50,000 and an ulcer. The boss was a legitimate guest. George, I figured, wandered in, spotted him for a dope, and sold himself solid in the course of recognizing the Thorganheims and Vanderfellers at a distance, which the Old Man could have done the same way, from their pictures in the papers.

"Great idea man, Georgie," the boss said. "Ever see such action? And only his first day. Wait till he hits his stride."

"Have you heard about the new inspection method?" I inquired.

"Smart," said the Old Man. "Fresh viewpoint."

"Not everybody agrees on that," I said. "The union, for example, is getting strike fever."

"Innovation," the Old Man said. "That's always the way. It will take us a while to catch up to Georgie. Bound to. You've met him? What's your frank opinion?"

"Mr. Hultz," I said, "I'll admit in my day I've signed up my share of men from Mars. There was a period there during the war when I'd gladly have put on a man with two heads if he'd have sworn the antisabotage oath in unison—and I'd have paid him double time. But of all the lulus we ever gave desk space, Marble is winner and still champ in my book until they vote a whirling dervish chairman of the board."

The Old Man turned some of his deeper shades, blew out his cheeks and said in a voice like a knife, "I have every confidence, Sanders, in George K. Marble."

That being that, I retired from the presence.

"Keep your eye on the ball, Sanders," the Old Man admonished as I left, "and don't spread yourself too thin."

George let an entire day elapse before accosting Mary Murphy for a date. Didn't want to rush things, he told me. She politely refused the first request and the next several, then he got to be a nuisance and she started setting him down hard, but George could take it.

"Easy does it," he assured me.

"Don't spread yourself too thin," I said.

FOUR weeks in our midst scattering stardust and schizophrenia. Then he capped the chaos with a brainstorm to end them all. He summoned me on a Monday afternoon. He would have come to my office, he apologized, but his feet were killing him.

He wanted all our elevators operated at half speed, he said, from two to five P.M. the following Friday. He had some important people coming to look us over from Maryland Ply Parts. If they liked what they saw we were in line for a subcontracting job that would end all our postwar worries.

"And they don't like fast elevators?"

George didn't know whether they did or didn't. "But they think we've got three times the personnel we have," he said.

"How could they think that?" I wondered. "And what's that got to do with the elevators?"

"Keep your shirt on," said George, "and watch the ball. Maybe they got the idea we're a little bigger from me. You know how people get a mistaken notion like that and you can't shake them loose. All right. I know we can handle their job with less personnel than they think we need. We'll work triple shifts or something. You can figure that part. Simply a matter of pencil and paper. Meanwhile, when they inspect us next Friday, our employees have to look like three times as many, that's all."

"So you run the elevators slower," I reasoned, "to make our traffic look heavier? But no, the slower we moved stuff, the less people we'd seem to have."

"Look," said George, patiently. "I'll explain it again. All shop employees report for work next Friday afternoon on the top floor, no matter what floor they belong on. I take our visitors to the top floor and they witness that mob scene. Then I bring our visitors down in the slow elevator to the next floor and who do they see?"

"Nobody," I said. "Everybody is on the top floor."

"A little co-operation for Pete's sake," George pleaded. "Don't make it complicated. When I leave the top-floor shop with my guests I stall them out in the hall, aided by the lousy elevator service. Meanwhile, all employees move by the back stairway to the floor below, so when our visitors get to the shop on the floor below it's the mob scene again, but who knows it's the same mob, except a couple of hundred co-workers in on the secret? Can a stranger tell one dirty-faced mob from another? Well, then we proceed down to the next floor. Get it?"

I got it but I couldn't believe it.

"George," I said, "you can't get away with this."

"Let me worry about that. Just slow up those elevators and get busy figuring out how we'll handle all that subcontracting we're going to get."

"George," I said, "you'll wreck us. We'll be the laughingstock of the industry when this gets out."

"Relax," said George, "you're spreading yourself too thin. Now we want this mob scene busy, you understand."

"Busy," I cried in my delirium, "doing what?"

"Banging," said George. "Loud."

BACK in my cell I went into a huddle with Mary Murphy. Something, as the ancient proverb goes, had to be done. No use advising the boss we were headed for a crack-up. George had him hypnotized and could do no wrong. There was only one way to snap the Old Man out of it. Put the finger on George positively as a phony.

"It's up to you, Murph," I said. "Give George that date. Insist upon going to the shore, specifically the Boat and Game Club. All I want is your eyewitness testimony that any day but guest day George couldn't get past the doorman with a steam roller running his interference, and couldn't call on Thorganheim or anyone else to pass him through, because there isn't a Boat and Game member who ever dreamed of George's existence in his wildest nightmares."

"It's a dirty trick," she mused, "but I'm doing it for the wives and kiddies of the happy co-workers. Let's look at it like that."

She made the date for Wednesday night. I was there in the office ahead of her when she arrived Thursday morning. She took one look at the bouquet on her desk and swept it into what would have been the wastebasket before our wastebasket quota was reduced.

"Big shot!" she said.

"Hey," I said, "that set me back a fin."

"You?" she said. "Oh, excuse it." She retrieved the flowers, murmuring, "Beautiful."

"So George couldn't get you into the Boat and Game Club with a search warrant," I said. "Now go on with the story."

"Oh, we got in all right," she said. "Through the door, too. And if you're anxious about J. P.—Mr. Thorganheim, that is—well, he's decided to take Georgie's advice and lay off the plum-stuffed duck for a while. Mrs. Thorganheim says there isn't a soul can do a thing with J. P. but Georgie."

I sat down hard where my desk chair had been before George rearranged the furniture.

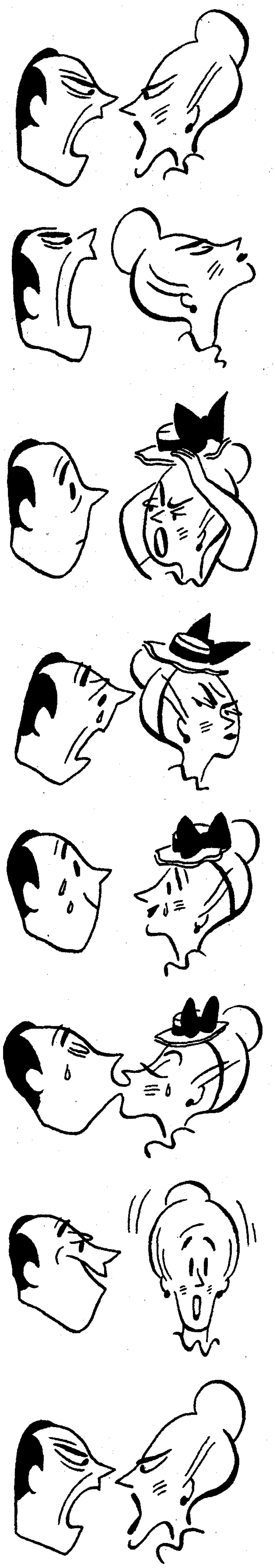
"George really knows the plum-stuffed Thorganheims?" I said.

"And the Vanderfellers," she said. "And some more. Isn't that disgusting?"

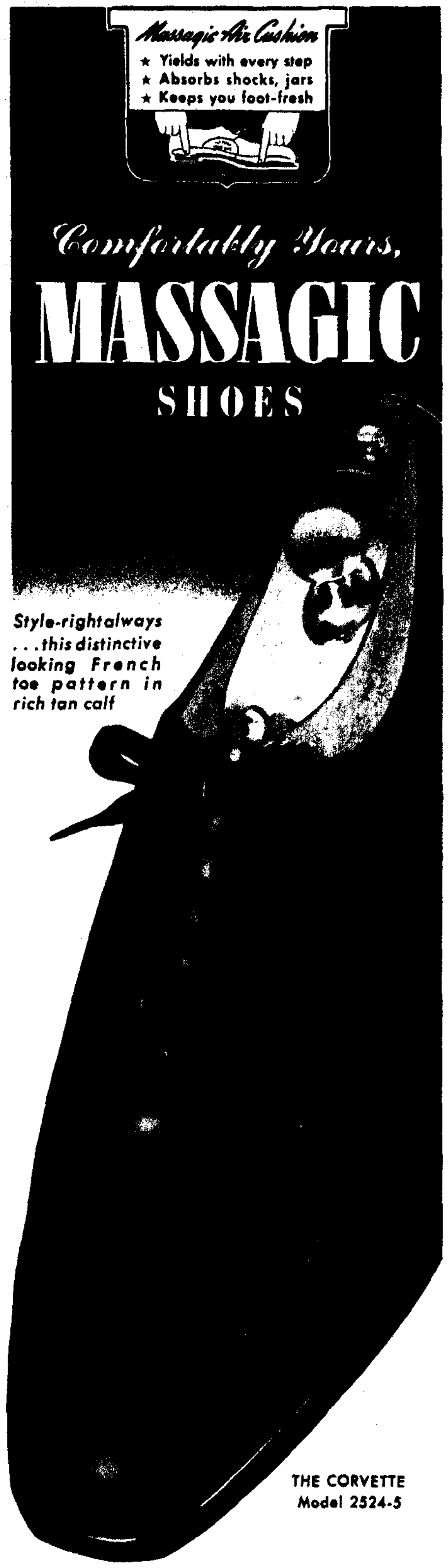
"Frankly," I said, "it's a blow."

"A bunch of bloated plutocrats," she said, icily. "They made me feel like they

ARGUMENT



COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM



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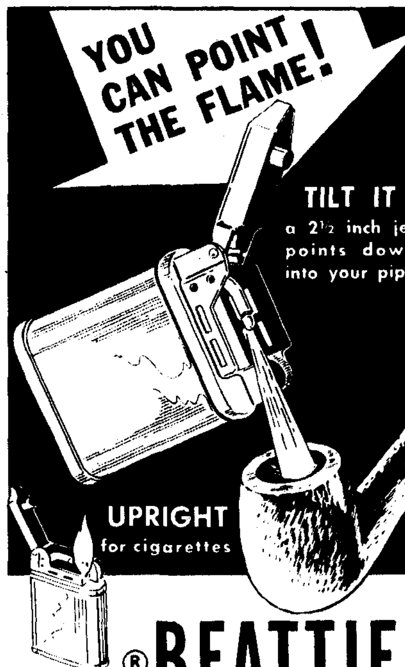

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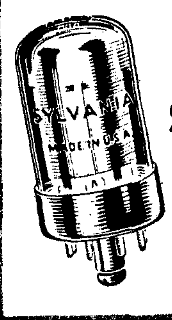

SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES

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thought I was the cigarette girl in disguise. Well, I was one once and told them so, and if Mr. Big Shot Marble doesn't like it, I can always go back."

I guessed that George would be somewhat less chipper that morning, but he limped in, whistling merrily. I met him in the hall.

"She says she hates me," he said, grinning.

"That's good?" I asked.

"That's progress, kid," he said. "From indifference to hate overnight. Next step, hate to love. Got those elevators ready to slow down? This is our big day."

Promptly at 2 P.M. the visiting delegation arrived from Maryland Ply Parts. The gentlemen were uniformly thin of lip and gimlet-eyed. I passed them on my way out to Willie's Café, where I made a brave attempt to forget it all; but Willie, flapping around on his flat feet like a trained seal, a martyr to his profession, kept putting me in mind of George's corns, and all I could think of was purple socks.

BEAUTIFULLY doleful, Murph joined me there later. "How did it go for laughs?" I asked.

"I don't think Maryland Ply Parts enjoyed the joke at all," she said. "They told George he'd hear more about this and left looking pretty grim."

"It was a nice little company," I said, "for the seventy-six years it lasted. Doesn't make sense, does it, how a guy like that could be palsy-walsy with the Thorganheims and Vanderfellers."

"Not to mention the Giltmores," she said. "Oh, Georgie is a great little mixer all right."

"Mixer?" I said. "Mixer? MIXER?" It came to me, you see, just like that.

I said, "Murph, you said it. A great mixer. Those corns! That way of listening without hearing anything! Everybody's friend and adviser! Murph," I said, "will you do me one more favor? Phone the Boat and Game Club and ask them if they ever had a bartender by the name of George K. Marble, and would they like to have him back because according to reliable sources he'll soon be at liberty.". . .

Sanders stopped, suddenly aware that we required a refill; he motioned not too precisely to the bar.

"Frankly," he said, "have you ever tasted a cocktail just like that?"

"Never," I admitted. "But *was* he?"

Sanders considered me gravely and at some length.

"What are you talking about?" he asked, finally.

"George Marble. Was he a bartender?"

Sanders sighed wearily at my perversity.

"You admit, yourself," he said, "you've never tasted better."

I looked over to the bar where a solid young citizen limped furiously to and fro, mixing, shaking, stirring, pouring, never the fraction of a drop too much or too little; and simultaneously he took part in half a dozen conversations around him, or appeared to. There was no hint in his innocent baby-blue eyes that he was aware of the vision of Mary Murphy at the door, or if he was, that it bothered him.

"So the Old Man fired him," I said.

"Immediately and with ceremony. Everything but tearing off his buttons to the roll of the drums. Really, I felt a little sorry for the guy. In a way I guess, Mary did, too."

"He got over her?"

"Not exactly. They married, that is," Sanders explained, "the following Tuesday and opened up here a month later. Three weeks and four days later to be exact."

Through the bottom of my cocktail glass I watched Mary direct a couple to a vacated table and return to quell the milling standees with a beautiful smile. The name of the place, seen on the window backward from inside, was more obviously now "The Leprechaun."

"Between you and me," said Sanders confidentially, "I have reason to believe that Thorganheim put up most of the capital. These things take money."

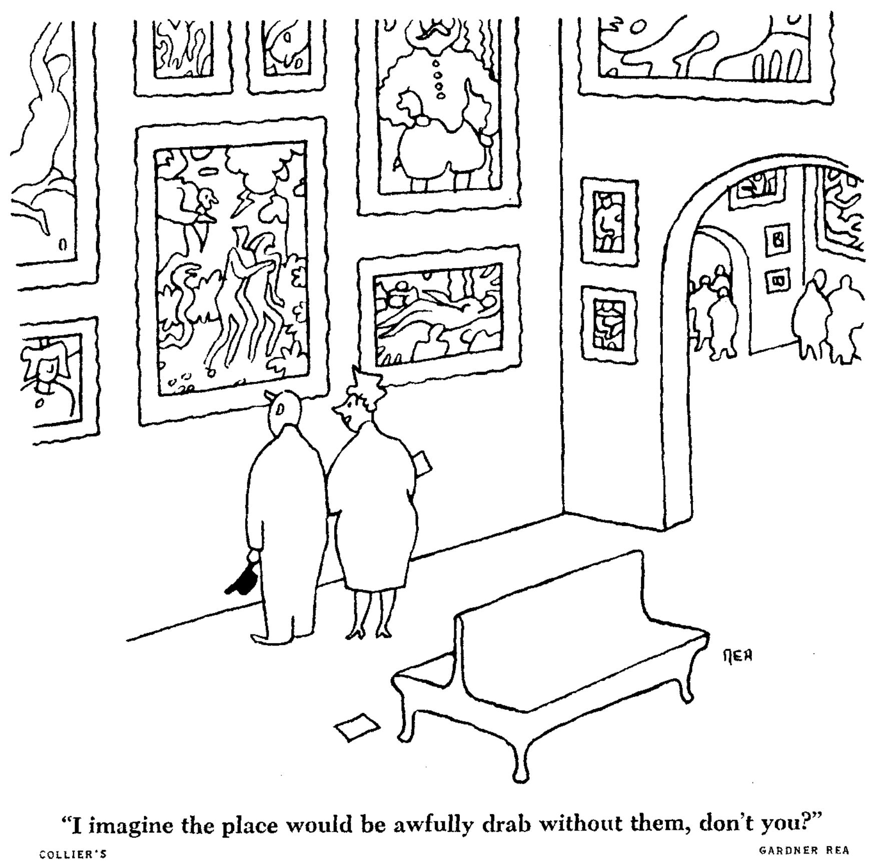
"But what about the Maryland Ply Parts deal?"

"Oh, we got the contract all right, and we're handling it. Just a question of know-how. You've got to keep punching for an outfit like Maryland, that's all—and be careful you don't spread yourself too thin."

While from where I sat, Sanders was enveloped in an iridescent mist growing thicker by the minute; I'm sure had he smiled I would have detected it.

The waiter brought our plum-stuffed duck and, Sanders being the quiet type, we finished the meal in thoughtful silence.

THE END



"I imagine the place would be awfully drab without them, don't you?"

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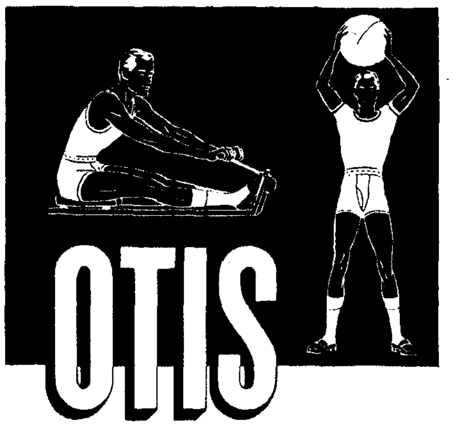

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THE SPLIT HICKORY

Continued from page 26

as Ma sickening and dying when I was just a little old squirt. And me growing up to be the spitting image of her. And Pa having to look at me, remembering, and probably wishing it was her sitting there, instead of only me.

It eased in on me, gradually, that maybe that was why he'd take the money that's in the china sugar bowl on the shelf and go over to the Newphers' every now and again and tote home a demijohn of white mule. It came to me that if Pa would go ahead and pull up the stumps—the real ones—why maybe the other ones—the ones plaguing him in the back of his head—would root loose, too.

THAT evening when we'd finished supper and Pa was tuning up his guitar to play like he generally does after we've eaten, I said offhand, "When you figuring for us to get at the stumps?"

Pa tightened one of the guitar strings. "Whenever I have me a breathing spell."

I said, "I reckon we ought to have us one as soon as the tobacco's in."

"I reckon," Pa said.

I said, "It won't be any trick, once we get started in on it. It don't take much know-how to haul up a stump."

"It's stumps," Pa said. "Not *a* stump. And it ain't the know-how, it's the time. Takes time." He sounded the string with his thumb. "You been fighting again, ain't you?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

"You recollect I said you was to quit it," he said. "What was you fighting on," he wanted to know.

I swallowed. "Marty said . . . he said Jinks was a scroot," I lied, not looking at Pa. Jinks heard his name and jumped down off the sofa. He waggled over to get his ears scratched.

"You think a heap of that dog, don't you?" Pa said.

I nodded.

"Well, it's a tomfool thing to fight on," he said. "Because he is a scroot. Forty different kinds of it." He plucked the guitar strings, slow. "But that ain't his fault. You lick Marty?"

I shook my head.

"Next time see to it you lick him," Pa said and he launched in playing Shoo Fly Shoo. It makes you feel laughing all over, somehow, when Pa plays that way.

Going to bed, I said, "We'll get after the stumps soon as the tobacco's in—huh, Pa?"

"That's what I said," Pa said. He unloosened his galluses. "What's got into you anyhow?"

"Nothing. I—I was just wondering when we were going to get around to it."

"I'll get around to it when I get around to it," Pa said. "Now hush up on it.". . .

He didn't get around to it, though. That August, the August I was eleven, was the August the hail got the tobacco the day before we were to cut it. It came down big as pullet eggs and there wasn't a thing we could do except stand there and watch it hopping and bouncing, beating the living daylights out of the crop. And Pa counting on it so heavy.

By evening there was a silence in him like a cold, wet stone. He took his guitar down, and tuned it, and then he drew his pick across the strings, so it made a screechy jangle, and he put it away and stomped off to bed without a word.

I took the china sugar bowl and hid it. But it made it worse, sneaking it like that. So, after a while, I took and put it on the shelf where it rightly belonged.

The following morning when we were eating breakfast he asked me how I'd like to go visit at my Aunt Harriet's.

"I reckon I wouldn't like it," I said, trying not to glance at the sugar bowl. I could see in my mind Aunt Harriet's pinched-in mouth, and her hair, skinned tight over her skull, and her tight-feeling house with the furniture set just *so* with little starched lace doohickeys on it.

"I like it how it is here," I said. "Besides there's Jinks."

"Jinks would keep until you got back."

"I purely couldn't go," I said, "unless I had Jinks."

Jinks thumped his tail and cocked his head, puzzling at me and Pa.

"Not even if I asked you to?"

"No, sir," I said.

"What if I said you was *going* to do it?"

"You wouldn't do that," I said.

I looked straight at Pa, and Pa looked at me. I could see him thinking how much I resembled Ma. I put down my cup. "Pa," I said, "why don't we get after those stumps? We could—"

Pa whacked the table with the flat of his hand so the dishes rattled and the coffeepot lid opened and shut once, like a surprised mouth. "Plague take it!" he shouted. "Will you leave off pestering me about them stumps!" He ran his fingers, bunchy, across his forehead.

"Eat your victuals," he said.

I said, "I reckon I'm done."

"Run along then," Pa said. "I'll be out directly."

"I'll redd up the kitchen," I said.

"I said run along!"

So I went outside and up to the curing barn. Shortly I saw Pa stalking off down the road. After he'd gone a piece, I high-tailed it back to the house and lifted down the sugar bowl. The two-dollar bill and the three ones were gone. I knew for sure, then, and I whistled Jinks and we went up to the Split Hickory because I didn't admire to be home when Pa came back from Newphers'.

He stayed drunk that time for nigh on to three weeks. When he got over it, he looked the same as if he'd had a long sick spell.

"You should've gone to your Aunt Harriet's, like I wanted you to," he said, sitting on the edge of the bed with his hands hanging between his knees. After a minute, he said, "I'm sorry, Tod. I'm powerful sorry. There's something gets *in* to me."

"Sure, Pa," I said. "I know how it is."

"I'll get them stumps up for certain, come spring," he said.

"Sure," I said. "Sure we will. Spring's a better time anyway."

IT WAS a cold winter and a cold, wet spring. The ground squished underfoot and the gully run red. Scrooched in bed at night with the rain pounding on the roof, and driving against the windows, I'd catch myself waiting for it to get in. Sometimes it'd slacken and stop and in the morning when I went to school I could hear the whole world dripping. The ditches on either side of the pike rushed with water, and the creek tumbled white under the covered bridge. Gray, ragged clouds went streaming across the heavy sky—so close I could've hit them with a rock. And then it'd head in raining again. That's how it was all spring until pretty near the middle of May.

I went out one May morning and saw a patch of blue sky the size of a Dutchman's shirttail, and wind ripples on the puddles. And there was a quickening everywhere. And within a week things were fairly busting out *every* which way. And Pa sobered up and began plowing.

That summer, after school let out, was the best ever was. There never *was* a summer like that summer. Seemed as if no matter what I saw or did, it was extra special. You take, for example, just fishing up the creek. Me and Jinks. I remember how flabbergasted I was one day, when I saw a snake fly. *Really* saw it. How it was a pretty sight to see, I mean. And another day it came to me the creek went

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somewhere besides just to Summit Falls. Maybe somewhere important even. Notions such as that. I don't know.

That's how that summer was. It wasn't all fishing, or berrying, or squirreling, or Jinks and me racing with the wind just to be doing. There was the regular chores, besides helping Pa with the tobacco and all. But, studying back on it, that whole summer sums up purely wonderful.

The crop that August was almost as good as any crop around. When it began turning, it was a proud thing to see.

"Well, by Harry," Pa'd say, "we don't eat sowbelly and beans *this* winter!" And, "Come fall, I'm aiming to clear me that stumpland for sure and next year I ought to get on the road to being paid out." That was the August I was twelve.

It happened two weeks after my birthday. Jinks and me came home with a mess of catfish we'd got up early to catch while they were morning-hungry, and there was Pa sitting on the back steps pulling a tobacco leaf through his fingers. He didn't answer when I howdy-hollered at him; he didn't look up or anything. When I got closer I saw the expression on his face and I thought: *Oh, goddlemighty. Good goddlemighty!*

I think I knew what it was before I reached him and he handed me the leaf and I saw the wildfire spots on it. It was as though, underneath, I'd known all along that it was due to happen. As though I'd been storing up through the summer for this very minute when I put down my pole and bait can and the catfish, and took the leaf from him.

Wildfire is worse than sore shank and hornworm, and green-bellied suck fly all rolled in one. It spreads as fast as what it was named on. Wild fire. Before you know it the small spots are big spots and they dry, or rot, and fall out, and your tobacco couldn't be any more of a ruination if an honest-to-John fire had swept through it.

Pa said, "I'm getting your things together. You're going to your Aunt Harriet's." He got up and went in the house.

IT SEEMED most a year I stood there. Then, someway, I was running. When I got to the first tobacco rows I commenced yanking and twisting and stamping—but it was like striking out at something that didn't stay hit, like Marty Shane. I tripped over a stalk and fell down. When I sat up, there was a heaviness in me that felt like a sack of wet meal getting ready to split wide open. I doubled up my fist and, someway, I was shaking it at the sky and shouting, "When's it going to quit? You hear? *When's it going to quit?"*

Jinks licked in my ear and I put my arm around him and burrowed my chin in his fur, to stop it from wobbling.

Pa was packing my stuff in the suitcase when I came in.

I said, "I'm not going." I moved to where he could see me. "You may as well make up your mind to it," I said. "I'm not going." I held out the tobacco leaves I'd brought in with me. "Lookit."

Pa said, "I saw it already."

"This here one only has a few, fair-to-middling spots that don't amount to breaking up sticks," I said. And I showed him. "This one is just beginning and you can't hardly tell it, if you squint at it. And this here one here isn't even touched yet! See? Hold it up to the light!"

"It's no use, Tod," he said. "First rain and the whole of it's done for."

"If we went ahead and picked it—"

Pa gave a knotty, squeezed-out laugh. "Sure," he said. "I'll cut it and rack it and have a pound party when it spoils on the stalks. Is this all the socks you've got?"

I said, "I didn't say cut it. I said pick it. Hand-pick it, leaf by leaf. Extra careful. It's not done for, actual, until it rains. It's got a head start but we can save what we can. If we get going."

Pa stood there holding my socks and gazing at me as if I'd lost track of my senses.

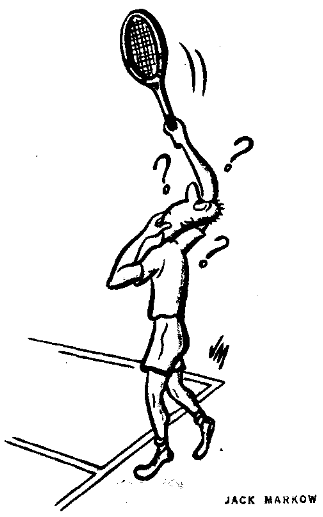
"We can do it," I told him. "I know we can!"

He dribbled the socks into the suitcase and he took the healthy leaf in both hands and squinched his eyes at it.

"I *know* we can do it," I said.

He lowered the leaf and his eyes collared mine. "All right," he said. He drew a deep breath and let it out, slow. "All right, Tod," he said.

THE next three days were like a kind of dream, where a thing you can't see is chasing you and, to save your soul, you can't move hasty enough. Red-eyed and fumbled with sleep, we'd be up and off in the morning, soon as it lifted, and late at night after we'd finished stringing, and when there wasn't anything awake but the hoot owls and the bullbats and us, we'd fall across the bed stiff and aching and too worn out to care—asleep before we were undressed.



JACK MARKOW

SPORTING ODDS

In a tennis match some years ago at *Forest Hills,* Merritt Cutler, former National Indoor Doubles champion, threw a ball up to serve, prepared to swing and discovered that the ball had vanished. As Cutler bewilderedly searched his court for the missing pellet, he heard chuckles from the next court and learned the solution: A wild shot from that court had collided with Cutler's ball in the air and knocked it several courts away—a chance considerably smaller than making a hole in one.

—Parke Cummings,
Westport, Conn.

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But we did it! All except the stand over the gully. And we'd have got that, if there hadn't blown up a rain.

The leaves in the curing barn were a mite too green, and they weren't anywhere near holding a good crease. And some, what we later had suspicions on, we took and burned, but—while it wasn't prime tobacco—it was tobacco. Maybe it didn't turn as rich a yellow color as it ought and, when we commenced firing, maybe it didn't deepen the way it generally does, but it was "selling" tobacco. And it was all leaf. What there was of it.

Pa didn't play his guitar any more of an evening, though. But we didn't either of us let on. Just as we didn't mention clearing the stumpland after the time—in October that was—when Pa was sure enough aiming to get at it only he'd loaned the heavy chain to Mr. Newpher. He went over there to borrow it back and he came home with it, all right, but the Newphers had given him a jug of sampling whisky. He honestly was planning on saving it until it had some age on it, but the corncob cork didn't fit to suit him and . . . well, once he got it out, he never got it in again.

That was the October I knocked Marty Shane's front teeth loose. I couldn't make him say uncle, though. And it was that October the Ladies Missionary Guild gave a taffy pull after school one day and I didn't find out till I'd already gone up and got my taffy, that it cost ten cents. And everybody looking. It was in October, too, that Mr. Thompson who owns the store at the crossroads began pretending he was busy when I'd come in for corn meal or something, on account.

I sure was glad when that October was done with. Although November wasn't any improvement to brag on. It was gray and drizzly and pretty soon the kids at school began talking Christmas and what they were liable to get.

DECEMBER turned off mild. It was good tobacco-handling weather and one late afternoon Pa and me commenced making it into hands getting ready for when the auction sales opened at the loose-leaf floors in Boonesburg.

"What you figure it'll draw?" I asked.

"No telling," Pa said.

"Might be more than we expect," I said.

Pa said, "Might be is a long row to hoe."

I said, "It don't take but fairly little to do us."

Pa didn't say anything.

"I reckon we'll get by," I said. "No matter what. Heck fire, I—"

"You'd better tighten that leaf more around the end or the whole bunch'll come loose," Pa put in. So I saw he didn't admire to talk on it and I shut up.

It was that evening Mr. and Mrs. Shane brought Marty over about Marty's front teeth. Mrs. Shane reminds you of an old hen with its feathers blowing. She had Marty show his teeth to Pa—how they were turning dark—and you'd have thought, from the way she carried on, that losing your front teeth was really something. Mr. Shane is a tall, limber-jointed man who gets embarrassed. He kept saying, "Now, Mother, don't get so flustered."

Pa finally got a word in edgewise. He said, "Why did Tod hit him?"

"Why, *indeed!"* Mrs. Shane said, narrowing her eyes at me.

"Why *did* you hit him, Tod?" Pa asked.

Marty knew I wouldn't tell. There was a mean grin glimmering back in his eyes couldn't anybody see but me. A grin just like there'd been on his face that day in October at recess when he'd told the kids Pa was "dirty-drunk" again.

"You heard me," Pa said to me. "Why'd you hit him?"

"I don't rightly remember," I said.

"How about you, Marty?" Pa asked. "Do you recollect what it was?"

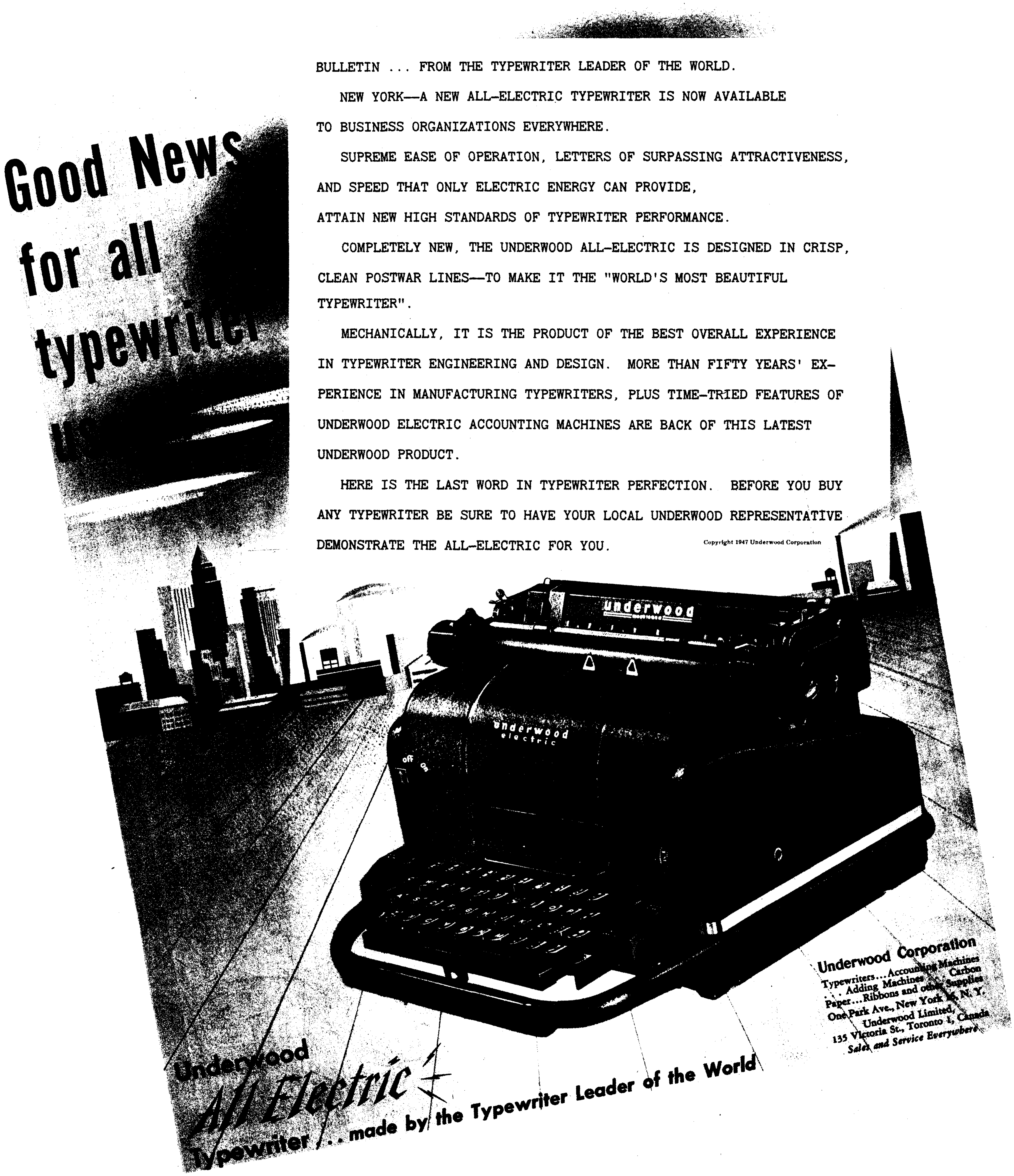
"I wouldn't let *him* copy off my geography paper," Marty said.

After they'd left, Pa took his razor strap off the hook. He said, "Bend over that chair, Tod."

I didn't believe him for a second. Then I saw he mad-meant it. In earnest.

"I warned you I was fixing to strop you if you didn't cut out this fighting," he said. "Bend over that chair!"

So I bent over the chair. I heard it coming and I made my hinder as tight as I could, to take the sting. The first one hadn't any more than landed when Jinks was down off the sofa. He ran around us



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whining and getting in the way and, when the next one came whishing down, he didn't move fast enough. It caught him in the hindquarters. He gave a yip and before I realized what I was doing I'd wheeled on Pa and jerked that strap away from him. The two of us stood there, staring at each other.

Now here's a peculiar thing. I knew Pa didn't *go* to hit Jinks. Jinks knew it, too. I could tell. Yet it didn't make the slightest particle of difference. It was as if there was something boiling up in me. Something hot and crazy that I hadn't known was inside me at all. But it didn't spill over hot. When it spilt, it was stormy and hard.

I said things to Pa, cold out, it's a wonder they didn't shrivel him, and me, too—and I finished up by telling him he could daggone good and well go to Boonesburg by himself and not come back, for all of me. And I took and I threw that razor strap clear across the kitchen.

Pa went over and picked it up and hung it on the hook. He turned as if maybe he was going to say he was sorry. But he didn't.

And neither did I.

PA WENT to Boonesburg alone. The Saturday morning he left was more like middle-March than close to Christmas. The sky was still peppered thick with cold, greeny stars when he hitched up and pulled off with the load of tobacco. The lantern swinging from the tailboard made a little rosy circle behind. From up at the Split Hickory the pike looked white and like it was reeled off a spool and, in the hush, and farther and farther away, the wagon wheels said, "Bubble-and-squeak, bubble-and-squeak, here we go through the gap. Bubble-and squeak."

I kept hearing them in my mind even after the east streaked with red and the red shaded off and the sun inched up like it was peeping over the edge of the world to make sure everything was in kilter before it went whole hog and committed itself. However, the longer that morning got, the less in kilter it was. There was too much of it and not enough to do with it, for one thing, and for another there was a weasly feeling I couldn't get rid of, spoiling in me. It was as if it was *my* fault it was Pa's fault he'd gone off without so much as glancing back to see was I anywhere around. By the same token, it was sort of *his* fault it was my fault.

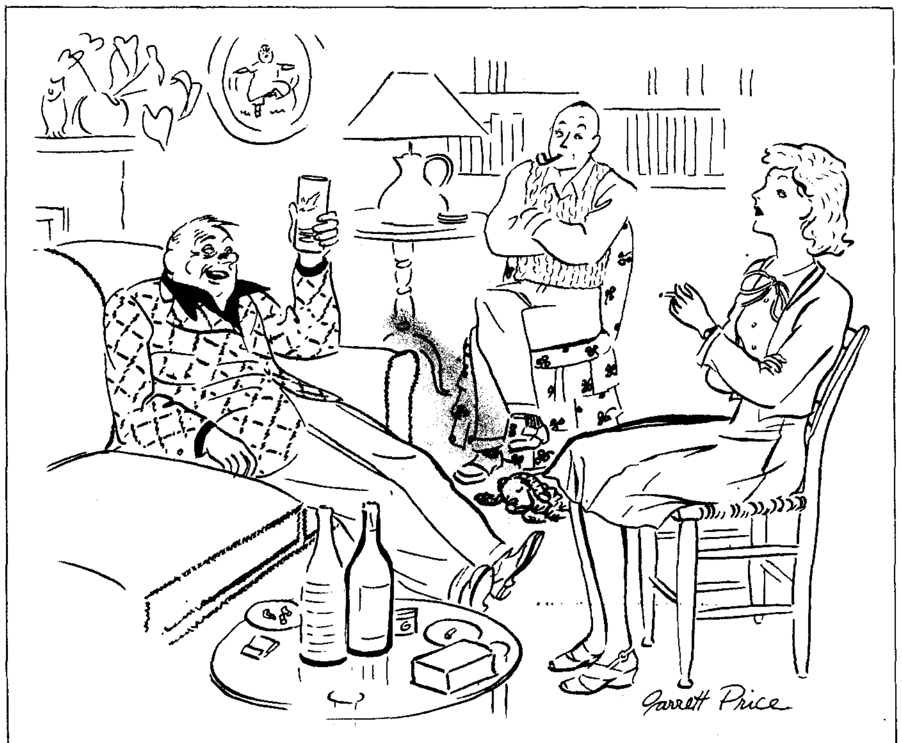
Midmorning I moseyed off down the road toward the store just to be doing. At least that's what I told myself. But I reckon I knew what I was aiming to do, actual, because I made me a cold bean sandwich to take and I didn't whistle Jinks from where he was investigating something over in the stumpland. And when I heard a truck coming I didn't waste any time stopping and sizing it up. It was a load of Christmas trees which meant it was bound for Boonesburg sure. However, there was a sign on the windshield that said NO RIDERS. So I made as if I was going to race it. The driver slowed down and gave his horn a toot for me to watch out and, when it went past, I hooked me a ride easy as skinning a cat.

Boonesburg is a filled-up kind of place. The houses are right smack dab next to each other's yards and it seems for every tree there's a telephone pole, and everywhere there's a vacant space is a billboard or a gas station or both. There's people hurrying every which way, as if they're all late for wherever it is they're going, and there's streetcars clanging and dinging, and more automobiles scooting along than you can shake a stick at—all behaving according to signals. When you cross Republic Street and look off toward where uptown is you can see these here signals twinkling on and off in a red and green string. Uptown is real exciting. I hopped off the truck at Republic and went up Ninth to the warehouse, thinking how surprised Pa was going to be when he caught sight of me. And pleased maybe. Only he wasn't there.

I ran into Sid Newpher—he's the one who has the seed warts—and, without letting on I didn't already know, I found out Pa had sold and left and that the price he'd got was slim pickings. If Sid considered it was slim, I knew it was mighty slim. So, instead of hanging around, I beat it over four blocks to Hallen's livery stable to see was Pa there getting ready to start for home. Because, if he wasn't—well, heck fire, if he wasn't he was at the bank probably. Or someplace.

Hallen's isn't a very high-grade livery stable. However, it only costs fifteen cents to hitch to the iron railing in the back plot. Mr. Hallen don't run it. He just owns it. There's generally always somebody new running it.

Our team and wagon were there, in the back plot, so I went inside to see was Pa in the office. At any rate it's written OFFICE beneath the pointing hand on the sign that's nailed by the door. It's not but just part of the stable partitioned off, though, and there isn't but a dirt floor, and a potbelly stove, and a droplight dangling from a twisty green wire, and some chairs and a table where there's usu-



"I don't see how you commuters keep this up night after night?"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

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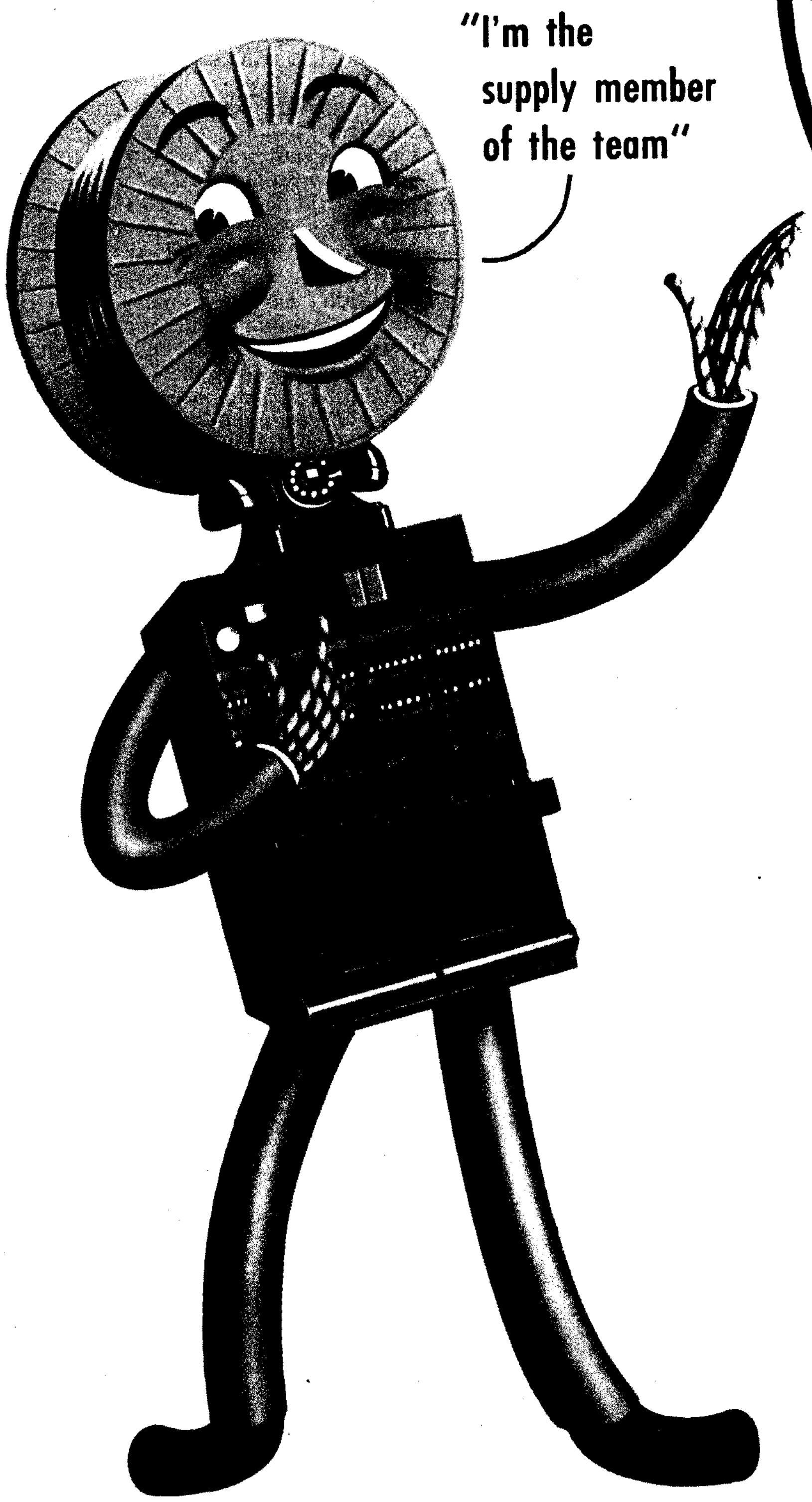
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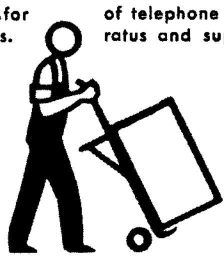

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ally men sitting around playing cards. The glass portion of the door is painted green but there's scratched places where the paint is off and you can look through.

I was fixing to take me a look when Joe opened the door. Joe's the colored fellow who's worked there ever since I can remember. You don't think about Joe being colored, though. Once, when Pa was liquored up, Joe stuck up for him in what would've been a ruckus sure enough, if Joe hadn't run the other man off the livery-stable premises. Anyhow, like I said, Joe opened the door and I said, "Hi, Joe," kind of sheepish, and fixed to walk in. By the stove, a black police dog raised its head and fastened its yellow eyes on me. It growled deep in its throat.

I stopped where I was. Then I saw it was muzzled. The men sitting around the table laughed. One of them, a big beef-faced man, said, "Since I put that muzzle on him it sure interferes with his meals." He jerked a thumb at me, and I could tell it was him who was running the stable this trip. "High Pockets there," he said, meaning me, "makes five he's been cheated out of so far today." They all laughed again.

"Six," the man across from him said. "Muley Bates is one. Woody Thacker, two. Rolly Atchinson was three—"

"I wasn't counting Rolly Atchinson," the big man said. "You'd have to stock and water him first to make a meal."

"You mean distill him, don't you?" somebody else said. And they all laughed.

Rolly Atchinson is Pa. I could feel my ears hottening and I opened my mouth to say something—I don't rightly know what—when Joe looked at me with those soft, Burley-colored eyes of his. Someway, for a minute, it was as though I was knee-deep in them.

He said, as if he was talking to himself, "Do more harm than good."

The big man said, "What's that, Joe?"

"'Gators," Joe said. "What I mean *al*ligators!"

The big man winked at me, as if he was letting me in on a secret joke. "Joe," he said, "if you could be anything you wanted to, besides an alligator wrestler, what'd you be?"

Joe's teeth flashed in a white grin. "A light-com*plected* blond!" he said and, when the men laughed, he laughed. He made out as if he was expecting me.

"If you all'll excuse me," he said, "me and this young gentleman got business to at*tend* to. I promised I'd learn him how to rassle them old *swamp* 'gators."

"You going to be an alligator wrestler, too?" the big man asked me, joshylike.

"Maybe," I said. And I went away from there. Joe caught up to me.

"Mister Tod," he said.

I stopped. "They haven't got any call to talk that way," I said. "I should've gone ahead and said my say!"

"They didn't know Mister Rolly was your daddy," Joe said. "Honest. They didn't mean no meanness. But if you'd blowed off and rubbed their fur the wrong ways why *then* they'd have been mean. What I mean, *mean*. You done best."

"I should've stood up to them," I said.

"It's like rassling 'gators," Joe said, as if I hadn't spoken. "Be a foolish thing to tackle unless you knowed exactly where you was at. You take Mister Burless, doing all the talking in there. You don't handle him just so, why, look out.

"If it was me," he went on, "I wouldn't let it rankle me what happened. Your daddy's got a taste for whisky. That's all they was *really* saying."

"They threw off on him," I said.

"They's *always* throwing off on somebody," Joe said. "Thing to remember is your daddy don't do it. You run along and come back later. A livery stable isn't no place to hang around. I'll tell Mister Rolly you was here. And, next time you're in here, I'll sure enough learn you to rassle *al*ligators."

He gave me a wink copying the one that that Mr. Burless had given me and I couldn't help smiling. But it was a smile that didn't go down deep. Deep down, where it counted, there was a spot like gets in potatoes. A black-rot spot. And it had that Mr. Burless' name on it.

Pa wasn't at the bank. Nor he wasn't at Tate's Feed and Harness Store where there's generally a bunch arguing, good-natured. Nor he wasn't gassing with anybody in the lobby of the Farmers and Traders Hotel. Nor in the barbershop, there. Nor he wasn't in the bar, nor in any of the ones further on. And he wasn't at the courthouse square where people have a habit of congregating, because there's benches around the Confederate Statue which stands facing up Main as if it was expecting the Yankees any minute, and wasn't going to budge an inch—Sherman or no Sherman.

MAIN STREET was so crowded you could've taken a stick and stirred it. Hunting for somebody on Main Street is like hunting for a certain particular pebblestone in a creek bed. Christmas was everywhere you looked. There were Santa Clauses—some with red crepe-paper chimneys and some with kettles for people to drop their money in. There was mistletoe and holly and bunches of evergreens tied with ribbon bows; there was a Salvation Army band playing Christmas songs on a corner, and where the tall iron lamp usually is by the post-office steps there was a big Christmas tree all lighted up.

The store windows were decorated with cotton, and sparkly artificial snow, and silver tin-foil icicles, and clusters of bells. There was one that had a giant mechanical Santa Claus that worked! It sat on a throne and leaned forward and slapped its knee and laughed Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho, Ho, over and over.

The best one, though, was the store that had its window fixed up like a toy workshop at the North Pole. There was just about every kind of toy there is, I guess, in that window. You could look all day and never get looked out. And I pretty near did. When I came to, it was two-thirty by the clock on the courthouse, and I lit out from there in a hurry.

The team and wagon were still in the back plot. I simmered down to a walk and, of a sudden, I halted dead in my tracks. Laying there, patienting it out, was Jinks! He came high-tailing when he saw it was me, and the way he carried on you'd have thought I was the king of Egypt. He wasn't half as pooped as I was either. And all I'd done was window-wish. *He'd* covered thirty-eight miles!

I divvied my sandwich with him and then I rubbed him good with a burlap sack out of the wagon and I went in the stable to see could I find him a drink.

There was a queer kind of a feeling in the stable. I felt it as soon as I stepped inside. It was sort of like when there's a smell in the wind you can't place. Only it was uneasylike. Then I heard Pa's voice coming from the office. The door was shut closed, so I couldn't make out what he was saying but I knew right off something was wrong. I don't know why, I just knew it. I eased up to the door.

"Hell," I heard Pa say in the tone he uses when he's being One of the Boys, "I can be as big a sport as anybody. But I don't see how this is a sporting proposition in any way, shape or form."

"It's not supposed to be," Mr. Burless said. "It's a scientific experiment. Furthermore, Joe wants to wrestle him. Don't you, Joe?"

"Well, please, sir, Mister Burless," Joe answered, "I can't say as I'm overly *anxious*."

Through the scratches in the paint on the glass I couldn't see anything but Pa's back but, someway, listening, I could see Joe in my mind. He'd be grinning, and maybe rolling his eyeballs the way he does to get a laugh. But nobody laughed. Nobody except Mr. Burless. I wondered who it was wanted to wrestle Joe that Joe didn't care to monkey with. Joe's strong. I couldn't figure it out. Whoever it was, I decided, must be an exceptional good wrestler to make Joe back water.

"You see, Atchinson," Mr. Burless said. "He's anxious to wrestle him. Not *overly* anxious. But anxious. That's what you said, Joe, wasn't it?"

"Um, *um*," Joe said. "I *druther* keep on specializing in 'gators."

"Tell you what," Mr. Burless said and something sly and deviling crept into his voice, "I'll give you ten, Atchinson, to step aside from the door and Joe three to get through it. Now that's a sporting proposition ought to please everybody. Eh, Joe?"

Something wet shoved itself into my hand. It was Jinks' nose. I closed my fingers over it, gentle, so he'd know to be quiet the same as if we were in the hiding hole up the creek by the beaver dam.

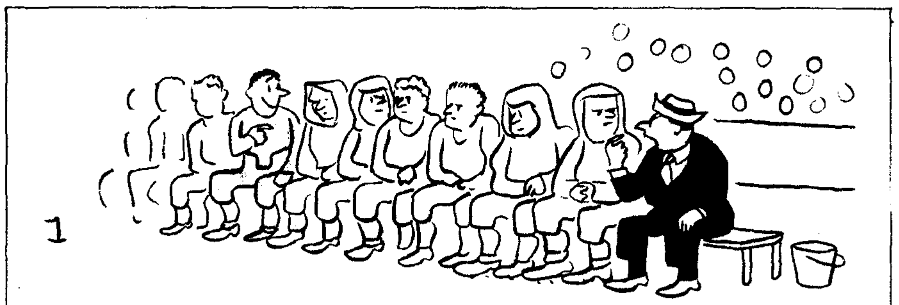
"If that's the way it is, Mister Burless," Joe said, "that's the way it is."

"Suits him, Atchinson," Mr. Burless said. "And it suits me and the rest."

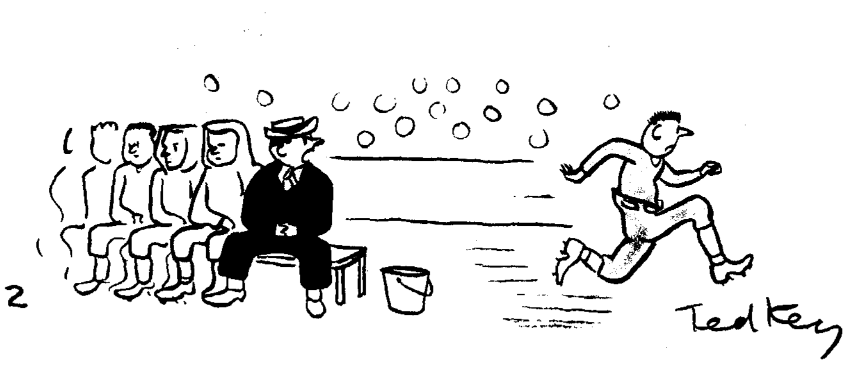
"I don't want to keep hanging crape," Pa said, "but—"

"But what?" Burless said, soft.

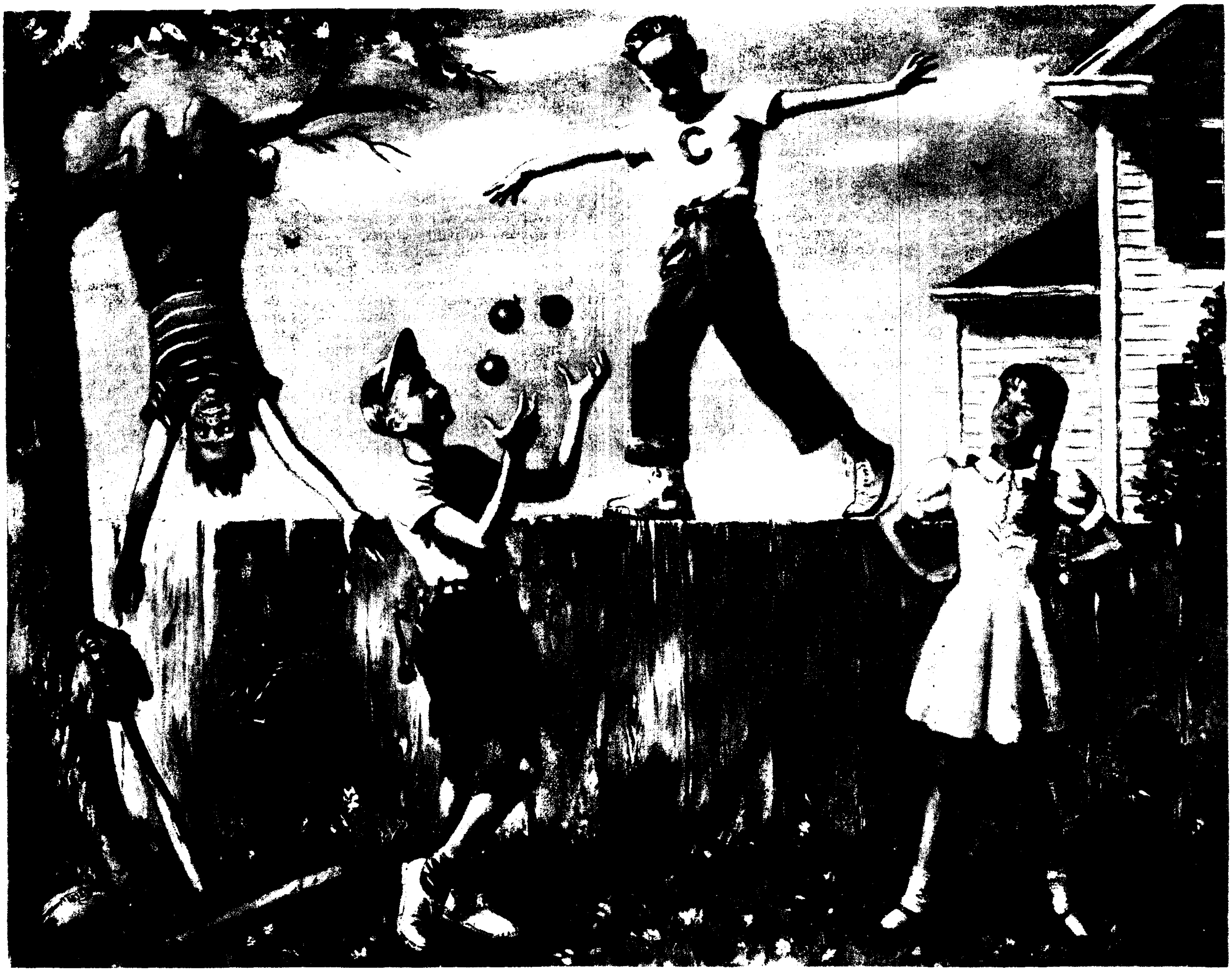
"Well, it ain't funny for Joe here. I



"Jones!"



COLLIER'S "With mustard!" TED KEY



Understand Rivalry and you understand America

There's a lot more to this picture than three little boys competing for a maiden's favor. Behind it is the spirit of rivalry that moves America ahead . . . the competitive spirit that makes us all eager to accept a challenge to show what we can do, and be judged by how well we do it.

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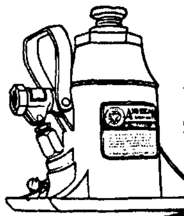

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Here's a single soothing preparation to speed relief from miseries of simple piles. It's amazing Pazo*. Acts at once to relieve pain and itching—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. The help you get is wonderful!

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mean—well, hell, Burless, suppose it was the other way around. Put yourself in his shoes."

"But it *ain't* the other way around," Mr. Burless said, softer still. "You with him? Or us?"

"I'm not *against* nobody," Pa said. "I just don't—"

"Can't hang fire all day," Mr. Burless said. "You make up your mind while I'm counting. One . . . if you're with us just step aside before I get to ten . . . two . . ."

Pa's back inched over the least, least trifle and some of the scratches in the glass opened up. It was like looking into a peep show, only you had to keep moving your head to get a good view. And everything was sharp and clear, the way it is sometimes after a frost when you notice things you hadn't noted before. Little things. I saw Joe *was* grinning—but it was a sick grin that didn't have anything to do with the rest of his face. I saw Mr. Burless' eyes were like fish eyes and that the faces of the men sitting around the table—the ones I could see—were like faces they'd put on over their own faces to watch through. And I saw the police dog. It had smelt Jinks. Its yellow eyes were fastened on the door and its upper lip was curled back. Mr. Burless had it by the collar. But it sent shivers up you, anyway. Because it wasn't muzzled any more. A low rumbling came from its throat.

I quick clapped my hand over Jinks' mouth. I could feel him stiffening and his ears flattening, and an answering growl trembled against my fingers. But before he'd let it loose I'd whispered him quiet.

"Three . . ." Mr. Burless counted. "Four . . . five . . ."

"Mister Rolly," Joe said soft, pleady-like. "Ain't a bit a use in making it worse."

"Six . . ." Mr. Burless said.

"They's only fooling," Joe said to Pa. "You do like he says. Lemme run for it. You'll see."

Mr. Burless smiled. "Joe," he said, "you slay me. Seven . . ."

And, all at once, I knew!

THEY say a drowning person's whole life flickers before him in a split second. I don't believe that's precisely true. I think what happens is they see certain things clear. Because, crouched there with my eye glued to a scratch in the glass on the door, it was *like* I was drowning and I saw certain things clear as could be. I saw maybe Joe was right. And maybe he wasn't. That maybe Mr. Burless was bluffing he was going to sick that dog on Joe. And maybe he wasn't. But, regardless, I saw how, if Pa crawfished just to stay in good with Burless, it wasn't going to be the same between him and me. Ever again.

I saw it plain as if I was up at the Split Hickory gazing out and around and down at everything. It was all laid out flat. How it'd been, a long time ago, between Pa and me when I thought he knew everything. And how it'd changed, by degrees, to what it was now. And how it was going to be, if Pa chickened out. If he did, there wasn't going to be anything left but . . . stumps.

"Eight . . ." Mr. Burless said.

I took hold of the door handle—because where Pa's back had been, most of the scratches had opened up and I couldn't stand it any longer. I couldn't stand remembering the time Joe took up for Pa, or the feeling I had that Pa was remembering it, too, and was weighing it to see how much it was worth. I turned the knob and opened the door.

"Sick him, Jinks!" I said. *"Sick 'im!"*

The rest is a kind of a blur. Chairs were overturned, and the light got to swinging crazy so the walls looked as if they were chasing themselves. Everybody was shouting at once. And I saw Mr. Burless pick up the poker. I tried to yell, but I couldn't. I might've got to him if Pa hadn't grabbed me.

Jinks never had a chance. The poker caught him in the head.

He never even had a chance.

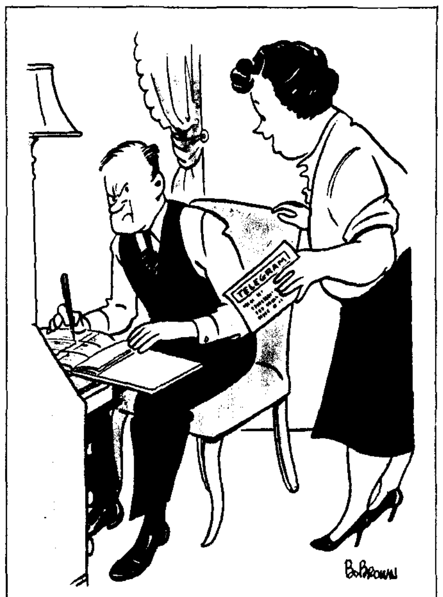
But before the poker could come down on him again I'd clawed free of Pa and the last thing I remember is the surprised expression on Mr. Burless' face when he hit the floor with me straddling him.

Then the light went out.

WHEN I sat up, the whole room was revolving, slow and stately, and everything was in pairs—chairs, faces, the stove, the calendar on the wall. There were two slack-jawed, spraddle-legged Mr. Burlesses in a double corner. Both of Pa's noses were bloody. Joe was holding two pokers in four hands and was standing over something. I concentrated and it swam into focus. It was something that had been a police dog.

Somebody said, "Take it easy, boy."

Pa bent over me. "You all right, Tod?" he said. He laid his hand on my shoulder. I shook it off and got to my feet. The room tilted and the walls swayed.



"I think it's wonderful that Jackie asked us to wire him fifty dollars—it shows he's beginning to appreciate the value of money!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

"Get him out of here, Joe," Pa said. "I'll be there directly."

Outside the sun was shining and there was a bird hopping sidewise along the hitching rail. It seemed peculiar the sun was shining and there should be this little brown bird, hopping along. When it flew off I flew with it. We flew high above Main Street, just to be doing, and then we flew to the courthouse steeple to get our bearings and we took off from there and headed into the sun. Below us, Boonesburg got smaller and smaller and, presently, there was the pike no wider than a yellow ribbon dipping in and out. I could mark the creek by the willows and the old covered bridge, and Ballards' by their red roof, and Sims' by their green one, and Newphers' by the double row of honey locusts. The fields were like a big, lumpy bedquilt all pieced out crooked and, far away, there was a man plowing. I wondered who it was. And there was a lop-eared, spotted dog—

I called to it. "Jinks," I called.

"I'll fetch him," Joe said. "Take it easy, boy." He hesitated. "You okay?"

I nodded.

Joe went away and the little brown bird came back and commenced hopping along sidewise again.

Pa let Joe off at Elm where the colored people's houses begin. "What about you?" he asked Joe.

"I was quitting after Christmas," Joe said. "It don't matter." He moved around to where I was sitting in the wagon bed holding Jinks. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm awful sorry."

He stepped up on the curb and stood there, turning his cap in his hands and watching after us. I closed my eyes so I wouldn't see him any more. . . .

It was crowding dusk when we got home. By the time I'd made a box and lined it with a piece of carpet it was deep night. I brushed Jinks until his coat shone in the lamplight. Then I put him in the box and fixed him as if he were sleeping. I nailed the lid on and the sound of the hammer blows was like the sound of all the things I'd kept inside me. The Split Hickory things. Pounding and pounding and pounding. I took the lantern and I went up to the barn to get the shovel.

Pa was sitting there in the dark. I stopped when I saw him. I'd thought he'd gone over to Newphers'. In the lantern rays his face looked strange and, of a sudden, I saw him as somebody named Rolly Atchinson I hadn't ever seen before. Somebody who didn't have any connection with Pa whatsoever.

"I've figured it out why you done it," he said. "You was afraid I'd eat crow. And maybe I would've. I don't know." He rubbed his chin so the bristles made a scratchy noise. "If there was something I could say, I'd say it," he said. "Or if there was some way I could make it up to you."

He picked up a clod of dirt and crumbled it. "Your Aunt Harriet will do for you proud," he said. "You'd of been better off with her long ago. I'm meaning to get straightened around, Tod. If I can. There's something gets in to me, now and again. But I'm meaning to lick it. If I can lick Burless, I can lick it. But licking Burless won't mean nothing until I do."

OF A sudden, I saw that was how it was with Marty and me. I saw it plain as plain. It was as if I'd known it all along and that was why I'd quit before I'd ever whipped him, actual. It wasn't going to count until I'd owned up inside myself I was fighting to save my face as much as Pa's.

"I'm aiming to plant cone firs in the gully, the same as it says to do in the bulletins," Pa was saying. "And clover, alfalfa, soybeans maybe. I don't know. But I'm through with just one cash crop. The tobacco don't ever draw enough of a price. What I got for it this year will pay the interest at the bank and that's about all. I'm figuring on hiring out for the rest of the winter and, thataway, I can get me a new start, kind of."

He paused, as if maybe he was waiting for me to say something. But there wasn't anything in me to say.

"I bought a Christmas present," he went on, after a minute. "It's for you. And still it ain't. But I thought you'd like it anyway. It don't amount to much. But it was all I had to spend." He swallowed. "You may as well have it now," he said, and he reached down beside him and picked up a dog collar.

It had goldy-looking knobs on it, and a name plate. The name plate had "Jinks" engraved on it. I took it, slow. I could see Pa searching for something to say. Anything. To take up the slack.

"About them stumps," he said. "I'm aiming to get after them, soon as I'm able. Come spring, I figure we'll have us a breathing spell and—" He broke off. Because, someway, the *we* he'd said was a live thing between us. And then I saw something within him split and break—like when the Hickory went, in a wind storm. His strange Rolly Atchinson face crumpled and came to pieces, and he hid it in his hands. The *we* flew away. Like a bird. Like a little brown bird, looking down at a man plowing. And I saw who it was.

It was me.

"Sure we will, Pa," I said. "Sure we will. Spring's a better time anyway."

THE END

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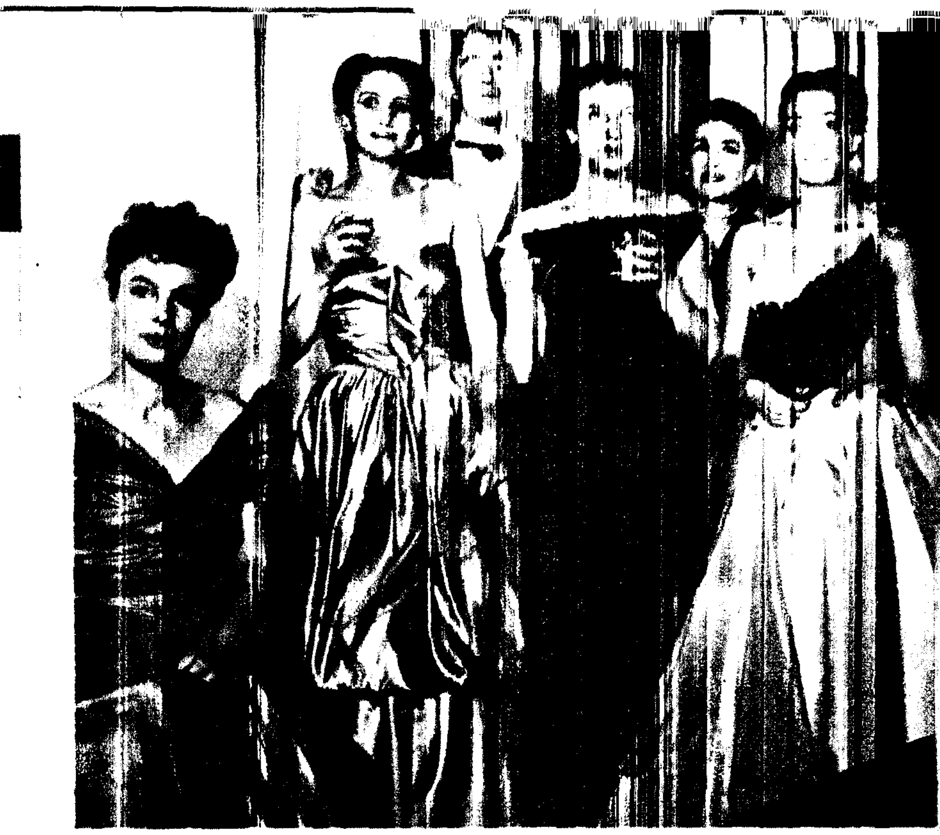
YOUNG MAN OF FASHION

The story of Mr. Charlie James, who has not only a $20,000 sleeve, but something up it

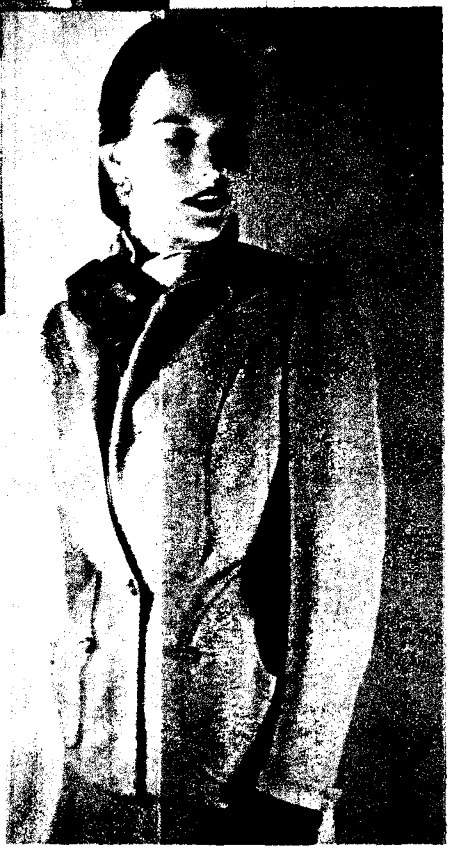
BY AMY PORTER

Price is no object, let's hope, to customers who view James' lush creations in his New York salon. Note the intricate drape of skirts

Fine handwork is the rule in the James workroom. Only seams are machine sewn



"It is the spirit of France," critics sighed at the champagne and candlelight fashion spectacle James put on in Paris. These gowns were hits



The $20,000 sleeve looks like any other, but in action it reveals its superiority

YOU wouldn't think anybody could spend $20,000 on a sleeve—you know, a sleeve, the thing you put your arm into. But Charlie James did it. For him, it was easy.

Charles James, dressmaker, makes clothes for women in a little upstairs place in New York. He made this sleeve there. Took him three years. It is not, he says, an ordinary sleeve. It is, he says, a revolutionary sleeve. It has one inch more than the usual amount of material in it. A woman can move her arm in this sleeve, he says. Or shrug her shoulders, he says. Or pitch a baseball. All without dislocating her waistline, bunching at the collar, or splitting a gusset. This, he says, is something definitely special in the way of sleeves.

James will make you up a pair of his new sleeves, if you like, with suit attached, for around $800. Or, to put it more accurately, if *he* likes. Because he certainly won't make anything at all for you unless he wants to. If you irritate him in some way, he most probably will huff and puff and throw you out of the joint. Like the other day.

A woman made a small murmur, a sort of objection, about the way a skirt hung, and did he fix her! He made her to disappear quick. "Get out! Get out!" he screamed. He chased her to the elevator, and as the creaky machinery carried her down and away, he yelled after her. "Don't you dare to come here again, you . . ." he said. He came back into his gilded salon with his feathers still ruffled. "Such a one! She should not be permitted to wear clothes—ever."

James' regular clients think his temper is cute, and his clothes—wonder-ful! He has a waiting list of women who beg him to dress them, please, at any price.

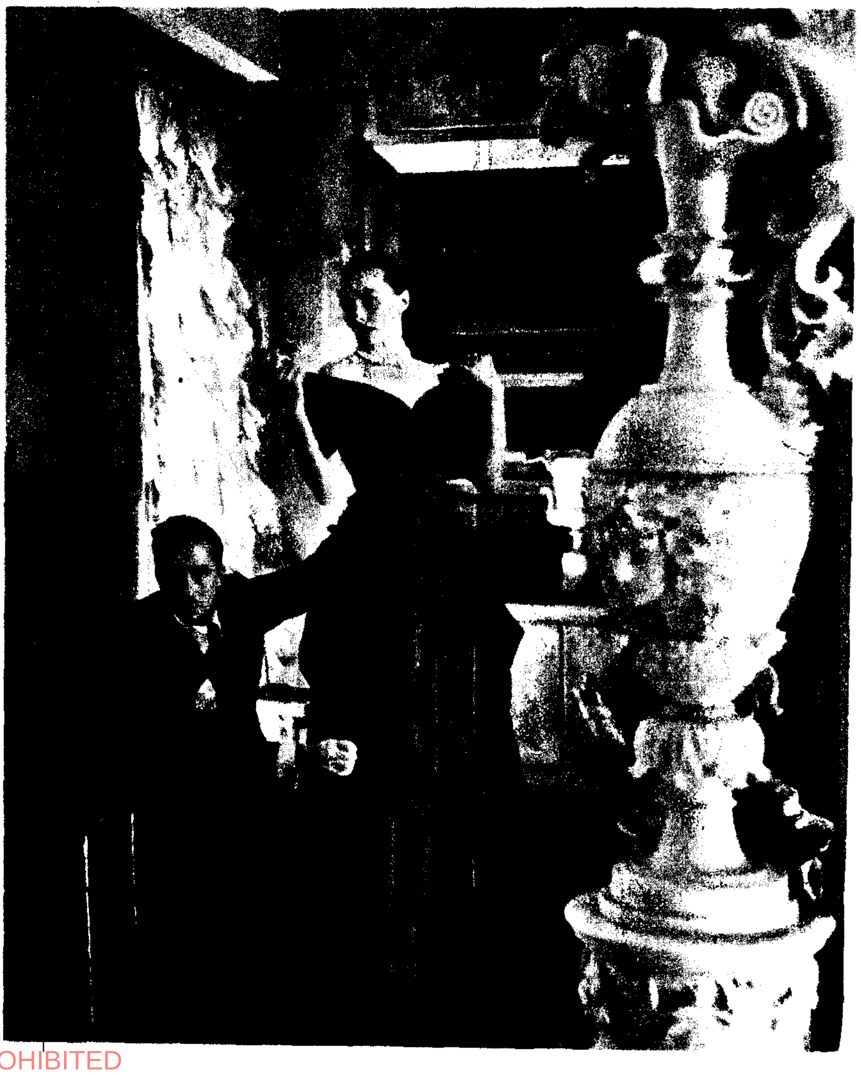
But James is not content. He is troubled about whither are we drifting, fashionwise. He is, in fact, furious, simply furious, at the entire

(Continued on page 104*)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE AND CLAUDE HUSTON

Designer Schiaparelli, center, applauded James' ingenious ribbon dress (on model). The skirt has 36 panels, each tapering from one yard at hemline to 1/16 of an inch at waist

Typically James in richness of color and fabric, this gown with six-yard sweep is worn by Countess Cassini, for whom it was designed



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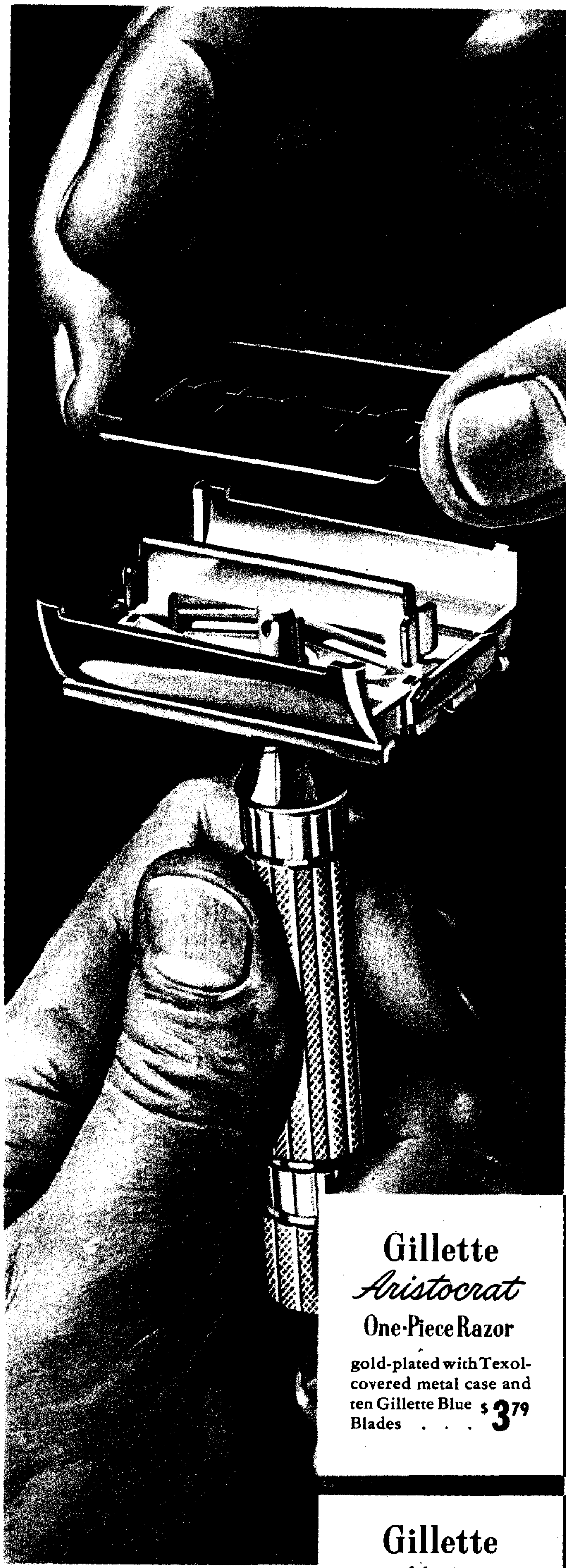

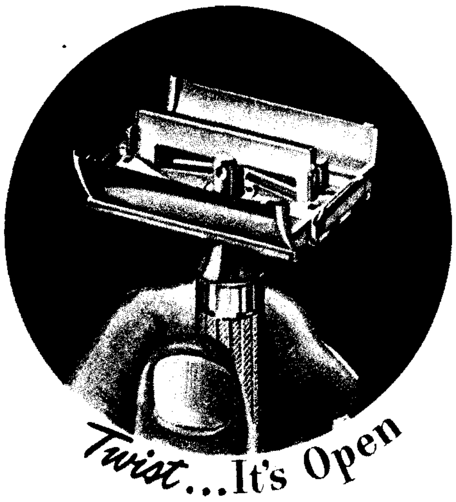

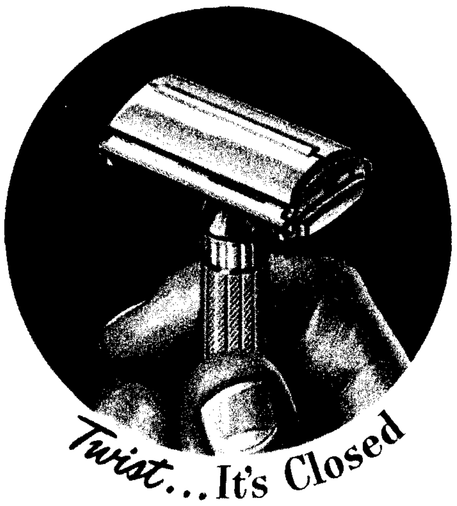

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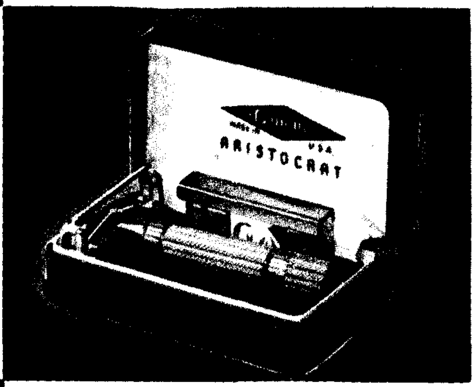

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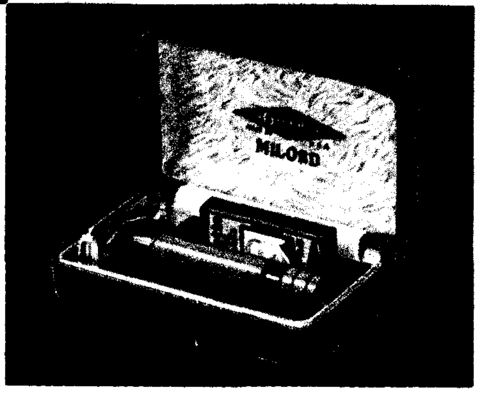

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WAIT AND SEE

BY RAMONA STEWART

ILLUSTRATED BY NIKOLAI

THE cottonwoods grew close to the river bed, feeling through the desert soil to the water far beneath. The chill of night was rushing down from the mountains, stirring the warm day wind.

A girl was walking along the gravel road which wound beside the cottonwoods to the ranch. She was scarcely more than fifteen, slender and blond. Her feet in their dirty sneakers scuffed the gravel, for she was walking with swift carelessness.

She turned in the ranch driveway, paused, looking at the lighted house which stood before her, the lighted garage beyond it. Her eyes ran quickly over the flat ranchland then, searching. A horse whinnied in the corral and galloped along behind the slats in the fence, its mane tossing black in the darkening wind.

The girl moved on slowly, her soft step almost inaudible on the gravel. Outside the garage she stopped once again. Then she crammed her fists deep into the pockets of her blue jeans and stepped through the door.

A man stood on an automobile wheel, prying at a flat with a tire iron; she stood quietly, watching him. He was in his late twenties. His face was red-brown from desert sun and wind. His black curly hair rose in a crest over his lined forehead. Wide shoulders moved beneath his T-shirt; his chest was thick with muscle.

He took a hammer and drove the iron between the tire and the rim, swinging quick and sure, completely absorbed by his work. When he picked up the second iron she went over and put her heel on the tire, flattening it so the iron went in easily. He looked up. "Ann!" he said.

Her stern face softened and though she did not touch him, her gaze reached out for him. Together they rolled the tire off the wheel and he pulled out the tube.

"I thought I heard you drive by," she said. Her voice was low. In a peculiar way it was like the man's, as if she had patterned hers after his. "Good trip?"

"Except for this. It blew coming over the pass."

She smiled absently. "The left front, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"I told you. It was worn almost to the breaker strip."

He grinned at her.

"Tom," she said softly. "Ma showed me the paper. You got married while you were away, didn't you?"

"I sure did." He ran a finger along the edge of the ripped tube. "This is done for."

"Wasn't it sort of a surprise?" There was awe in her voice, as if she were standing off, still watching a pain that once she began to feel, would be too great to bear. "You never said anything."

"I guess it sneaked up on me," he grinned. "I'd been seeing her for a while. She worked in a bookstore in town. I used to go in and kind of hang around. And then later I took her to dinner and we got to talking about the ranch. You know how it is."

"I was over here every day after school, helping you around the corral," she said. "You could have told me." There was stubborn bewilderment in her voice. "You'd think you'd *have* to tell me."

He moved his head uncertainly. "Look, kid," he said. "A guy never knows. I would've told you if I'd known."

She smiled a little at that. "Well—" she said. "I'll be getting home."

"Oh, no you don't," he said. "You're staying for supper. I want you to meet Mady."

"No!" she said. Then more softly: "Ma wouldn't know where I was." She went sideways through the half-open door and started slowly out the gravel driveway. Then she stopped.

MADY was coming toward them from the house, her cotton skirt pressed to her thighs by the twilight wind. She had fine brown hair drawn loosely back from her forehead and held at the nape of her neck with a yellow bow. Her eyes were large, off-blue and her gaze was soft.

"Hello," she said easily. "I'm Tom's wife."

Then Ann stepped into the light and Mady saw her face and stopped. There was anger on the finely carved young features.

They stood there, watching each other. The trees dipped to the wind and a dry branch broke loose and skittered along the gravel.

There was a hollow slam behind them as Tom shut the garage. He came up and threw a great arm across Ann's shoulders and walked her to his wife.

"Mady, honey. I told you about Ann. Here she is." He rumpled the girl's straight blond hair. "She's the best man in the county."

"All I know you taught me," Ann said.

Mady was silent. She smiled again and held out her hand. The girl's palm in hers was cold and rough as a lizard's skin. "You live on the next ranch, don't you?" Mady asked gently. "We'll see a lot of you."

Ann's smile was jagged. "I'll be around."

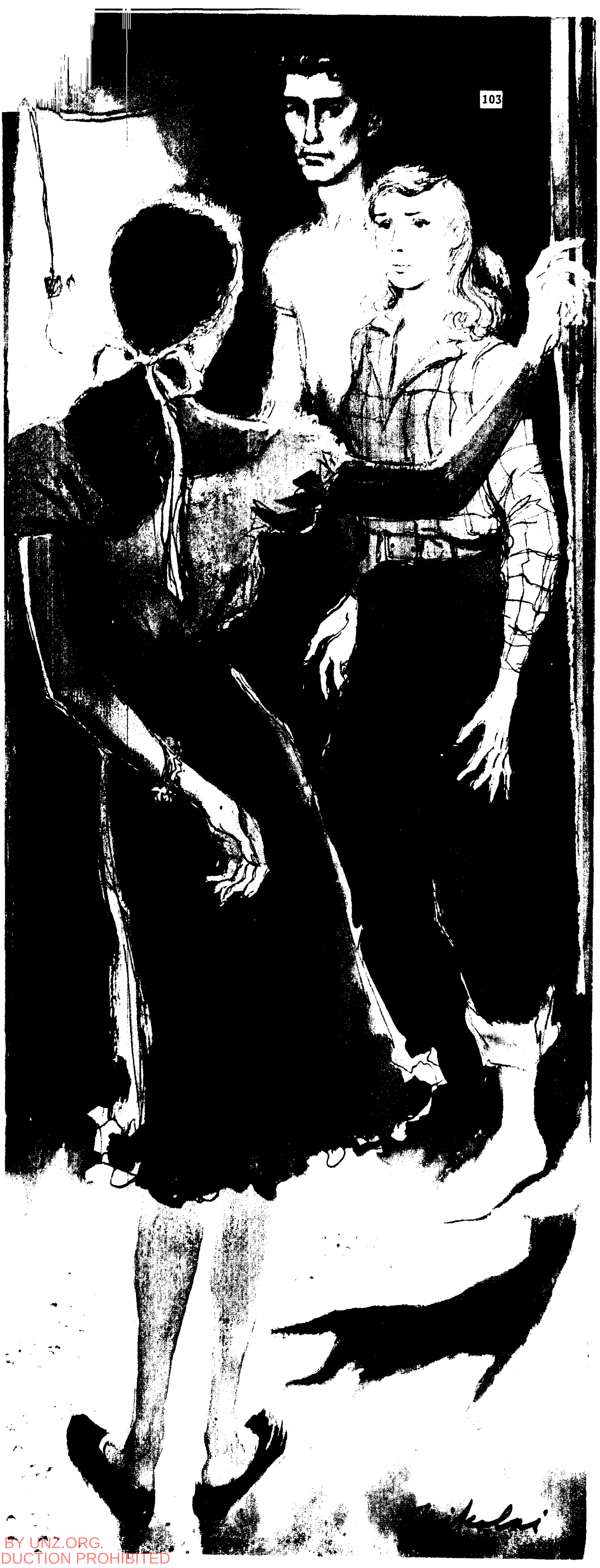
"You better," Tom said. "You got my horses trained to you. She has a way with them," he told Mady. "Strangest thing you ever saw. She's a smart youngster, smarter than me. But she doesn't know that yet."

He put a large hand on Ann's head and smoothed the hair back from her temples thoughtfully. "She'll be a hell of a woman when she's grown. That hair, and when she fills out. They'll be no hope for the guy she sets her heart on getting. Wait and see."

"How old are you, Ann?" Mady asked softly.

"Fifteen."

"Another three years," Tom said. The women looked at each other.



Mady came to the door. "Hello," she said, "I'm Tom's wife." She stopped when she saw Ann's face and they both stood there, watching each other

YOUNG MAN OF FASHION

Continued from page 101

American fashion industry. "They help themselves to my ideas and do not pay," he says.

He has no trouble getting any price he names from his individual clients—but that, with him, is not the point.

"It is wrong, all wrong," he says. "My clients are the guinea pigs of fashion. They set the styles on which the industry depends. The industry should pay them to wear my clothes, and then pay me for the privilege of copying."

Among James' guinea pigs are the best-dressed Mrs. Harrison Williams, Mrs. Millicent Rogers, Mrs. Barbara Cushing Mortimer Paley, Mrs. Eleanor Holm Rose, Lady Diana Duff Cooper, Miss Paulette Goddard, Mrs. Vincent Astor and Miss Gypsy Rose Lee. Occasionally, also, two sacred names of fashion, Chanel and Schiaparelli, wear his clothes—a high compliment from two able competitors in the international clotheshorse business.

But Charlie is still in a swivet. If you listen close, you'll see that maybe he has cause to scream. You'll also see that his $20,000 sleeve may figure in your life after all.

A smile of disbelief would be out of order at this point from any woman who is now letting out hems to conform to the long-skirt trend. Nobody asked you to vote on the length of skirts, did they? It was all accomplished behind your back, wasn't it? The first you knew of the calamity was when you read in the public prints: "Your skirts will be longer this fall." Just like that. Not "Would you *like* them longer?" They *will* be longer. Are you going to buck the trend? Haw, haw! You are helpless, and if "they" decide that "you will wear the James sleeve this season," you'll wear it all right, and no back talk, and it all costs you money. So be quiet, please, while your master speaks.

The Rise of a Fashion Master

James has earned his mastery, and his right to speak. He is temper, sleeve and all—a figure of growing importance in the angry, churning world of feminine fashion. The machinations that precede the birth of a new style are as mysterious as the hidden prelude to war, but Charlie has been in at the birth many times. Ever since he sallied forth from Chicago 20 years ago, a small, dark, excitable teen-ager with a clothes mission, he has been in there pitching with the "they" who give you orders as to what you shall wear.

This summer he cinched his position and rose to even greater stature, with a bold, brave showing of his things in Paris. Not many American designers, as his friends point out, would dare to expose themselves to Parisian critics, "because the Paris designers would recognize their own ideas, shamelessly stolen by the Americans." That's how the talk always goes—intrigue rampant.

Anyway, James put on this Paris show, and it was a humdinger. Candlelight, champagne, harp music (more chic than piano, thought James), pretty little things to eat, and around 200 leaders of the *haut monde*—that being French for everybody who is anybody—were there.

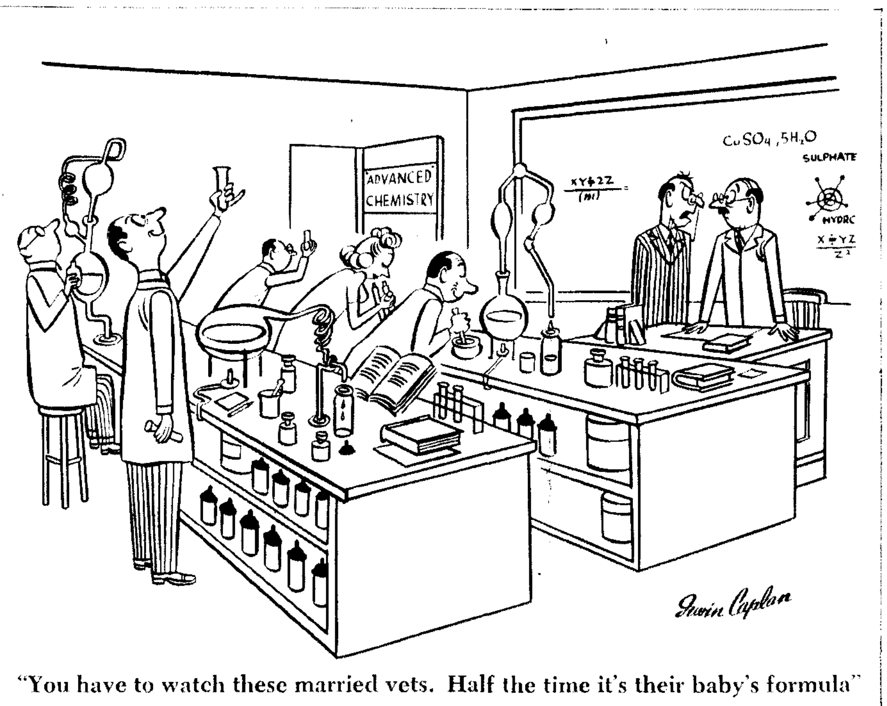
You never saw anything like the way the French *élégants* and their friends went on over Charlie James and the 20 original designs he showed, representing his work during the past ten years.

"Here is a spirit which is in sympathy with the spirit of France," said Christian Bérard, an artist with a spectacular beard who is conceded to be the supreme arbiter of Parisian elegance. Designer Schiaparelli was there; Designers Christian Dior and Mad Carpentier loaned their mannequins for the occasion, and Designer Paulette provided the hats. Altogether a quite remarkable expression of international good will, since the American James was an invader, as it were, into the bread and butter territory of France.

Someone recalled what the late master designer Paul Poiret said at an early prewar show by the young James. He said, "I am an old man now. I am happy to see that I leave the *haute couture* in such good hands. I pass you my crown. Wear it well."

James' clothes have a deceptive simplicity—no gewgaws, very little dependence on buttons and embroidery and so on, but fine sculpturing, precise construction, magnificent coloring. There's no disagreement on this point: The James clothes are beautiful.

All gratifying—but, as James says, it won't pay the bills for his new sleeve. Fortunately this and other bills are being paid at present by a couple of Wall Street angels James has found to back him. In the old days, in his various shops in Chicago, Paris and London, he used to go broke with appalling frequency.



"You have to watch these married vets. Half the time it's their baby's formula"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

Now he thinks it's about time the burden of subsidizing American design, via James, was shifted to the industry—and to an extent this is happening, with one store, the Dayton Company of Minneapolis, Minnesota, buying his entire collection each season, and with one fabric company, American Bemberg, commissioning him to create an evening gown in their rayon.

But it will take a lot of subsidizing to pay for the luxurious James notion of true designing. He spends from $1,000 to $3,000 on research and experimentation for each model he brings out.

His sleeve, he says, posed an unusually difficult problem, and was therefore more costly. When he and his designing colleagues decided to get rid of football-size shoulder padding, they had to do something about the collapsed state of sleeves, and James made it the occasion for undertaking a complete structural reformation.

He worked first in muslin, then in wool, taffeta, satin, making and unmaking hundreds of sleeves. After a $150-a-week tailor and two $100-a-week seamstresses had done a week's handstitching on one of them, he would look, frown, and say, "It won't do. Rip it out. Start over." With materials costing from $15 to $25 a yard wholesale, and time and a half for overtime, money got itself spent very fast.

However, if the new sleeve percolates through to mass production, it will be as important to the four-billion-dollar clothes industry as a new supercharger or landing gear would be to the airplane industry.

James contends he should be paid for his research, as an industrial designer is paid, and not just for the individual suit he may sell.

He contends, also, that the industry cannot get along without this sort of expensive designing, whether manufacturers buy it here, or in Paris—"or whether, as is too often the case, they steal it." Because change is the lifeblood of fashion, and change cannot occur without the connivance of these structural-engineer designers and the style-setting women who wear their clothes.

But isn't this a lot of fuss about very little, Mr. James? Couldn't just anybody say, "Okay, let's make skirts longer this year," or "Let's drop shoulder pads"? No, says James. "Just anybody" has tried it and nobody listens and nothing happens. Besides, any fundamental change requires reconstruction of the entire silhouette—a job only a true designer can do.

Is Mr. James trying to wrest fashion leadership from Paris? No, he is trying to get fair treatment for all designers, French, American or whatever. There should be room for everybody. He *hopes* there'll be a welcome in America for the 12 apprentices he is now training under the G.I. Bill in his New York shop.

"But Paris is headquarters again, just as before the war," says James, "and it is to laugh to hear Americans try to pretend otherwise.

"If America wants a genuine fashion center of its own, it will have to support genuine originators, just as France supports her own through government and industry subsidy.

"The embarrassing thing is the way Americans go to Paris now and do not buy, but come away with ideas they use in their business."

James, being a vocal young man, and stubborn, is making himself heard.

It would not be too surprising if he got a law passed taxing all of us to pay for the clothes of, say, Mrs. Harrison Williams.

THE END

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WANTED: A MIRACLE IN GREECE

Continued from page 14

government—is the normal postwar political climate of Greece.

So far as I could see, the Greek government had no effective policy except to plead for foreign aid to keep itself in power, loudly citing Greece's wartime sacrifices and its own king-size anti-Communism as reasons for granting the foreign aid in unlimited quantities. It intends, in my judgment, to use foreign aid as a way of perpetuating the privileges of a small banking and commercial clique which constitutes the invisible power in Greece.

The reaction to President Truman's speech of March 12th, calling for aid to Greece, was characteristic. In January and February of 1946, desperation had produced a spate of good intentions and noble resolutions within the Greek government; but the instant effect of the assurance of American aid was not to stimulate the government to further efforts, but to give it the relaxed feeling that it was delivered from the necessity of having to do anything at all. So it declared a national holiday; there was dancing in the streets. And at the same time it shelved a plan for the immediate export of surplus olive oil—a plan which had stepped on the toes of some private traders.

Demetrios Maximos, the present Prime Minister, is a kindly, well-intentioned old man, with, I think, an earnest desire to help his suffering people. He is very small and frail, with a mustache and a goatee, carefully dressed and wearing old-fashioned button shoes. He speaks English with precision and is something of a scholar. But, though a man of good will, Maximos is a prisoner of the errors of his predecessors and of more forceful men in his own cabinet.

The Influential Tsaldaris

Pre-eminent among these is the Vice-Premier and Foreign Minister, Constantin Tsaldaris. A Greek politician of long standing, Tsaldaris has avowedly embraced the principles of a generous amnesty policy toward the guerrillas, has constantly urged the fullest participation by the United Nations in Greece's border difficulties, and in general has been a persistent pleader abroad for the Greek cause. Yet his conduct of internal affairs when he was Prime Minister was not such as to advance Greek recovery significantly. His administration was characterized by the abandonment of measures of domestic economic policy which might have been of some real benefit to the masses of Greek people. But even Tsaldaris advocates another election in Greece when and if the border is stabilized. He professes to recognize that the Greek people are weary of the game of political musical chairs, where the same personalities merely shift their positions when a cabinet crisis develops. There have been seven changes in the Greek government since liberation, but Tsaldaris and his Populist (extreme right) cohorts remain dominant.

An even more controversial figure is General Napoleon Zervas, the Minister of Public Order. During the war Zervas ran a small "resistance" group around whose activities hangs the smell of Nazi collaboration. Today Zervas is foremost among those who want to exploit the present situation, not only to eliminate Communist-inspired aggression from across the borders, but apparently to rub out everyone in Greece who is critical of the present government. He is undoubtedly the figure behind the recent wave of arrests which took in not just Communists, but, according to informed observers in Athens, anti-Communist liberals as well.

COLLIER'S "I think I'll have another drink. It makes you so witty" BILL KING

I was told in Washington recently by a well-informed Greek friendly to the present regime that these after-dark roundups of Zervas' were not the repressive tactics of a police state, but only legitimate precautions of self-preservation. Of the 1,600 arrested in this last raid, more than 500 were subsequently released, he told me with great pride, because there was no basis for the charges against them.

Then, behind the government, is a small mercantile and banking cabal, headed by Pesmazoglu, governor of the National Bank of Greece and a shrewd and effective operator. This cabal is determined above all to protect its financial prerogatives, at whatever expense to the economic health of the country. Its members wish to retain a tax system rigged fantastically in their favor. They oppose exchange controls, because these might prevent them from salting away their profits in banks in Cairo or Argentina. They would never dream of investing these profits in their country's recovery.

The shipping interests are in a particularly scandalous position. Today the Greek merchant marine is enjoying a boom, and the shipowners are raking in the profits. But the bankrupt Greek government is benefiting almost not at all from this prosperity. Seamen's earnings continue to come into Greece, but owners' profits for the most part are locked away elsewhere.

Any enterprise should be expected to pay a fair amount of taxes to the government under whose protection it operates —and particularly in this case, where the Greek shipowners are making most of their profits out of Liberty ships sold to them by the U. S. Maritime Commission after the Greek government had guaranteed the mortgages. The yearly earnings of a Greek-owned Liberty ship will probably run between $200,000 and $250,000. Of this, only the ridiculously small amount of $8,000 goes to the government in taxes. Foreign experts have urged the government to raise the tax requirements to about $30,000. But the political strength of the shipowners has prevented any effective action.

It will be the job of our mission to get action out of this government. In their efforts, the members of the mission can expect that the book will be thrown at them. They will receive every conceivable excuse and will be held up by every conceivable form of bureaucratic obstructionism and incompetence. General Zervas will cry that the big thing is to fight the Communists by arresting every liberal, and the Communists will help him by spurring on the civil war.

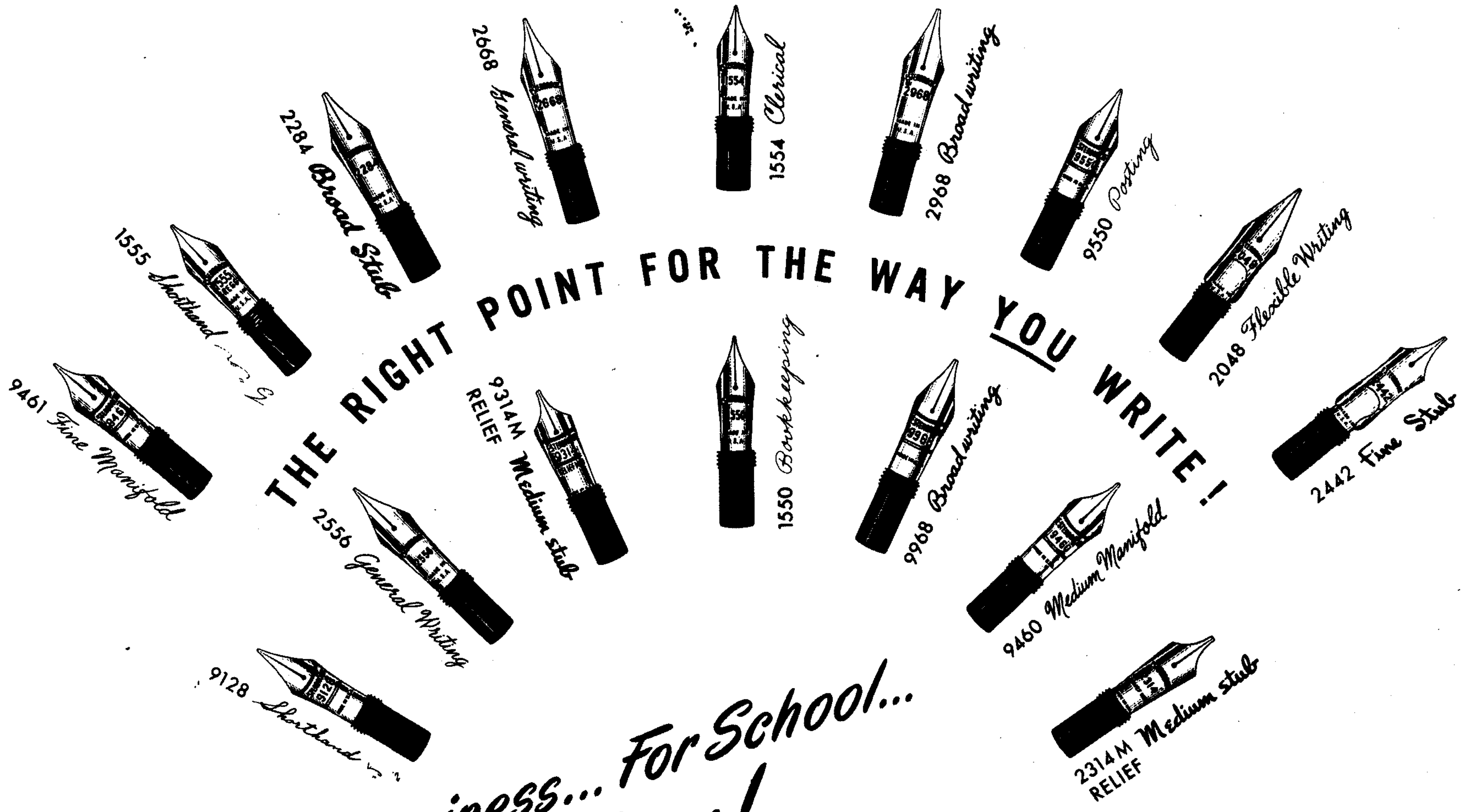
And another, more insidious, form of pressure will be brought against the members of the mission. The social lobby—the smart international set, with its headquarters at Cannes, St. Moritz and the Kolonaki Square of Athens—will begin to operate. Many of them are charming people, speaking excellent English, who will be genuinely anxious to be of service to the American mission, but who, above all, will seek to convert the mission into another means of safeguarding their own prerogatives.

I still remember one ornate dinner when a leading banker entertained me in his luxurious Athens apartment. There were three liveried butlers, several magnificent wines, astoundingly good food. One guest during dinner became rhapsodical over the beauties of marine life and the high sport of spear-fishing under water with goggles. The contrast between the superb feast in the apartment and the starving children in the streets was simply too pat and cruel.

These are the obstacles which the American mission faces in Greece. Can we succeed in achieving our objectives? Such a prophecy depends on how we measure success, and will require a great deal of elaboration of what really constitutes our objectives. We cannot evaluate progress in Greece by usual Western standards. There will be no quick or easy solution of the many social or economic maladjustments. My own brief experience in Greece convinces me that the American people will be greatly in the debt of Mr. Griswold and his colleagues if an atmosphere can be created and maintained wherein the Greek people have an opportunity in the near future for free political choices.

This raises the delicate problem of the intervention by one nation in the internal affairs of another. We have to face that question frankly. British officials freely admitted to me that the British Economic Mission served no useful purpose because its functions were merely advisory and it had no sanctions with which to enforce its recommendations. "Our fatal error," said one official, "was to condone incompetence because of political considerations." Yet obviously we cannot treat Greece as if it were a colonial possession or a conquered country.

My own answer to that question is provisional and pragmatic. I feel that the Greek state, in having requested assistance and supervision, is to that extent setting a limitation on its own sover-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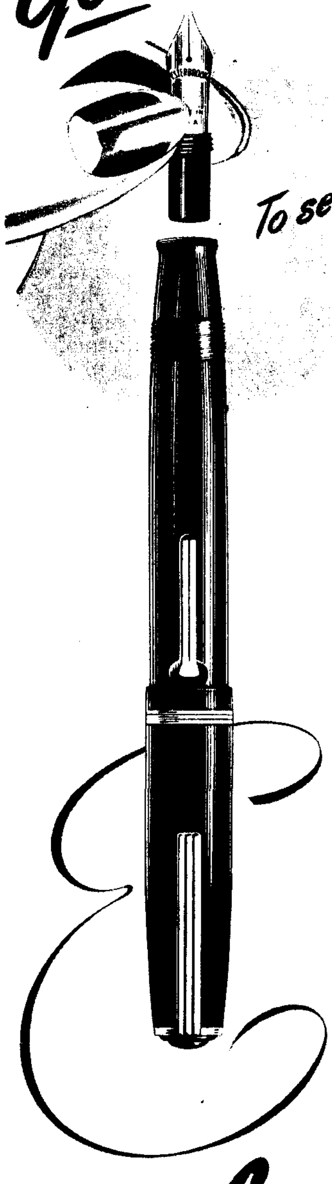

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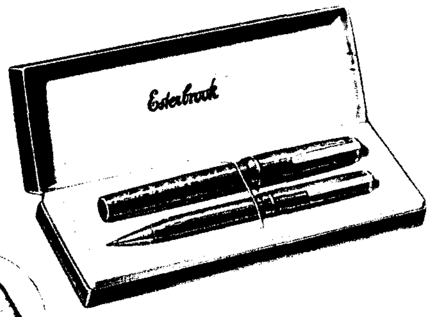
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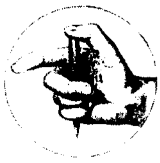

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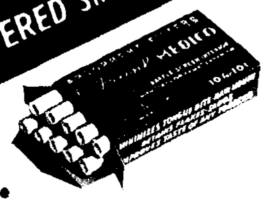

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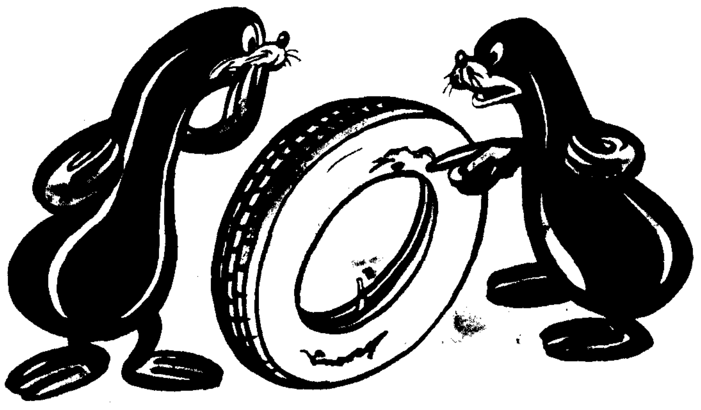

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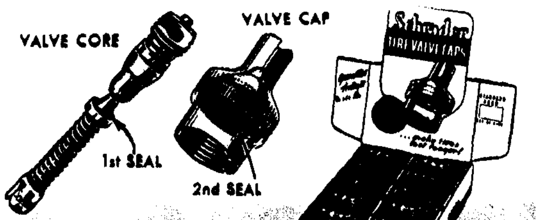

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eignty. If we are to make a heavy investment in Greek recovery, it is common sense to suppose that this implies the means to make the recovery effective. These actualities have been recognized by the Greek government and embodied in the Greek note of June 15th to the United States and the U.S.-Greek aid agreement of June 20th.

The note and the agreement spell out specific objectives of reform and reconstruction. It will be the legitimate business of the American mission to take all the steps necessary to secure compliance with the terms of the contract. To get down to cases, if a Greek minister resists or obstructs measures necessary for Greek recovery, or perverts American aid to antidemocratic purposes, I cannot believe that our mission would stand by impotent.

"The mission should make sure that the Greek people are kept fully informed of American aims and efforts and of the nature of the difficulties encountered," one of the wisest of living Greeks said to me. "If the practice followed up to now is continued—that of shielding the incompetence and unwillingness to cooperate of Greek ministers behind a veil of secrecy—the mission may lose the initiative in Greece. The mission must establish direct contact with the Greek people from the very beginning and appeal to public opinion for active support. I see no other means of exerting pressure for necessary measures that are bound to be strongly resisted by the present Greek regime."

The first step, of course, is to bring an end to the present internal warfare and to refute the Soviet propaganda line that the U.S. is financing a civil war in Greece. The best available means of doing this is to have a real amnesty. The Maximos cabinet was finally prevailed upon to adopt an amnesty program which looked plausible on paper; but, as a member of the Greek cabinet told me, the appointment of General Zervas as Minister of Public Order completely destroyed anyone's inclination to take the programs seriously. The amnesty must have enough safeguards to bring out of the hills everyone who is not an outright Communist agent.

Then we must follow through on the *program of economic reconstruction.* The American mission will supervise closely the money spent for this.

Then, over a longer period, will come political democratization. A program of political reconstruction and reform cannot, in its nature, be put into effect overnight. It is dependent on the restoration of economic stability, and so must be a step-by-step process. Once the economic program begins to roll, we can do our best to foster and develop elements of the center and the non-Communist left.

There are democratic resources in Greece which have not yet been fully tapped. Damaskinos, the archbishop of Greece, a man with a massive, disinterested wisdom on political conditions, carries great moral force in all camps.

Sophoulis, the head of the Liberal party, though past the prime of his active political life, also has great moral stature in the country. Varvaressos, the Greek representative in the International Bank, is a man of conspicuous ability; and some of the younger politicians, like Kanellopoulos and the younger Venizelos, show promise.

These Elements Inspire Hope

There are forces of real democratic vitality in the country at large. The agricultural co-operative movement seemed to me an unusually robust and promising movement. The student movement has vigor; and, if Clinton Golden, formerly of the C.I.O. and now on Dwight Griswold's staff, can free the trade-union movement from the grip, on the one hand, of government stooges, and, on the other, of Communists, that may well develop into a bulwark of democracy.

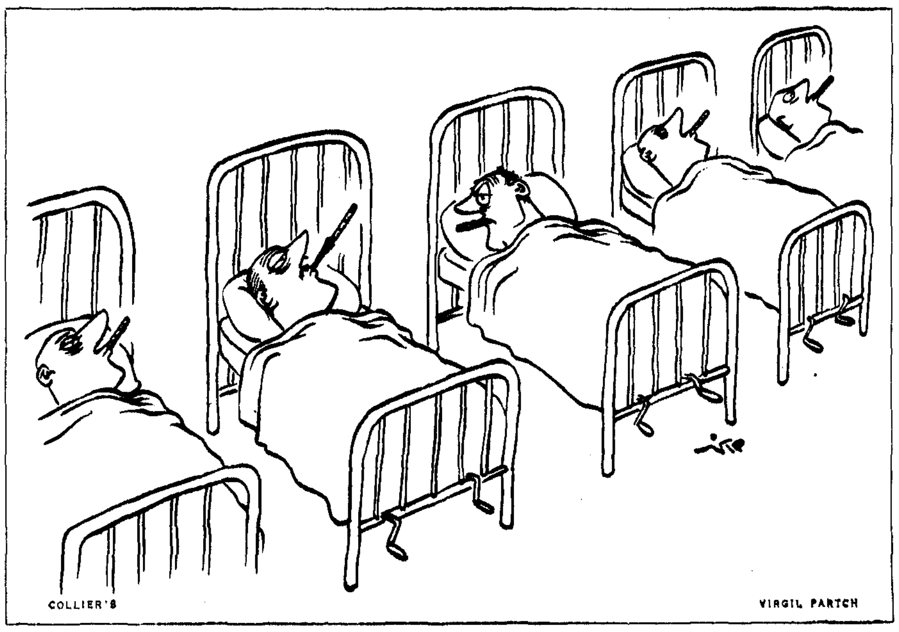
We are facing a situation unprecedented in our history; and we will simply have to develop a new and American means of coping with it. The British formula in such cases was always collaboration with the native ruling classes—buying their support by confirming them in their power to exploit the masses, and relying upon them to hold the people down with gendarmery and whips.

This formula is not only repugnant to American traditions. It is also impractical. No system would deliver the Greek people more speedily into the arms of the Russians. We must work out a formula for starting from the bottom and working up—not starting from the top and working down.

Russia is standing patiently by, hoping to get into Greece by a base on balls. It is confident that Greek incompetence and Greek reaction, combined with American inexperience and American gullibility, will doom the efforts of the American mission. We will soon be so frustrated by inefficiency, vacillation and simple knavery, Russia hopes, that we will grow disgusted and indifferent and finally walk out. Then guess who will walk in!

I think Americans have enough resourcefulness and perseverance to lick the problem. If we are defeated in Greece, it will be a crushing moral and strategic blow to our new international-role solar plexus. But, if we can leave Greece in a state of economic and political health, we will have brought new hope and new faith to freedom-loving people everywhere in the world.

THE END



What the *New* National Guard means to you...

A Message from the President of the United States

We owe our existence as a nation to the tradition of service of our citizens. It was an army of citizen soldiers which George Washington led to victory in the American Revolution. At the end of that war, the first Congress asked General Washington to give his views on what the military policy of the new nation should be. This was his answer:

> "... every citizen who enjoys the protection of a free government, owes not only a proportion of his property but even of his personal services to the defense of it."

Today the new National Guard gives every man an opportunity to give that personal service to his country and at the same time to advance himself. In National Guard units all over the country thousands of veterans and other ambitious young men are finding the opportunity to study and learn the things that help them advance in their civilian jobs. They are finding the fellowship that is part and parcel of America. They are participating in a sports and recreation program that keeps them fit. And they are receiving the training that helps keep America strong.

Because of the National Guard's importance to our national defense I have proclaimed September 16th as National Guard Day and have directed that a nationwide recruiting campaign be conducted to fill its ranks.

Harry Truman

You'll find the few hours each week that you spend with your local National Guard unit pleasant and profitable. Pay is based on new Army pay scale. Veterans can obtain same rank held upon discharge.

And now young men 17 years old may join the National Guard. For complete information about the National Guard in your community, contact officers of that unit or write the Adjutant General of your state.

Help keep the Peace! Help the National Guard in your town reach its recruiting goal... now!

Here's how the National Guard Helps You

Pay ★ Education

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Write or visit your community's unit of the

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Captured by this cork is the world-famous wine of California's historic Italian Swiss Colony – wine grown with rare skill handed down through three generations – bright and clear in color, inviting in bouquet, wonderful in flavor!

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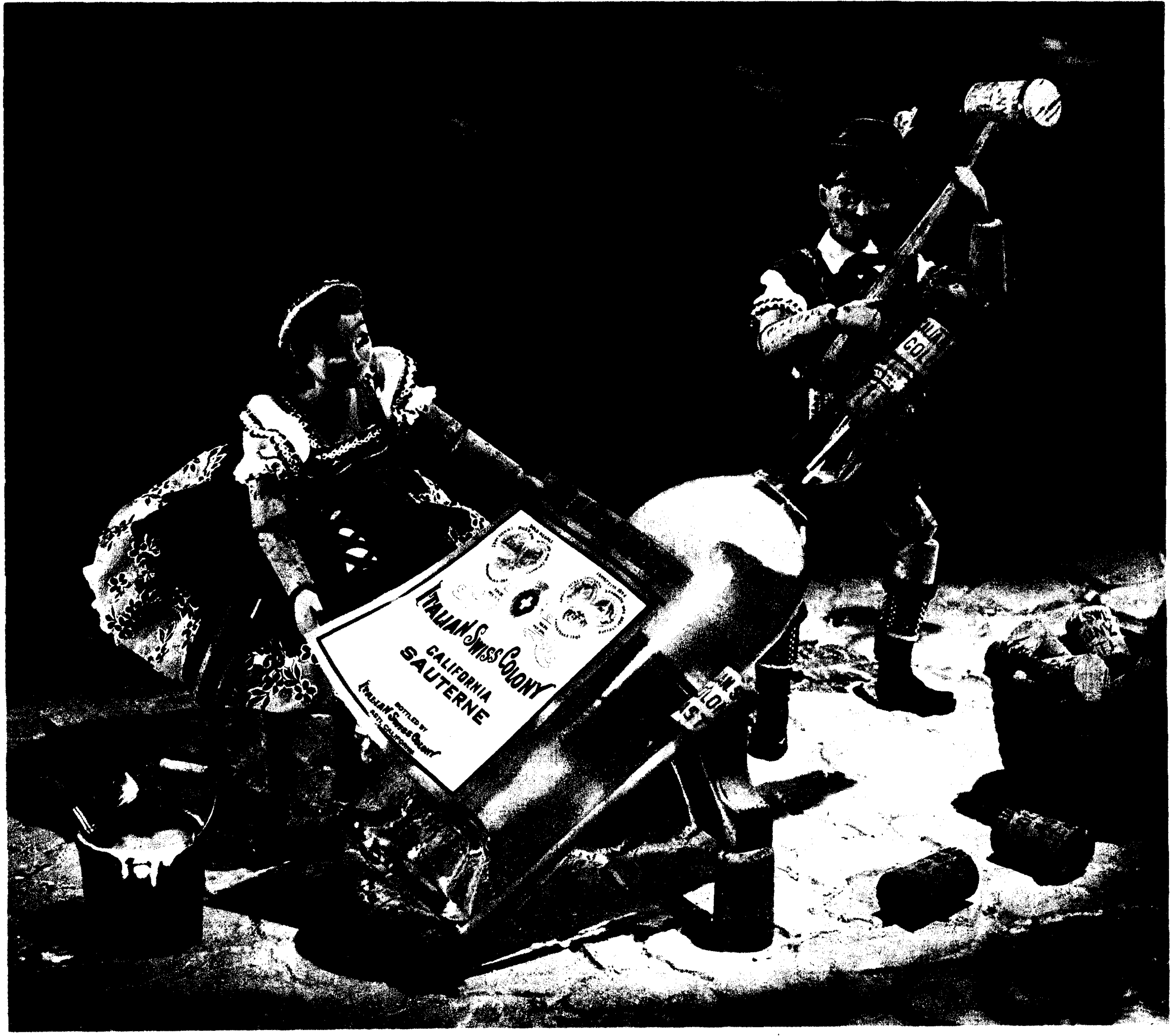
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THE ABUNDANT MR. WALLACE

Continued from page 25

describing a Thanksgiving dinner to a starving man.

As a man, Wallace is an enigma whom no one pretends really to understand. In the words of President Roosevelt, he lacks "political oomph." Just as publicity men dream up bright sayings for columnists to attribute to their movie star employers, Wallace's friends fabricate stories designed to put him in a warm human light.

Recently the story was circulated about a beautiful woman, obviously on the make at a Hollywood party, who tried to charm Wallace into submission. Before she got well under way she found herself talking agricultural economics and wound up by ordering 100 prize baby chicks from the Wallace 4,000,000-a-year Hy-Line Hatchery in Des Moines. The story is a harmless fiction. When asked about it most politicians would have claimed it as truth. Wallace says it never happened.

Another story is how, as a young man confronted with a statistical relationship he couldn't work out, Wallace sat down with a book and taught himself calculus, a branch of higher mathematics, the mere mention of which frightens college seniors. This isn't true either. He paid a Drake University mathematics professor $25 for calculus tutoring.

Warned that his political bedfellows were costing him the support of many liberals, he once said, "If I have to choose between the former New Dealers and the folks, I'll take the folks." Such idealism makes inspiring reading. The fact is Wallace will take anybody he can get.

When Mr. Wallace indulges in flights of rhetorical fancy, he is sometimes prompted by his imagination to believe for a moment that what he wishes were true. His opponents are sometimes less charitable in their estimate of his motivation. Said one of them, "If Henry means what he says he must be stupid. I give him credit for being a good liar."

Wallace can sneer or cheer, depending on what he thinks the audience wants. Speaking in Pittsburgh, Wallace has said, "Greater Pittsburgh . . . is a symbol of so much of America's industrial greatness. . . . Pittsburgh has been the beating heart of America's vast development since 1860." Speaking in a very small community, struggling to build its industry, he has said, ". . . the true measure of our industrial greatness is found all over the nation—and not just in those centers of concentrated corporate magnitude typified by Pittsburgh and Detroit."

When he was fighting for confirmation by the Senate as Secretary of Commerce, Wallace compiled a series of excerpts from his speeches which were calculated to show his sympathetic attitude toward business. In one of these he paid fulsome praise to "big businessmen," the overwhelming majority of whom, he said, "believe in clean aggressive competition. . . . They may fight Roosevelt on his domestic policies but in the main they do it fairly."

In another excerpt he added, "Such men are, in some ways, the hope of America and the world." But last May while rallying support on his tour, Wallace deplored as a penalty of war the fact that big business comes into key positions of controlling power. "I'm conceited enough to think," he added, "that the difference between me and some of these big boys is that I know more than they do."

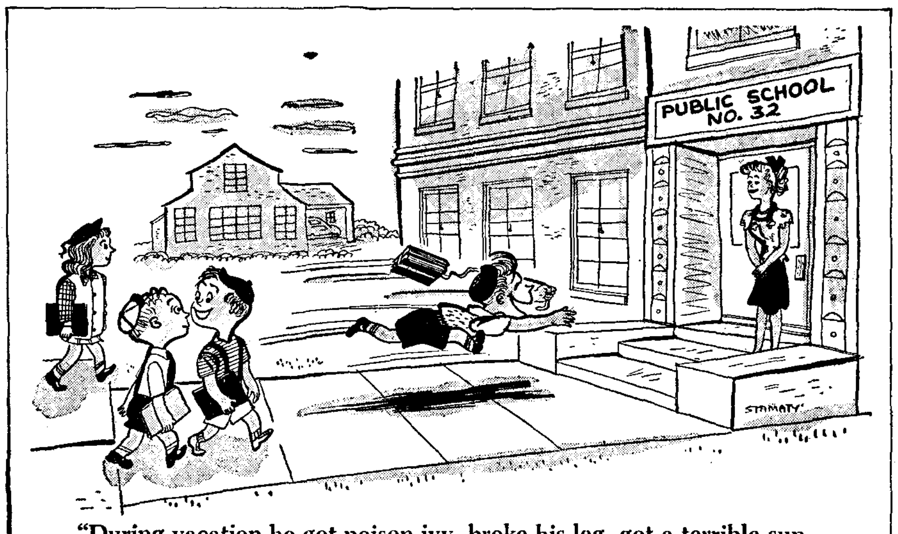
He Likes Oft-Repeated Phrases

As a man who can match clichés with the best of them, Wallace's efforts, while in Commerce, to woo the wary businessman leaned heavily on oratorical references to "free enterprise." Once, speaking before the American Retail Federation, he used the phrase six times in two short paragraphs, a record which even the National Association of Manufacturers, which made the phrase popular, would have difficulty matching.

Wallace's repetitions (once he used "full employment" five times in twelve lines) are sometimes varied slightly. Before the National Citizens Political Action Committee—a group with an insatiable appetite for a horn of plenty—he found 17 ways of using a favored word, "abundance," in a ten-minute speech: "abundance for all," "lasting abundance," "abundant world," "abundance for all peoples," "long-term abundance," "achieving abundance," "problem of abundance," "peacetime abundance," "technological possibilities for abundance," "abundant spirit," "age of abundance," "triumph of abundance," "fact of abundance," "make abundance work," "peace of abundance," "call of abundance" and, of course, just plain "abundance."

It troubles him very little that some of his more analytical critics accuse him of intentional deceit. It may be a fact, as a senator remarked, that "Wallace is intellectually dishonest without knowing it." He wants "the people" to have "all the truth" but doesn't hesitate to quote partial statistics when it suits his purpose. He decries statements unfavorable to Russia as "Red baiting" but he is one of the most vociferous and ruthless "reactionary baiters" extant.

In order to have something to attack he frequently sets up straw men and



"During vacation he got poison ivy, broke his leg, got a terrible sunburn, almost drowned and was lost in the woods for three days"

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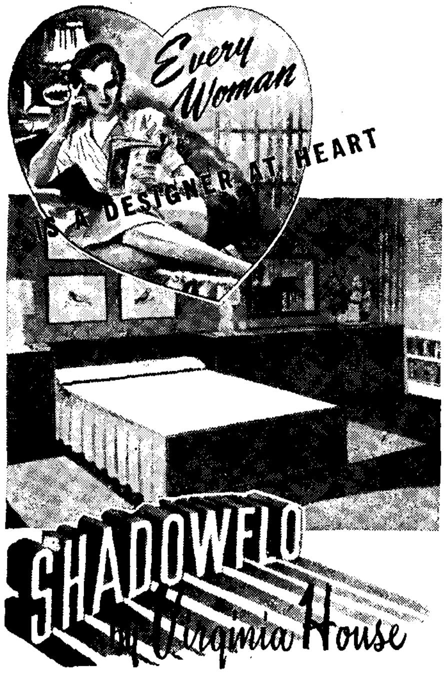

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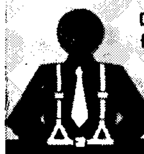

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then lashes out at them. In 1944 he began his pamphlet, Our Job in the Pacific, with "To discuss our 'withdrawals' from the Far East is no longer realistic." No responsible person was at that time publicly advocating such withdrawal. Asked who such people were, Wallace told a reporter fumblingly that he would have to reread the context. He has lip-lashed "military leaders" who want to A-bomb Russia, but he refuses to name them.

More than this, Wallace makes erroneous or false statements without subsequent correction. In his explosive letter to Truman criticizing our atomic bomb policy there were at least four major errors of fact. Cornered by Bernard Baruch, he agreed to a retraction of his assertions. Then he disappeared for three days. Finally he refused to sign the retraction and instead issued a statement reaffirming his original position.

Frustrated Hopes of Leadership

Wallace had hoped to become the leader of all U.S. liberals and especially of the survivors among those nurtured on the Roosevelt ideals, such as Rexford G. Tugwell; Paul A. Porter, Leon Henderson, Mark Ethridge, Robert Nathan, Elmer Davis, Herbert Lehman, Barry Bingham, Wilson Wyatt and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. But these and scores of others abandoned his leadership and joined the Americans for Democratic Action which disavows Communist membership.

This was a serious break in the liberal ranks but Wallace, whose chief political instrument is the Communist-supported Progressive Citizens of America, was anxious to smooth the troubled waters. He wrote that liberals were really 90 per cent in agreement, that he and Mrs. Roosevelt were not in warring camps; she had merely addressed one group and he another. "I am not a member or officer of the PCA, and Mrs. Roosevelt, to the best of my knowledge, is not a member or an officer of ADA." Wallace is indeed not a member of the PCA. But Mrs. Roosevelt *is* and has been a member of ADA. When she publicly rebuked Wallace for his failure to check the facts he made no public correction.

If Wallace is unaware of intellectual dishonesty, such avoidance of the honest truth is understandable. But even his friends have difficulty in explaining some of his contradictions regarding Russia. In 1947 he wrote that people shouldn't always be holding against Stalin the statement made by him 25 years ago that capitalism and Communism cannot live peacefully together in one world. Wallace would have us believe that Stalin doesn't feel that way any more.

"Russia," says Wallace, "can live with the capitalist countries in peace," and then asks, "Can't a man change his mind in 25 years? Why, 25 years ago I was a Republican!" But last September, Wallace apparently didn't know of Stalin's change of heart for then he wrote (but dropped it from a speech for fear of booing by left-wingers): "The Russians should stop teaching that their form of Communism must, by force if necessary, ultimately triumph over democratic capitalism."

Wallace's tolerance of reversals of opinion is understandable. He has changed his own mind about Russia. In 1935 he declared that he was opposed to both Communism and Fascism because "they are all materialistic and godless." But in 1947 he explained to a group of Methodist ministers that Communism is much closer to the Christian doctrine than Nazism. "Communism does not have in it any type of racism," he said. "It accepts the brotherhood of men . . . this is the fundamental difference which brings Communism much closer to the Christian approach than Nazism."

While Wallace goes about lightening the burden of the common man, a small group of devotees are left to wrestle with the workaday details of his political strategy. His "man Farley" is corpulent, cigar-loving Harold Young, a Texas lawyer who directly or through government jobs, has been on his political pay roll for six years. Young recognizes two kinds of people—those who vote for you and those who vote against you.

Young operates Wallace's Washington headquarters, a converted apartment-office on Q Street. Wallace also listens to the political advice of Senator Claude Pepper (D., Fla.), ex-Senator Joseph F. Guffey (D., Pa.), Senator Glen H. Taylor (D., Ida.), Calvin Benham Baldwin, a former Agriculture Department aide, now director of the PCA, and Michael Straight, New Republic publisher.

Democrats are wondering hopefully, however, whether Henry will be permanently influenced by a statement by Senator Pepper, following a conference with President Truman: "I think Mr. Wallace can render his best service by continuing to be a private citizen who speaks his mind freely."

Several of these men face the difficult problems of putting Wallace over as a candidate. The biggest of these problems is Wallace himself. When talking with someone he has a habit of lounging at his desk, slumped into his chair, feet on wastebasket, his elbow propped on the chair arm, his head resting on his hand, his eyes half closed. He appears bored if not actually asleep. Even when he is sitting upright during a discussion Wallace yawns openly. Such attitudes do not win friends.

Few politicians invite trouble as Wallace does. He is probably the only major political figure in the world who would take up boomerang throwing. Newspaper cartoonists had a field day lampooning him. But they missed one good story which even Wallace doesn't know. Once he threw and broke the finest example of an Australian boomerang in the collection of the Smithsonian Institution. A habitual onlooker, watching him and Milo Perkins one morning, offered Wallace a boomerang to try. Wallace did and it hit a backstop and broke into several pieces. The bystander, a Smithsonian guard, had filched the boomerang to lend to Wallace. It's back there now, carefully mended.

New Theory of Party Allegiance

Another handicap Wallace brings to his campaign managers is his inclination to think out loud in public. Early in 1946 he was invited to speak before a small group of women. Planning to make only a "little talk" Wallace didn't prepare anything. But when he started talking he found himself developing what to him was a new and interesting subject: party responsibility.

After comparing the English and American systems, Wallace declared that a member of Congress should be read out of the party if he failed to follow party leadership on legislation promised the voters. As an offhand illustration Wallace named several Democrats who, on that basis, should have been read out of the party at that time. In the audience was a Washington Post women's department reporter who had attended the meeting to pick up a two-paragraph social note. Her story kept Wallace busy for sixty days trying to rebuild the fences knocked down by that "little talk."

When it comes to dealing with businessmen, Wallace is all thumbs. When Roosevelt gave him the Commerce Department as a reward for 1944 support, Wallace attacked the administrative problems with devastating energy. "I want to be as good in this job as Herbert Hoover," he told a friend.

Each week the Secretary of Commerce takes to the Cabinet meeting a statement on various aspects of business, known in

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the Department as the Cabinet Report. In October, 1945, when General Motors was threatened with a paralyzing wage strike, Department economists handed Wallace a paper as part of a report on the relationships between wages and prices in the automotive industry. Wallace took it to the meeting but didn't deliver it and carried it around with a stack of papers for a week or so. About that time Blair Moody of the Detroit News had a routine interview with Wallace, and asked him about wages and prices in the auto industry.

Wallace dipped into his papers, pulled out the one he had received from the economists, and handed it to Moody. He read the first sentence: "Under the high level operations which the automobile industry will experience over the next few years, it can grant a substantial wage increase and make high profits."

Red-Letter Day for a Reporter

Moody stifled a whoop and asked calmly if he might use it. "I don't see any objection," said Wallace, "except that it's labeled 'confidential.'" Moody convinced Wallace that, as boss, he could decide what was or wasn't confidential. Wallace gave him the green light.

The following day, as a good-will gesture, the National Association of Manufacturers was giving Wallace a press luncheon. Just before it started, the first edition of the Detroit News, an afternoon paper, was on the street, and the entire industry was raging against Wallace for having issued a statement which so obviously upheld the strikers' position. Before the luncheon was over, Wallace realized, as one newsman put it, "He had unleashed a hot potato."

It later developed that the article had not been prepared by the Department of Commerce but had been submitted by a young economist in OPA for publication in a Department business magazine. It therefore had no official standing whatever but when Wallace explained this, businessmen felt he was merely giving them political palaver and that he was not doing it very well.

Hiring of Wallace as editor at $15,000 a year has proved good business for the New Republic. From a moribund 35,000 circulation it has jumped to 100,000.

Between November and July—despite an advertisers' boycott—Wallace attracted $175,000 in additional income. The cost of a special promotion campaign to inaugurate him as editor, including advertising and mailing 1,555,961 circulars, was around $105,000, giving the New Republic a quick profit of $70,000 on the deal.

Wallace's basic concept of a businessman is not of the capitalist nobly rising to the challenge of a new age, but of a person who conspires to make hay while the sun shines. He is making plenty of "hay" in his Pioneer Hi-bred Corn Company of Grimes, Iowa, in his Hy-Line Hatchery in Des Moines which grosses $4,000,000 a year and on his 110-acre chicken farm at South Salem, New York. The man whom most businessmen regard as a visionary dreamer is worth close to a million dollars, including what has been salted away in his wife's name, and he will accumulate an additional fortune if his chicken-breeding experiments develop as he confidently expects they will. Financially he is indeed an uncommon man.

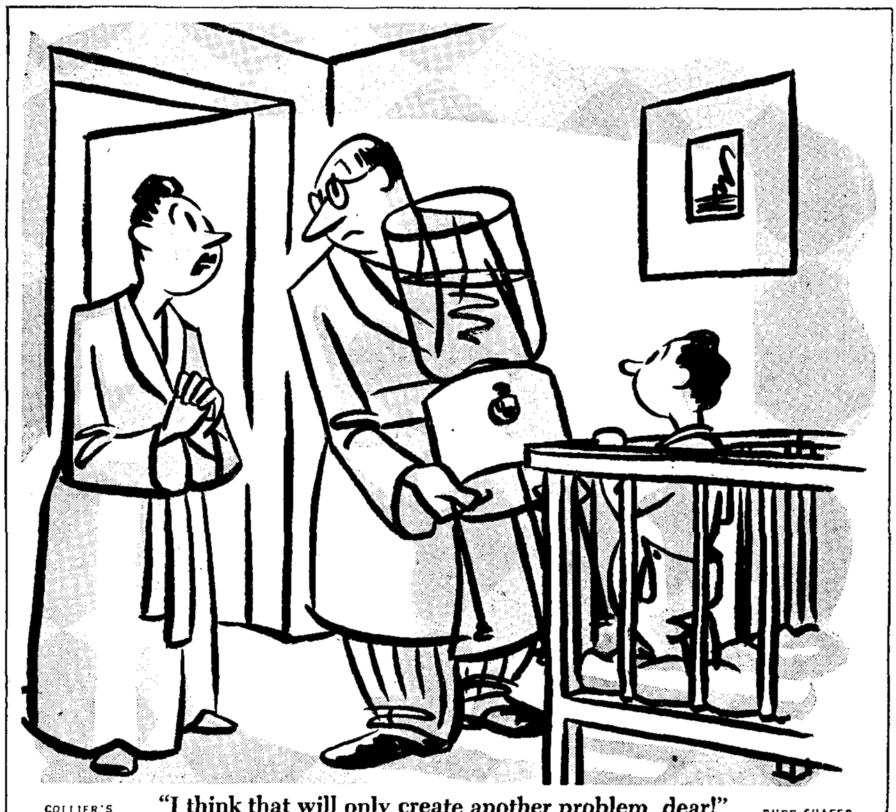
Wallace advocates what he calls "democratic free enterprise," which could mean anything but by which Wallace means regulated business, the amount of regulation to depend on conditions. Such an economic term is flexible enough to fit present Communism in Russia, Socialism in England or capitalism in the United States.

The enthusiasm of "people" for Wallace is sometimes great. Despite an unseasonable and heavy all-day snowstorm preceding an evening talk in Denver, Wallace filled the armory, though his speech was broadcast and no tickets had been sold in advance. When Wallace included the city of Austin in his speaking itinerary, Texas Congressman Lyndon B. Johnson declared that the people in the shadow of Northern cities might listen to Wallace but the "clear-eyed, stouthearted people of Texas" would never do so. Wallace drew the largest indoor audience of his U.S. tour, a capacity house of 10,000.

When Wallace made the speech in Madison Square Garden for which he was fired, a few days later, as Secretary of Commerce, he received 10,000 letters of which 81 per cent are alleged to have approved of what he said.

But if he is to achieve his expanding political ambitions, he must hurry. Time is running out on him. In 1952 he will be sixty-four, and never since the Civil War has a President over sixty been inaugurated.

THE END



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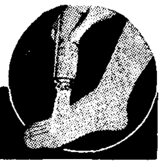

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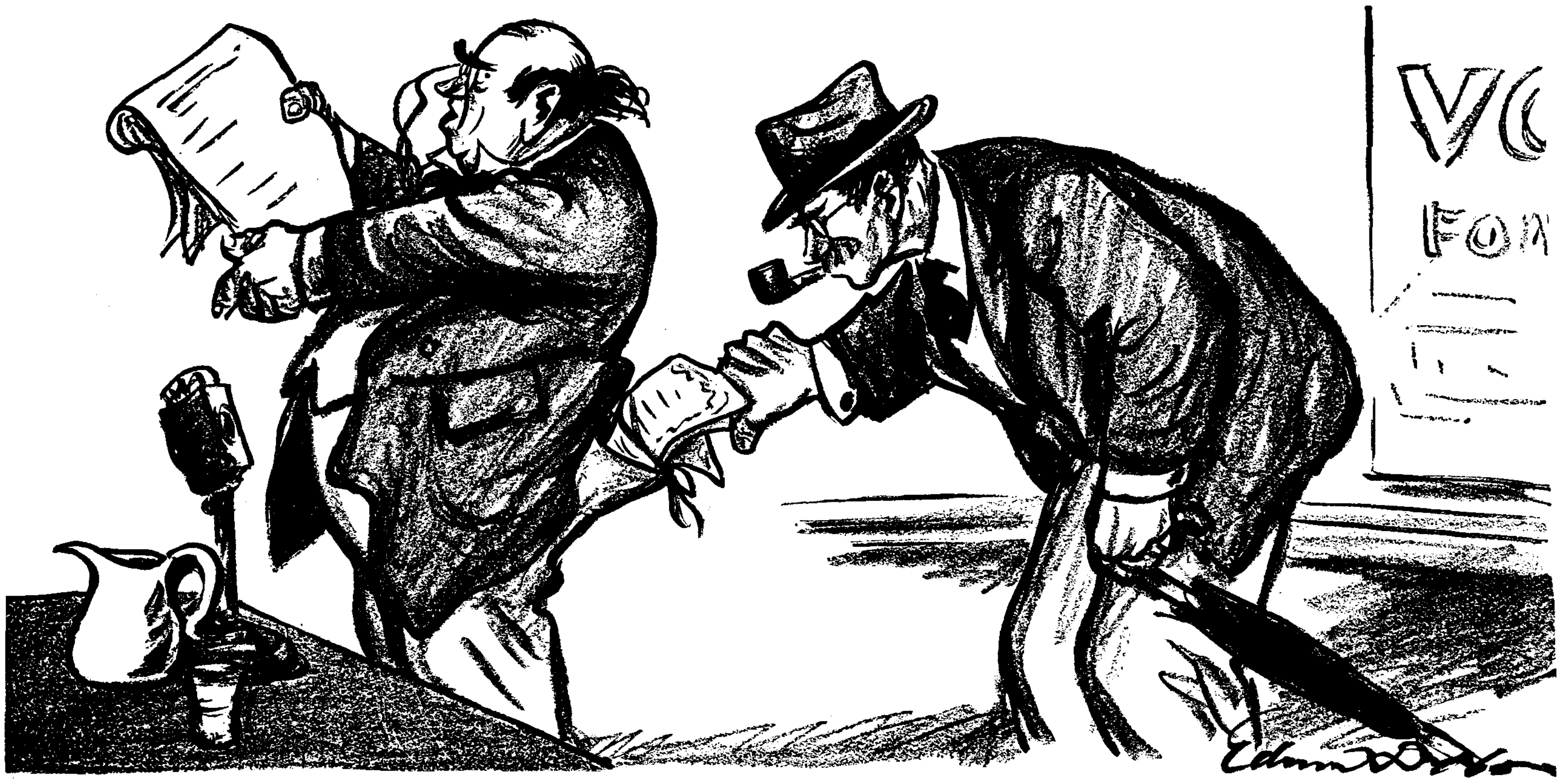


GLASS POCKETS FOR CONGRESSMEN

WHEN Congress gave up trying to cut taxes and went home at the end of July it left in one of its deepest and darkest pigeonholes a resolution by Republican Senator Morse of Oregon, that would require each senator to disclose once a year all sources of his income. Presumably if the resolution ever gets anywhere it will be amended to include members of the House, also. But this is one item of unfinished business our national legislators seemed unwilling to touch with even an eleven-foot pole. Up to now Senator Morse has not been given so much as a hearing on his resolution.

"I believe a legislator's viewpoint," says the Oregon senator, "may be influenced—no matter how honest he is—by his own personal interests. Therefore I believe the public has a right to know from whom and from where we get our money. My own actions show that I do not think it improper for a senator to receive money over and above his salary. I lecture and write for fees. Neither do I say or believe that sources from which my colleagues receive money are improper. That's not the point. The point is that the people have a right to know what influences the attitudes of their representatives. They need to know this in order to decide whether we truly represent them."

Morse's opposition protests: "It's another left-wing needling job, designed to create doubt and distrust of our government." . . . "A stink bomb." . . . "What does Morse think we are, a bunch of crooks?" . . . "I don't need watching." . . . "Will we be allowed to pull down our shades at night?" . . . "A good idea if the purpose is to run good men out of public life." . . . "Do you want our laws written by men who have not succeeded in private life?" . . . "A trick to handicap a well-to-do candidate."

Maybe this Morse resolution would result now and then in an embarrassing strip tease for somebody, but that possibility alone is no reason to bury it in a committee graveyard without so much as a funeral service. Why not hold hearings on it when the Congress meets again, so that we and a lot of other Americans can size the thing up in the light of pro and con opinion?

When Herbert Hoover was in the White House he used to say that all men close to the President must have glass pockets and, if the story is correct, he called on those closest to him in official life to report to him their outside sources of income.

His glass-pockets idea has merit. If government always operated on the visible plan, respect for it might be considerably higher. And respect for government is something that must be maintained in this country if government in its present form is to be maintained.

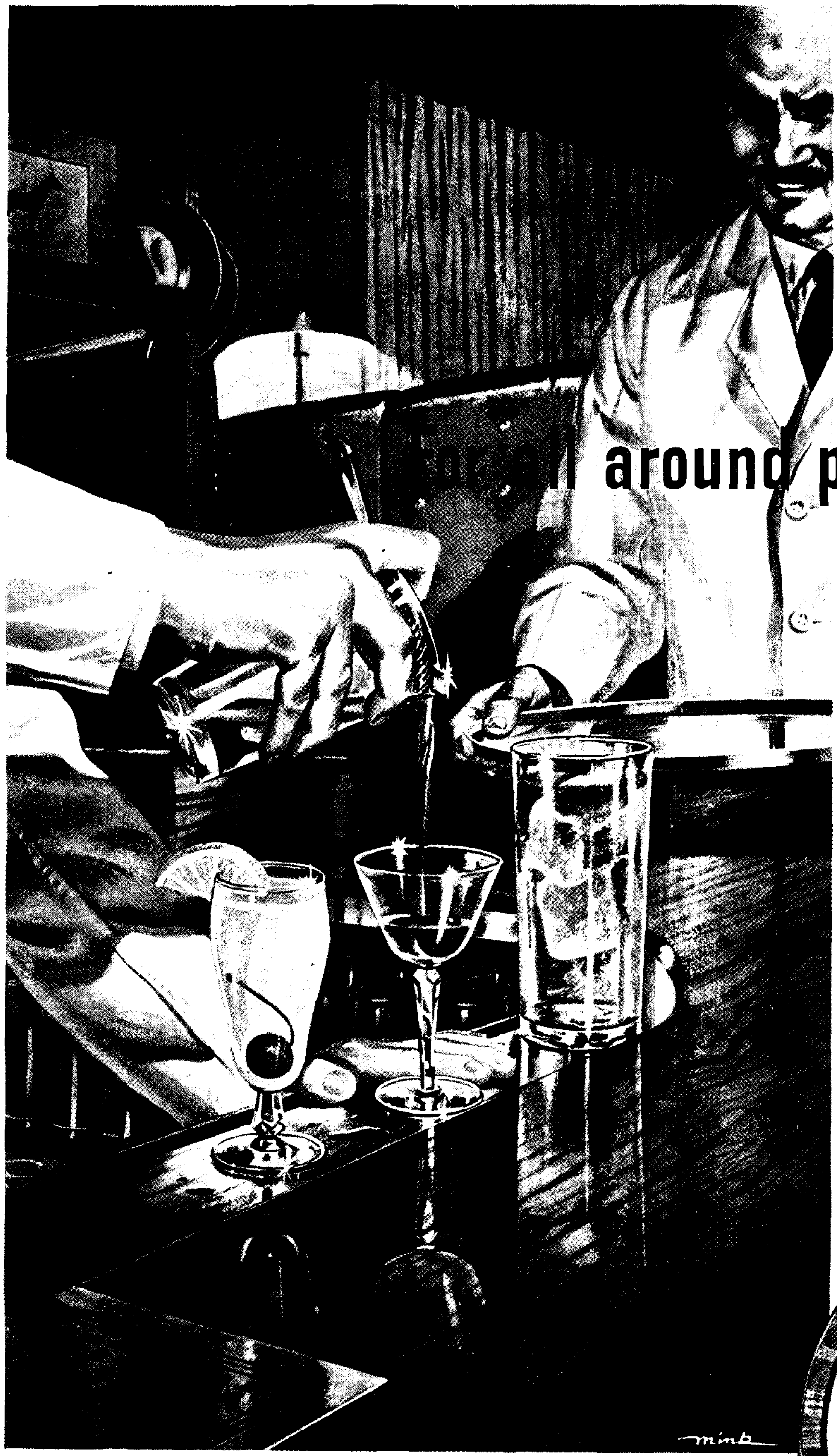
The Morse resolution is something more than a hotfoot for his colleagues, even though some of them believe he has nothing higher than hotfoot intentions. But the proposal should be enlarged to include members of the House, of course, and policy-making officials in executive departments and agencies. In the form of regulations these officials write more laws than Congress does.

And while at the business of purification by sunlight, the practice of nepotism might he reported on annually. Putting relatives on government pay rolls in certain cases is justified by good results, but it is a practice that generally is held in low esteem by the paying public. The facts in this field could do us no harm at all. Just have each member of Congress list relatives who are working for Uncle Sam, their salaries and what they do.

Last year Congress had the good sense to vote its members big raises in pay, and a retirement system. Next year it should think of adding glass pockets to the appurtenances of office.

Faith in the ability of people to govern themselves implies that the more facts the people have, the wiser will be their decisions.

JAMES C. DERIEUX



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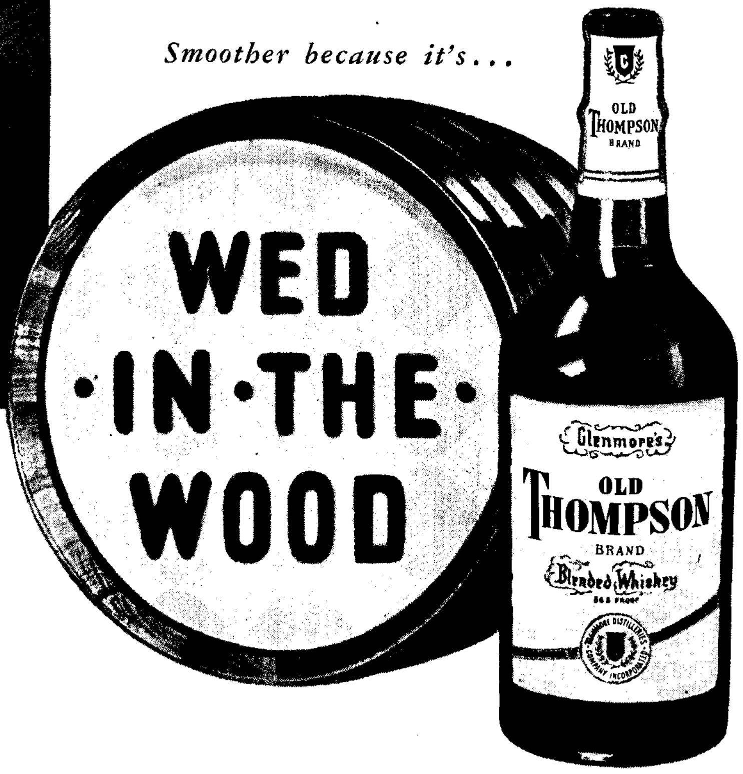

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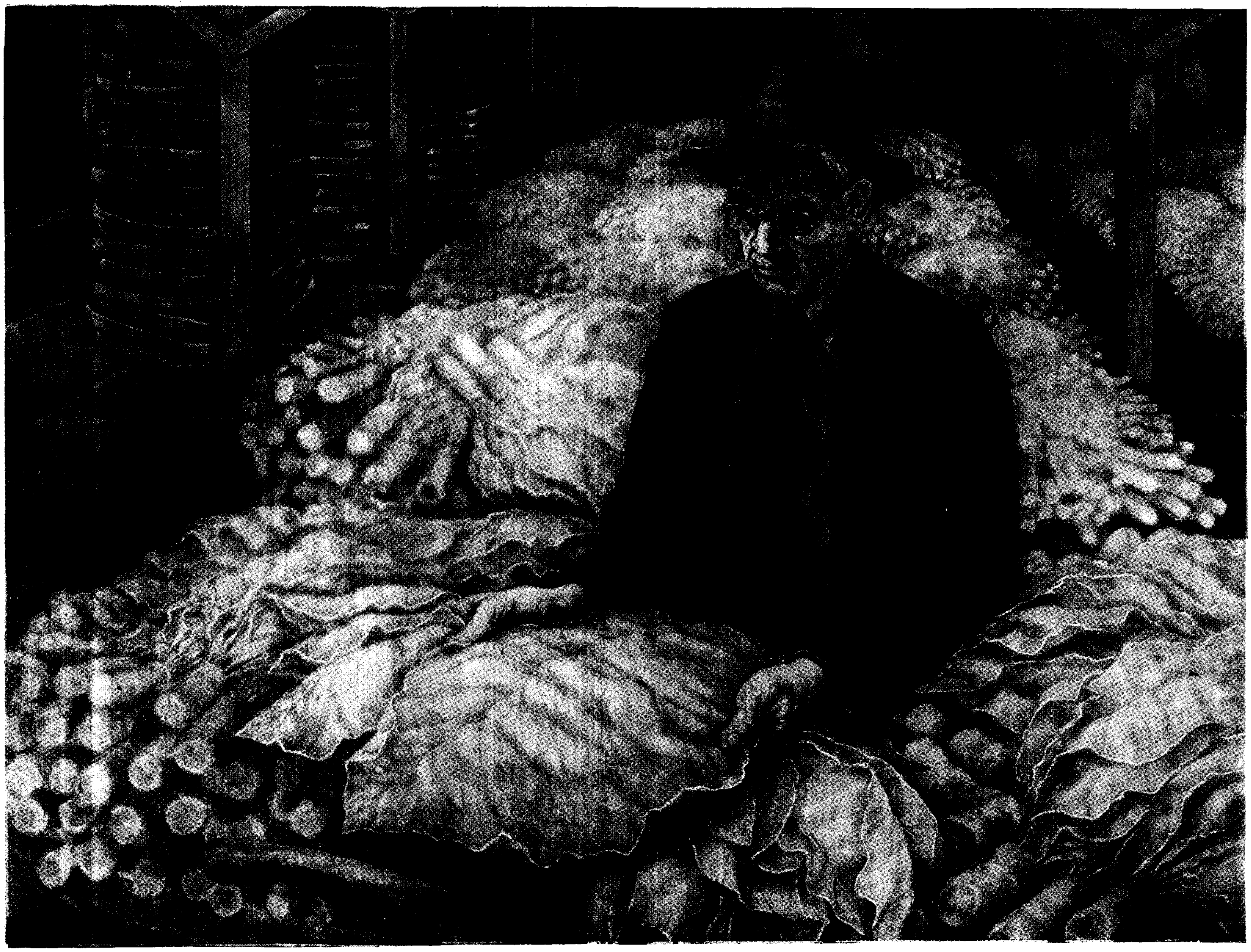

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